

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXX. — SEPTEMBER, 1892. — NO. CCCCXIX.

THE STORY OF A CHILD.

I.

"My own opinion is," said Mrs. Dale, "that he heard they were coming to Old Chester again, and he felt that his presence would be an embarrassment to her, and so went away. Very properly, I'm sure; it shows very nice feeling in a person like Mr. Tommy."

"Well, perhaps so," Mrs. Wright agreed; "but I don't know why he should shut up his little house, and go away, dear knows where, just because she is to be in Old Chester for the summer. Suppose he was foolish when she was here before; I don't know but what it shows a little conceit on Mr. — on his part, to think that his presence makes any difference to Jane — I mean to her." Mrs. Wright corrected herself nervously, glancing at the little figure curled up on the steps of the porch.

Mrs. Dale raised a cautioning finger. "Children do understand things in the most astonishing way," she said in a low voice.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Wright said quickly. "I did n't mean to mention names, I'm sure. But it is so awkward to have the apothecary shop shut up, and have to go to Willie King's for one's medicines, all because Jane Temple — Oh, dear me!" ended Mrs. Wright blankly.

"She did n't hear you," Mrs. Dale assured her; "it's almost her bedtime,

and she will go in, in a few minutes. But do be careful, dear Susy."

Mrs. Wright, who despite her forty-five years was still in the bubbling inconsequence of youth, said nervously, "Oh, my gracious, yes! I did n't mean to. Only, the Temples have n't been in Old Chester for four years, and I'm sure that is time enough for him to have forgotten that he was ever so foolish as to think of — of *her*," said Mrs. Wright, swallowing the name; "and I'm sure she never encouraged him."

"Of course not," Mrs. Dale agreed.

"They are talking about Mr. Henry Temple's sister," the child on the steps reflected; "and they are talking about Mr. Tommy Dove going away and leaving his house all shut up. They have to talk about those things because they are grown up."

In her heart she pitied them, but not too deeply to disturb the joy of that delicious melancholy that a child feels in the summer twilight. She put her head down on her arm and looked up into the branches of the locust-trees, standing, sentinel-like, on either side of the porch. She followed with her eyes the curious outlines of the gnarled and twisted limbs as they were drawn against the violet of the evening sky. She knew those outlines well; they met and crossed in a way that suggested the arm and clenched hand of an airy giant imprisoned by the growing branches. She had, long ago, fashioned a story

to suit the tree picture. She said to herself that when her grandfather died this hand was stretched out to rob her of her grandmother, too, but that the wrinkled branches of the friendly trees had caught it and held the giant fast; when the wind blew she could hear him whispering and complaining, but the faithful trees still kept him a prisoner, so that he could do no harm. The thought that he might ever escape made her shudder; it occurred to her that it would be wise to do something to keep the trees friendly; perhaps water them every evening?

Such plans led her far away from the talk of the grown people. She did not hear Mrs. Wright say that if only "he" had been in a different walk of life she would have been glad enough to have had "her" marry him. "Her life in her brother's family can't be very happy," said Mrs. Wright; "her sister-in-law is such a wretched invalid that she, poor dear, has to give herself up to the housekeeping and to those two children. She ought to have a home of her own. Of course she would be lonely, but an unmarried woman must expect to be lonely." Mrs. Wright said this with as much severity as a plump woman can; she tried to have Christian charity for every one, but, being happily married herself, she found it hard to excuse Jane Temple's single life.

"Yes," Mrs. Dale admitted briefly, and then added, "but it is better to be lonely than to wish to be alone. If she had married a man so different from herself, she might have come to that."

The child, sensitive to the change in her grandmother's voice, looked up, and her little forehead gathered in anxious wrinkles; she thought she would like to take Mrs. Dale's hand and kiss it, and say, "Don't be sorry!" She listened for some comment from Mrs. Wright, but none came. How still they were, these two, sitting in the darkness! The full skirt of her grandmother's silk dress looked as though it

were carved out of black marble, and above it glimmered whitely the old solemn face that she loved and feared; Mrs. Wright's comfortable form seemed to melt into mystery; and suddenly, as she looked at the two motionless figures, all the intangible dumb terrors of childhood began to rise in her throat. Oh, if they would only speak; if she could hear some other sound than the high faint stir of the leaves above her, and far away, below the terrace, the prolonged note of a cicada!

"Suppose," she said to herself, her eyes widening with fright. — "suppose that all of a sudden grandmother's head and Mrs. Wright's head were to roll off, and roll down the steps, right here, beside me!" Her breath caught in a sob of terror. The vision of the rolling heads frightened her to the last point of endurance; she could not trust her voice to say good-night, but darted down the steps, and ran, her knees trembling under her, along the path to the back of the house. She knew that the servants would be in the kitchen; yawning, very likely, over the good books Mrs. Dale provided for their edification, or rocking and sewing in stolid comfort, but alive — speaking! In her rush along the dewy path, the child had a ghastly thought of a dead world, herself the only living thing in it; but this was followed by the instant reflection that, under those circumstances, she might walk into the queen's palace and put on a crown; this thought was so calming that when she reached the women she had no desire to throw herself into Betsey's arms, as she had planned to do, declaring that she would be a good girl forever afterwards. This promise had seemed to Ellen necessary as a bribe to Something; but, her passionate fright over, the impulse faded, and she was content to pin Betsey's shawl around her waist, and walk up and down the kitchen with a queenly tread, absorbed in visions of future if solitary greatness.

The two ladies upon the porch were rather relieved by her flight, though Mrs. Wright checked her kindly gossip long enough to say, "Why, what is the matter with Ellen?"

"She has gone to tell Betsey to put her to bed, I suppose," Mrs. Dale said. "Dear me, Susy, she is a great care. I wish she were like your Lydia, quiet and well behaved. I often think I'm too old to train a child; and she is very like her mother. Poor Lucy was not brought up according to our ideas, you know."

"She reminds me of Dr. Dale, sometimes," said Mrs. Wright, who was conspicuous in Old Chester for always saying the wrong thing.

Mrs. Dale's face hardened. "I only wish she may grow to be like my dear husband in — in amiability."

"Oh, dear me, yes!" cried Mrs. Wright, with an exuberance that betrayed her. "Dear Dr. Dale!"

Mrs. Dale bowed her head.

The thoughts of both these women were on Dr. Eben Dale, — one with honest pity, the other with the scorch of mortification and anger. He was dead, the brilliant, weak old man, — dead, and escaped from his wife's fierce rectitude. In their youth she had harassed him with the passionate spur of exacting love, but later that had been exchanged for contempt. And then he died. No one guessed her grief, covered as it was by bitterness, and yet no one knew her fear of that joyous and imaginative temperament which had made it easy for him to go wrong, and which she saw repeated in her grandchild.

When Mrs. Wright said that little Ellen was like her grandfather, Mrs. Dale's heart contracted; she lost her interest in Jane Temple's affairs; she began to examine her conscience as to whether she was doing her duty to the child. It seemed to her that her husband was looking at her from Ellen's eyes, — looking and laughing, as though

he and she took up the old quarrel again.

"Like her grandfather!" Mrs. Dale's thin old hands clasped each other in a tremulous grip. "Oh — no — no!" she said to herself. "Oh, if my Heavenly Father will only give me grace to train her for Him!"

II.

Old Chester is a hundred years behind the times; so, at least, it is assured by its sons and daughters who have left it to live in the great world, but who come back, sometimes, for condescending visits to old homes. The town lies among the rolling hills of western Pennsylvania, — hills which have never echoed with the scream of the locomotive, but are folded in a beautiful green silence, broken only by the silken ripple of little streams which run across the meadows or through the dappled shadows of the woods.

There is not much variety in Old Chester. The houses are built in very much the same way: broad porches; square rooms on either side of a wide hall that runs from the front door to the back; open fireplaces like black caverns under tall wooden mantelpieces. In all the gardens the flower-beds are surrounded by stiff box hedges, and all the orchards are laid out in straight lines.

The people are as much alike as their houses: they read the same books, go to the same church, train their children by the same rules, and are equally polite, reserved, and gently critical of one another.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the village is the way in which the children are brought up. In Old Chester young persons are supposed to be seen, and not heard; they are taught that when they have the privilege of being in the company of their elders and betters it is to profit by example

and be grateful for advice. Thus they early perceive that their opinions are of no importance, — a perception which adds greatly to the comfort of grown persons.

In spite of this admirable system, there has been more than one black sheep in the village. There was Eben Dale himself, although his youth dated so very far back that perhaps his maturity should not be quoted against Old Chester. Henry Temple, too, had not turned out well, except in a worldly way; and the worldly way was of small importance in Old Chester. Indeed, without quite putting it into words, the village felt a little lack of gentility in Henry's undoubted wealth; and that, added to his change in politics, and his indifference to church matters, and his willingness to live in the great world instead of the village, was enough to make Old Chester say that he had "not turned out well." "Such a pity that his father was so lenient with him!" people said, and waited calmly for some Nemesis to overtake him; it being a peculiarity of Old Chester to believe that an overruling Providence agreed with it in questions of desert.

There had been one instance of over-severity in the village, but only one, and that not among the families of importance. This was in the case of Mr. Tommy Dove, the apothecary. His mother had ruled him with an iron rod until his forty-seventh year; then death pushed her from her throne, and left Mr. Tommy free, except indeed for the restraint of tenderness, which death, kindly but untrue, left in her place. Yet he soon rallied into self-reliance, — "remarkably soon," Old Chester commented disapprovingly; for within three months after her death he took advantage of his liberty to go gadding about the world, leaving his patrons to get their medicines where they might.

Dates were remembered chronologically in the village. "Dr. Dale gave up practice the winter that the first Mrs.

Drayton died;" "Henry Temple voted the wrong ticket the year there was a snowstorm when the apple-trees were in bloom;" and "Mr. Tommy's first ill-regulated action in mysteriously leaving town took place the summer that Henry Temple and his family were here."

Mr. Tommy was hardly important enough to gossip about, but Mr. Temple was; and, incidentally, his children were discussed, for spoiling Richard and Euphemia was another of his sins. Not even his sister's efforts to train them could make up for his shocking carelessness, people said. That Miss Jane did her best was plain enough; but Miss Jane was gentle and timid and self-distrustful, as every unmarried woman should be, and the children, unfortunately, were like their father, headstrong and self-satisfied. So how could she discipline them?

Beside, the summer of the Temples' first visit, — the summer Mr. Tommy had disappeared, — Miss Jane had a small happiness and interest of her own, which no doubt claimed the thought that might have been given to Effie and Dick. It was not a very exciting happiness; only a pleasant talk now and then with Mr. Dove, or an occasional call from him in those fragrant summer evenings. They would sit alone, these two elderly persons, in the dimly lighted drawing-room, hearing a murmur of talk in the library across the hall, or starting with a fright which neither of them understood if a door opened and closed, or if Mr. Henry Temple's voice were heard in the hall. Mr. Dove had dared to give Miss Temple a bunch of flowers, once; and once, too, had embarrassed and touched her by bringing her a little green crape shawl which had belonged to his mother. It was all very harmless and very pleasant; when, suddenly, Old Chester learned with astonishment that its apothecary had gone! Of course the reason could not long be concealed: Mr. Tommy, the

village declared, aghast and disapproving, but grateful for a bit of gossip. - Mr. Tommy had made love to Jane Temple!

But that was four years ago, and Mr. Tommy, who returned as soon as the Temples left the village, had behaved so properly ever since that his presumption was not remembered against him, until now, when they were coming back again, a second abrupt and mysterious departure brought it all to mind.

"So foolish in Mr. Tommy," every one said severely, and looked at Jane Temple to see how she took it. Miss Temple took it calmly. There was a quick, surprised glance at the closed house standing in its neglected garden, and a little heightened color in her cheek when she went to Willie King's to have one of Mrs. Temple's prescriptions filled. Perhaps she was too busy for any embarrassment, or regret, or wonder: her sister-in-law's health was an absorbing anxiety; Effie's lessons had to be looked after; Dick needed her to keep his fishing-lines in order; Mr. Temple was so good as to let her be of use in his literary work to the extent of copying manuscript for him. Beside, there was a certain occupation in the mere delight of being back again in her old home, among old friends. This quiet, old-fashioned living, which afforded Mr. Henry Temple much diversion, was dear and sacred to her. There was nothing droll to her ears in being called a "girl;" it gave her a pathetic happiness to have Mrs. Dale apologize for speaking of a delicate subject in her presence. "I forgot you were here, my dear," Mrs. Dale said; and Miss Jane blushed, properly and prettily, and felt comforted and cared for. She knew more of the great, indifferent, vulgar world than Mrs. Dale ever dreamed of, but she cast down her eyes unaffectedly when the older woman apologized for speaking of the misconduct of a village girl. She wished she might draw Dick and Effie into this

tranquil life which so refreshed her. She looked at these two young persons, and pitied them because they did not know Youth. Here, in Old Chester, how carefully Youth was guarded! It was still protected and considered when maturity had set its mark about soft lips and gentle eyes. It was done by snubbing, Henry Temple said, but Miss Jane never felt snubbed; she saw only kindly protection in the condescension which so amused her brother, and her elderly starved heart basked in it with great content. She was so modest, so grateful, that her friends were pleased to say of her that Jane had no "airs." This most satisfying praise could not be given to the rest of the Temple household; the two children were especially "airy," and "snubbing" became a matter of duty to all thoughtful persons. "That unfortunate Temple child," Old Chester said, in speaking of Effie, "must really be reprov'd." The reproof was only the rebuke of a grave manner and a discreet indifference to what she said and did, but it astounded and irritated the child. To hear herself addressed, on the rare occasions when she was noticed, as Euphemia instead of Effie — for Old Chester did not approve of nicknames — filled her with childish rage.

"My name's Effie; I don't like to be called Euphemia," she always retorted glibly; and she gave her opinion of Old Chester, in this connection, with great freedom and force to Ellen Dale. "How queer and old-fashioned everybody is here," she said, "and how funny to be called Ellen; it's such an ugly name! Why don't you make your grandmother call you Nellie?"

"Make" her grandmother! Ellen, who was really a year older than the fine young lady who addressed her, shivered; yet there was no Old Chester child so quickly influenced by Effie Temple as she.

All the children had received Effie with admiration, and even a little fright. Ellen and her dearest friend,

Lydia Wright, talked about her in lowered voices. They felt vaguely that there was something naughty in thinking too much of the strange little girl, whose hair hung over her eyes and waved loosely about her shoulders, who possessed two rings, and who never wore aprons. One morning, soon after Effie's arrival in Old Chester, Ellen whispered to Lydia behind her spelling-book, at school, that if she would come down to the fence of the east pasture that afternoon she would be there, — "and tell you something about *her*," she ended mysteriously.

Lydia opened her round eyes very wide and shook her brown curls. "May be my mother won't allow me to go down to the east pasture, Ellen."

"But if you just happened to be walking there," Ellen tempted, "an' I happened to be walking on my side of the fence? It is n't like visiting; I guess we need n't ask leave."

"Well," said Lydia doubtfully.

"If you *should* be there, and you should bring your sewing, I'd do it for you," Ellen enticed; "only, of course, may be I won't be there."

"Well," said Lydia again, but with more firmness.

"Mother did n't say I must n't," she assured herself, when, in the afternoon, silencing her conscience with casuistry learned from her friend, she ran across a sunny meadow, through an orchard, waist-deep in blossoming grass, and reached the east pasture. Two poplars, one on either side of the fence, dropped flickering shadows through the sunshine, and their smooth trunks offered comfortable supports to any one who climbed up and sat on the fence, as Ellen was doing now.

"Why!" said she, affecting vast astonishment. "Where are you going? Won't you stop a minute and talk?"

"Why, Ellen," faltered the other, "you said" —

"I *happened* to be walking along here," Ellen interrupted, frowning, —

it was so stupid in Lydia to forget to make believe. "I saw you coming, and I waited a little while. It is n't visiting."

"Oh, no," Lydia assented weakly. "I — I brought the handkerchief to hem, Ellen. You said you would," she ended, with a confused air.

"Oh, I don't mind doing a little for you," Ellen returned, in an obliging manner; she ignored the arrangement, but she did not ignore the work.

Lydia reached the handkerchief up to her, and then climbed on the fence and settled herself comfortably against her poplar. Ellen whipped a thimble out of her pocket and began to sew very fast. "She's coming to our school until it closes, and when it does she is to have a governess."

"Oh!" cried Lydia. There was no need to say who was coming. To the two children Effie Temple was the only person of importance in Old Chester.

"She does n't want to," proceeded Ellen. "I heard grandmother tell Mrs. Drayton so. Grandmother said it showed how she was brought up, that anybody knew or cared what she wanted. Grandmother said she was *spoiled*!"

"Oh, my!"

"But she's coming, any way. And, Lydia, do you know, she talks French!" Lydia was speechless. "They're coming to tea to our house to-morrow night, and she's coming. And grandmother said I might have my tea-set on the bench on the side porch, — just Effie and me. I wish grandmother would invite you."

"Won't she?" Lydia asked anxiously.

"No," Ellen assured her, sighing. "I guess I'll go home now and fix my tea-set for to-morrow night. I wonder if she'll like to play hollyhock ladies, or hear stories? Do you suppose she'll like stories? I'll tell her lots. I'll tell her what happened to me when I was a little girl and was sick."

Lydia knew this story well, but she could not resist asking for it again, and listening, with delightful shudders, while Ellen cheerfully, her hands clasped around her knees, staring up into the branches above her, related, circumstantially, and with that pride in illness which children feel, how she had taken lots of medicine, and got worse, and worse, and worse, and *worse*; and then at last they thought she was dead, and she was put into a coffin and buried,—here she paused to quake with terror, not at her bold untruth, but at the picture she had conjured up; and how she had “escaped,” — and thus, and thus. Neither child believed this marvelous tale, but it was true to both. Midway in her fiction Ellen stopped to say, “Oh, Lydia, do you know any French at all?”

It was not often that Lydia occupied the proud position of instructor to Ellen, so it was a happy moment when she said: “Yes, I do; I know ‘How do you do, this morning?’ My brother told me.”

“Oh, tell me,” Ellen begged; and Lydia generously said something which sounded like “*Coma-voo port ah voo, set mattan?*” Her pleasure at giving Ellen information almost made her forget the vague and gnawing consciousness that she had done wrong in coming out without permission.

III.

That tea party was an event in Ellen’s life. To begin with, she had a quarrel with Betsey Thomas, who was dressing her.

“I don’t want to wear a white apron; it’s too babyish. I won’t! So there!”

“You will,” Betsey assured her briefly, holding out the hated garment.

Ellen stamped and opened her lips for some outcry, but there was a sound in the hall outside the door, and she only drew a sobbing breath and waited;

she knew that slow rustle of her grandmother’s dress. As for Betsey, she hailed it with delight.

“If you please, ma’am,” she said, as Mrs. Dale entered, “Ellen won’t put on her apron.”

“Grandmother, I don’t see why I should wear an apron. I’m going out twelve, and Effie doesn’t have to, and” —

“That is enough, Ellen.”

Mrs. Dale’s hair, soft and white as spun silk, was caught back by little tortoise-shell combs, and fell in three short, thick curls on either side of her face; she wore a turban made of snowy muslin, and the bosom of her black satin gown was filled with the same soft whiteness, crossed in smooth folds and fastened with a small pin in a silver setting. Her delicate old hands were covered with rings, most of them with strands of hair beneath dull glass. She looked at her little granddaughter critically. “Tie her hair back with a brown ribbon, Betsey Thomas,” she said, and Ellen involuntarily put up her hands to protect the pink band which held her straight brown locks smoothly in place. Ellen wore her hair, as did all Old Chester little girls, parted in the middle and cut short behind her ears. It was so thick that it made her head look like a mop.

Even Betsey regretted the order about the pink ribbon. “She wants,” the maid explained afterwards to the cook, “to make that child just as old-fashioned as if she was fifty, I do declare! And that little Effie all dressed up, and banded, and all that! There! I did pity our Ellen.”

Ellen pitied herself, but submitted to the brown ribbon with only a quiver of her little red upper lip. She gave a despairing glance in the long glass, and saw a small, sturdy figure in a green frock, — a frock reaching nearly to her ankles, and made very simply, with only a frill in the neck and sleeves for trimming; she saw the

white dainty apron, its tabs pinned up on each shoulder; then, rosy cheeks, big troubled eyes, and the brown ribbon tying back the straight silken brown hair. That straight dark hair was Ellen's greatest cross. Many, many times she had added to her prayers the petition that it might grow light and curly, or that she might own a frizzled yellow wig; and she had painfully eaten many crusts of bread, having been told by some deceitful disciplinarian that to eat crusts would make her hair curl. Perhaps she would have been happier had she known that Mrs. Dale, watching that glance into the mirror, was saying to herself, "How much better my little Ellen looks than that furbelowed Temple child!" But Mrs. Dale would never have told Ellen that she looked nicely, lest the knowledge should make her vain.

When Ellen saw the "Temple child," with her yellow hair and her white dress and blue sash, she had a moment of that intense anger which only childhood knows. She grew white, and her grandmother, perceiving the change of color, said to herself that she was glad to see the child show a little shyness. Generally Ellen was too modest to be shy, though Mrs. Dale did not make that distinction in her thoughts. As for Effie, she was neither modest nor shy.

"Oh, how do you do?" she said, and took Ellen's limp hand in hers with the most matter-of-fact and grown-up politeness. Then Mrs. Temple spoke kindly to Ellen, and murmured something about her dear dead mother; and Miss Jane kissed her, and said she hoped she would come to see Effie often.

"If grandmother will allow me," Ellen answered, her anger ebbing as she spoke.

"Now, Ellen," observed Mrs. Dale, "take your little friend to the side porch. Have you put out your tea things? Euphemia, you and Ellen are to take tea on the side porch."

Ellen was quite joyous by this time, and took her guest's hand with smiling haste. Effie looked blank. "Are we to go away?"

"Oh, we are going to have a good time; we're going to have tea all by ourselves. Come, we must set the table!"

There was a bubble of happiness in Ellen's voice. She had forgotten the brown ribbon, and the plain frock, and her wrath. One could not be angry when one could drink tea on the side porch, where the jasmine was blooming on the lattice, and where one had one's own china dishes, and small cakes baked to fit them.

Effie stared at her. "Does your grandma make you set the table? How horrid! We have servants. I thought your grandma was rich?"

"Rich?" said Ellen. "I don't know. Don't you think it's fun to put out your own china? It's mine, you know. See! isn't that teapot pretty?"

Effie admitted that it was; but she looked at it with a bored irritation. "How queer not to go to supper with the grown people!" she said.

The table on which Ellen spread her cloth was really only a wide bench at one end of the porch. It was so low that the children sat on hassocks instead of chairs. Through the long hall, from the front porch, they could hear the voices of the company; but here all was quiet, save for their own chatter.

"Let's get some roses for the table," Effie suggested, beginning to be interested.

"Oh, yes!" cried Ellen, and then hesitated. "But I didn't ask grandmother."

"Do you have to ask? Why, I should just tell the gardener to get me bushels, if I wanted them."

"Would you?" said Ellen wistfully. "I have to ask."

"Well, I think that's perfectly

dreadful!" Effie sympathized, emphasizing her words in a way that was quite new to the other child. Indeed, many things were new to Ellen. By the time the little feast was over she had learned much that she had never suspected. She was told that Betsey ought to call her "Miss Ellen or Miss Nellie; Ellen is awful. I'm going to call you Nellie, or Nettie; how would you like Nettie? Ellen is *dreadful!*" She was assured that she looked awfully queer with her hair parted and cut so short, and with no bang; and also that it was funny to wear an apron, — although, indeed, she knew that, she said. And then she confided the story of the afternoon.

"I would n't stand it!" cried Effie. "I would n't let anybody rule me that way! I'd — why, my goodness, I think your grandmother is awfully cruel."

Ellen gasped.

"You poor little thing," Effie went on, "it's perfectly shameful, the way they treat you. Well, never mind, I'll take care of you; only you *must* have some spirit. Watch me, and I'll show you how to act. Here, Betsey! give Miss Nellie some more cake."

Betsey was "that dumfounded," as she told the cook afterwards, that she "did n't hardly know what to say;" what she did say, looking severely at Ellen, was, "Eat your pudding, and don't talk," which Ellen scarcely deserved, being speechless with astonishment. She was thinking to herself, "What will Lydia say when I tell her about it at recess to-morrow?" But she helped Effie to the pudding, and suggested that they should make believe that the little mounds of rice on their plates were mountains, and the brown, soft raisins hidden in them were the bodies of travelers buried in the snow, and they themselves were noble St. Bernard dogs, searching, at terrible risk, to save imperiled lives. To do this made the simple dessert

delicious to Ellen, who, in eating each frozen traveler as soon as he was found, was not disturbed by any sense of incongruity. But she had so far profited by Effie's example that when Betsey reproved her for leaving some rice upon her plate, with the remark that it was wicked waste, and that some poor child would like to have it, she had the courage to retort that she did n't see what good it would do the poor child if she ate the rice.

"So there!" Effie added, to encourage her.

"And from that minute," Betsey Thomas used to say, "I took a dislike to that young one!"

Effie's indignation at her hostess's hard lot was very impressive to Ellen; Lydia had never seemed to be so sorry for her, she thought. But although it was interesting to talk about herself, she felt that politeness demanded that she should entertain her guest, and so, when tea was over, she reluctantly interrupted Effie's sympathy to ask her if she would like to play martyrs.

"Martyrs?" said Effie, with an unflattering readiness to change the subject. "What is it? I don't know; yes. Is it forfeits, or anything like that? I like forfeits, but I don't want to play any old improving game."

"It is n't a game," Ellen explained; "it's just — martyrs. Lydia and I play it. Come down in the garden and we'll make them. Do you think you could be a martyr, Effie?"

"Well, you are the queerest girl!" was all Effie vouchsafed to say.

The two children ran across the lawn and down between the box-edged borders to a group of hollyhocks, standing like slender spires against the yellow sunset. Ellen's face was grave and eager as she chose the flowers she wanted, but Effie was not certain whether to be contemptuous or interested.

A splendid crimson blossom was the first one to be picked. "That is the mother of the family," said Ellen,

explaining. A pale rose came next. "*That's* the eldest daughter. This white one is a bride, and she has consumption; and this little yellow one is a little girl, like me."

"Martyrs!" said Effie, with unaffected contempt. "I never heard of anything so silly."

"You wait," Ellen answered mysteriously. She sat down on the grass, and, carefully pulling off the furry calyx of each gorgeous blossom, she bent the silken petals back with careful touches, and then, plucking long blades of grass, tied what she called "sashes" about the waists of her floral dolls; after that, a stalk of grass was thrust through each of these high-shouldered ladies, and there were their arms stretched out at right angles. The feathery pistils made stately head-dresses for the four little persons who were to die for a principle.

Then the children went back to the house, and pushed four matches down into the mossy line between the flagstones of the path, and tied a martyr to each little stake, heaping bits of twigs as fagots about their devoted forms. By that time Effie was as absorbed as Ellen. Ellen told the "story" of the play, but, as Effie was company, she applied the fire,—the "torch," Ellen called it. "And they said, 'If you will recant,' " Ellen recited, the bride's silvery white robe shivering at the touch of the flame, — " 'if you will recant, you shall have all the money you want, and a palace to live in.' But the lovely lady shook her head, and said, 'I won't,' and so they burned her up." Ellen's lip quivered as she reached this point in the story. The fresh flowers did not burn well, and their prolonged suffering made her so unhappy that, suddenly, she scattered the tiny brands and rescued them.

"Oh, my!" she said, "I'm glad I didn't live in Bloody Mary's time. I wouldn't have liked to be burned. I know it's wicked, but I wouldn't.

I tried it, to see if I could, and — I *could* n't," she ended in a shamed voice.

"How did you try?"

"Well, I put my hand in the candle, like Crammer."

"Well?"

"I — I took it out again. Oh, I hope there won't be any more persecutions. I get so scared thinking about it!"

"You're the funniest girl!" Effie declared.

Ellen was silent. It seemed to her that she had been very silly to cry because she had not been able to keep her blistering finger in the candle flame. After a while, she said in a low voice, "Did you ever read *Persecutions in Spain*? There's a lot about martyrs in it. It scares me."

"What do you read it for, then?" Effie inquired, not unnaturally; but she could not help being interested when Ellen told her of beautiful nuns walled up alive in dreadful dungeons, and she was constrained to say she would read it some day.

"It would be nice to play walling up," Ellen said meditatively. "We have a brick oven round by the kitchen door; we could crawl in and pretend to be walled up?"

Effie was enchanted with the thought, and the two children hurried, in the fading light, to the old oven. It had a turtle-like back, and stood on three squat brick legs. Bread had been baked in it that day, and it was still faintly warm, and the smell of fresh bread mingled deliciously with the pungent scent of wood smoke. There were traces of ashes about its cavernous mouth, and Ellen pushed in the fire-rake and drew out some charred brands.

Effie had no suggestions to make, but she assented eagerly to all Ellen's plans.

"They used to leave some food for the nuns, when they buried 'em alive,"

said Ellen, "so we must put in a loaf of bread and a ewer — it always said in the book a 'ewer' — of water. But who will wall us up? That wooden square is the door, and Betsey puts this rake-handle against it to keep it up when the bread is in. But we can't do that when we get inside?"

"Oh, I'll do it," Effie said: "you get inside, and I'll do it."

This seemed very unselfish on Effie's part. Ellen hesitated, but the temptation was too great, and she crawled into the open mouth of the oven. Then Effie propped the door in place with the rake-handle, and the martyr, curling herself up to fit the small space, folded her hands upon her breast and composed herself for an ecstasy. "I'll sing a hymn," she called out in a muffled voice. — "the martyrs always sing hymns. But I think I'll eat my bread first." She crammed some bread into her mouth, and continued dramatically, "I must save this bread. — I must make it last as long as I can; but I will never recant, — never!"

Effie really shuddered at the tone, and was about to tear open the tomb, when, unfortunately, Betsey Thomas appeared, to tell Ellen that it was her bedtime. Betsey cried out, and scolded, and pulled the ash-covered Ellen from her martyr's grave and into the house, to her intense mortification and anger.

"You go right straight to bed!" said Betsey. "My! just look at you! Well, you can't go on the porch to say good-night. I'll tell your grandmother; see if I don't, you naughty girl, you!"

In the midst of the tirade Effie slunk away, and Ellen battled with the servant alone. But in the end she went upstairs to bed, and cried, and thought of what Effie had said of the hardness of her life, and prayed a great deal, with that bitter piety which is a form of resentment and is not confined to adolescence. She looked at

her arm, which Betsey had gripped with plump fingers while expressing forcible opinions, and saw a faint red mark. She decided to show this mark to her grandmother, but was dismayed to see that the redness was disappearing, and so pinched it a little, that it might bear witness to Betsey's behavior.

As she lay in her little bed, looking out at the fading sky, where suddenly, between the branches of the pear-tree, a star shook and then burned clear, she could hear the murmur of voices, and sometimes a little low, pleasant laughter; and she reflected that Effie was with the grown people, while she had been sent to bed! — sent to bed and *pinched!* Oh, how miserable she was! How cruel her grandmother was to oblige her to go to bed at half past eight, like a baby, while Effie stayed downstairs with the company!

Ellen realized that her eyes were wet, and she shut them tightly, so that the tears would show upon her lashes; her grandmother, when she came to her bedside, as she did the last thing every night, should see that Ellen had been crying, and then she would feel badly. Ellen turned over on her back, so that the pillow should not dry the tears, and determined to lie awake to note the effect upon Mrs. Dale. She extended her arm, too, with the sleeve of her night-gown well pushed up above the fading illustration of Betsey's unkindness. The thought of Mrs. Dale's remorse began to soften her, and then —

But it was morning, and Betsey was saying, "Come, get up, Ellen, or you'll be late for worship." And all the room was full of sunshine, and it was not until an hour later that she remembered her wrongs.

IV.

The friendship between Ellen and Effie grew, in those pleasant summer

days, very rapidly. They saw each other constantly, and, as though that were not enough, corresponded by the aid of something that they called a "telegraph," — a string from the window of Ellen's bedroom to the big locust-tree just within Mr. Temple's grounds. At first Ellen's feeling for Effie had been ecstatic devotion; she knew for at least a week the tremulous pangs of bliss and pain, the rankling stab of jealousy, the spur of the desire for approbation, the impulsive and ingenious flattery of the lover, — all that goes to make up what is called falling in love. And then her idol shattered the idealization with a wholesome squabble, and Ellen came down to commonplace friendship, in which in games and fancies she was first. In the generosity of her imagination she told Effie of a plan she and Lydia had of digging up a great stone in the woods, under which Ellen was convinced were buried many Indian warriors, together with bags of gold, tomahawks, and copper spears. It was their intention to dig the boulder up, and then present the buried wealth to their grateful relatives. The skeletons of the Indians Lydia and Ellen were to keep for themselves,

Effie entered cheerfully into the project, but she did not care to dig; and the stone, gray with lichen, and bedded deep in ferns and moss and years of fallen forest leaves, continued to seal the riches in which Ellen firmly believed. Effie would sit under a tree and watch Ellen tugging and straining at a big stick thrust as a lever under one side of the rock, or digging until her face was as crimson as the single columbine that nodded on the great stone's breast. Effie had not a very lively faith in the skeletons beneath the stone, but she liked to hear Ellen talk about them. "Will they be in coffins?" she inquired placidly.

"No," Ellen told her; "they'll be wrapped in *wampum*, — that's golden

robes, I think; and they'll have necklaces of bear's teeth, and strings and strings of scalps! Lydia and I meant to keep the scalps, but you can have some." She was very earnest; she could fancy so clearly the great moment when the rock should be at last raised from its bed, — she saw it heaving up, rocking, balancing, crashing over, and rolling with tremendous bounds down the hillside. She knew just how the grave beneath it would look: a square hole in the black soft forest earth, fringed with ferns and windflowers; solemn figures lying straight and still within it, — figures holding burnished spears, and glittering with gold and gems, and decked with eagle's feathers, — feathers still shining with their vast and circling flights about the sun. A hundred times Ellen had looked forward to the moment when she should stand staring down at these things, while high up, with faint, far sound, the tops of the forest trees stirred between her and the blue sky.

As this project involved more or less hard work, Effie liked better the acting out some of Ellen's romances of daring and of love. Lydia, as a third child, would have added much to their games, but Effie did not like her, and so she was left out of all these joys. Ellen no longer urged her to "walk down by the fence in the east pasture;" Ellen's own faithlessness made her say that the disloyalty was Lydia's; but beside that, her former friend seemed very young!

That Ellen and Effie were so much together was pleasing not only to the two children, but to the entire Temple household. Miss Jane had begged Mrs. Dale to allow her granddaughter to be with Effie as much as possible. "Because," she explained, "Ellen is such a dear child, so modest and well behaved, that I am sure her example will be good for Effie."

Miss Jane said this at the first meeting of the sewing society at which she

was present. She and Mrs. Dale were waiting in the church porch after the meeting, watching an unexpected down-pour of summer rain. "As soon as the carriage comes, I'll take you home, Jane Temple," Mrs. Dale said; "you can't walk up the hill in this rain."

There was something in her voice that made the younger woman redden, and answer in quick excuse, "I suppose no one at home has noticed the storm, and so the carriage has not been sent for me."

"I suppose not," Mrs. Dale agreed dryly. Like everybody else in Old Chester, she blamed Jane Temple because her family neglected her.

"Besides," Miss Temple asserted, "everybody knows I like the rain. No, I don't mind walking, thank you."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Dale; "but it will give me pleasure to have you, my dear, so I hope you will come. I don't know what has happened to Morris; he should have been here five minutes ago."

The two ladies fell into an uncomfortable silence. The rain dripped steadily from the pitch roof of the porch, and fell into the pebbly gutters below with the sharp running chime of little bells; the bare earth under the branches of the fir-trees on either side of the path gleamed with pools, and the grass beyond, growing thick about the gray tombstones, seemed greener every moment.

"It is quite a rain," Miss Jane admitted reluctantly. "Perhaps I had better drive; but will you let me stop and get a prescription filled for sister?"

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Dale. "You know Willie King has taken Mr. Tommy's place. I suppose you know that Mr. Tommy has disappeared again?" She was careful not to look at Miss Jane.

"So I heard," Miss Jane answered.

"It's very vexing in Mr. Tommy to run away in this fashion," Mrs.

Dale went on. "I wanted him to teach Ellen Latin this summer; you know he is quite a scholar in his small way — Ah, here is the carriage. Get in, my dear;" and then, a moment later, "I wonder if your sister-in-law would allow Ellen to have an hour or two a week with Euphemia's governess?"

Miss Jane, whose face had flushed at Mr. Tommy's name, hastened to say that she was sure Mrs. Temple would be glad to make such an arrangement; then she made her little speech about Ellen's influence. And so it came about that Ellen went to Mr. Temple's house twice a week for her Latin, and at least once beside to spend the afternoon with Effie. This, Mrs. Dale felt, was only doing what she could, as a friend of the family, to improve Henry Temple's neglected child. Ellen carried on this missionary work with a zeal which her grandmother never suspected.

On the hill, up which the orchard sloped to the edge of the woods, was a latticed summer-house. It was old, and long ago the rain had painted it a faint, soft gray; there were vines all about it, which almost hid the diamond-shaped windows in its sides, and lilacs and wild cherries crowded so closely around it that any one looking up from the kitchen garden, or even passing through the orchard, would never have guessed that the two children met in it almost every day. And could their conversation on a certain Sunday afternoon have been overheard, Miss Jane might not have been so sure of Ellen's influence upon Effie, and it is probable that not even Mrs. Dale's willingness to be of service to Henry Temple would have made her consent to the intimacy between the children.

"I don't think," Ellen was remonstrating, "that you ought to speak so to Miss Jane."

"I don't care," said Effie, "I won't be ordered around by anybody. I'm not like you!"

The two children were sitting on the steps of the summer-house; they could look down into the orchard, and over the roof of the Dale house which lay below them. Beyond were the white, dusty turnpike and the meadows, and then the blue curve of the Ohio River. It was very silent in the orchard; only the faint rustle of the leaves in the woods behind them and their own hushed voices broke the sunny quiet.

"Do you have to learn hymns every Sunday?" Effie had said, in response to Ellen's request that she would hear her say her hymn. "I would n't be you for anything! Yes I'll hear you. Go on: 'Softly now' " —

"Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee."

Ellen's voice sounded as though she were half ashamed.

Effie, scarcely waiting for the last line, closed the book with a bang and tossed it into her friend's lap. "Aunt Jane wanted to make me learn a hymn on Sundays, and I just told her I would n't. She asked me if I would n't learn one; and I said, 'I can't, I can't, I *can't*, so there, now!' I knew if I did it once, she'd say I could, and then I might have to do it again."

It was here that Ellen made her protest for Miss Jane, but Effie only tossed her head. "Do you think I care what she says? Nobody cares what aunt Jane says. Why, look here; I'll tell you something about her, — only it's a secret!"

"I'll never tell," Ellen declared.

But she was not much interested; she was too conscious that it was Sunday. Sunday visiting was not approved of by Old Chester, at least among the children, and even the occasional afternoon calls of grown persons were more or less apologetic. That Ellen, who had been allowed to go out into the garden to study her hymn, should have dared to meet "the Temple child," and

spend the long, still, sunshiny hours in idle talk, was something that Mrs. Dale would not have forbidden, because it would never have seemed possible.

Before this new friendship came into Ellen's life, her Sunday afternoons, in summer, had had a distinct and happy character of their own. There were always some verses from the Bible to be studied, and a hymn. And so, book in hand, murmuring over and over words which had little meaning in her ears, she wandered about the garden, "getting by heart," as she expressed it, some of the noblest expressions of the spiritual life. Sometimes she stopped to talk to the flowers; sometimes to lay her cheek against the ground, and look through the mist of grass stems, and weave her little fancies about the world of bee and butterfly and blossom; not unfrequently she climbed into the low branches of her favorite apple-tree, and "preached, like Dr. Lavendar," to the congregation below her of bending and rippling timothy. To hear herself talk of piety and obedience gave Ellen all the satisfaction of good behavior; her exhortations were so earnest that she mistook them for feelings, — a mistake incidental, perhaps, to the pulpit. She might stop at this stage to repeat her hymn, and then, still murmuring it to herself, go down below the terrace where the violets grew thick under a larch-tree; to sit down among them, and put a little finger under a blossom's chin and look into its meek eye, gave her far more joy than any mere plucking flowers would have done. She was very apt to come to this part of the garden for a certain ceremony which she called "marrying the grass." She would kneel down and tie two stalks of blossoming grass together, and pronounce some solemn gibberish over them which she said was the marriage ceremony: —

"Now you're married,
We wish you joy;

Your father and mother
You must obey,
And live together
Like sister and brother;
And now kneel down
And kiss each other."

Ellen never spoke of these fancies to her grandmother, not from any secrecy or reserve, but because of their absolute commonplaceness. If she ever reflected upon them at all, it was to suppose that Mrs. Dale and everybody else in the world had the same pleasant thoughts.

Beside her pretty romancing, she had long theological arguments with herself. Mrs. Dale never imagined the religious fogs into which her granddaughter wandered, or how again and again she wearied her little brain over the puzzle of personal responsibility. Nor did she ever fancy the heartache with which sometimes, romancing over, the child sat down to plan ways and means of showing her grandmother her love; for she thought, if she could only express that, perhaps Mrs. Dale would kiss and cuddle her, as she had once seen a gypsy mother caress a little swarthy black-eyed child. Swaying to and fro, her head on her knees, her mop of brown hair falling forward about her ears, Ellen agonized over her sins, which she was sure kept her from her grandmother's heart. She thought of things she might do to prove her affection: pick all the flowers in her garden and put them down for Mrs. Dale to walk on; kiss the hem of her dress; climb up to the top of the locust-tree and hang by her feet from the highest branch, to give her grandmother pleasure. She thought of all these things, and many more; and yet, somehow, her little, crowding, impetuous love remained unspeakable.

The meetings with Effie in the summer-house were, in a certain way, of a healthier character than such dreams; if only they had not been stained by the consciousness of Mrs. Dale's disapproval!

And here, on this still July Sunday, the two children were. Ellen's hymn-book was open on her knee, and she had silenced her conscience for a moment by thinking that she would say to her grandmother, in a casual way, "I saw Effie this afternoon, as I was walking in our orchard, and I asked her to hear me say my hymn." The prospect of confession lightened her heart, and, the hymn repeated, made her stay on to hear the secret that Effie promised. "I'll never tell," she urged.

"Well," began Effie, edging a little closer to her friend, "you know Mr. Tommy? I mean the apothecary man." Ellen nodded. "Well, you know how he went away, the last time we were in Old Chester, — oh, years and years and years ago, when I was a little girl, — and nobody knew where he'd gone, and he never came back until after we went to town; and he's gone away this summer again, and nobody knows where he is?"

"Yes," said Ellen, but she was disappointed. Grown-up people did not interest her; and beside, there was nothing secret so far. "Everybody knows that," she said.

"But nobody knows why he went," Effie proceeded, "except me. It was auntie!" Ellen looked puzzled. "Goose!" cried Effie. "He was in love with her!"

A little more color came into Ellen's rosy cheeks. "Effie, Betsey Thomas says it is n't nice for little girls to talk about — *that*."

Effie laughed shrilly. "Why, I'm eleven months and two days younger than you, and I've been in love myself."

"Oh, Effie!"

"Yes, I have. Well, I am now, too. He's — oh, he's perfectly lovely. He has a market on the avenue, about three blocks away from our house. And he's as big — oh, twice as big as papa. He wears a white apron in the shop, and he's just lovely. And I

used to be in love with my cousin, John Lavendar. We were engaged. He gave me a pressed rose, and I wore it around my neck on a black silk thread; and I gave him a pressed pansy, and he kept it in his watch. We were going to be married when we were fourteen, and we were going to have six children, three girls and three boys. That was when we were engaged. But I told him I did n't want aunt Mary Lavendar for a mother-in-law; she's cross, and I hate cross people. And then he got tired of me," she ended cheerfully. Ellen was speechless with interest. "I was n't mad; I was tired of him, too. I'll tell you how it was. We were playing croquet, and a little girl, — I think she's a relation of his, her name's Rose, — she came walking along with her nurse. My! she was so little; she was n't more than four. And John said, 'Effie, if Rose was a little older, she'd do for me, would n't she?' And I said, 'Well, she'll get older, and I think I like her brother better than you, so let's change.' So we changed."

"Are you engaged to her brother?" Ellen inquired, with anxiety.

"Oh, no," Effie said pensively. "I saw the marketman then, so I did n't care for Rose's brother. But this was the way it was about aunty. Mr. Tommy fell in love with her, and he *proposed*. I know, because I heard papa tell mamma that he came in and found him proposing to aunty. Just think! I wonder what he said? 'Will you be mine?' I suppose. But papa, he would n't allow such a thing, of course. Mr. Tommy, just an apothecary, you know, and to fall in love with my aunt! And any way, she can't ever get married; she has to take care of us. Well, papa sent him off, I tell you! Papa was awfully mad. I pecked in the door and saw him. And then Mr. Tommy *ran*. I saw him. He ran and ran, as hard as his legs could carry him. And the next day his house

was all shut up, and he did n't come back to Old Chester until we'd gone away."

"And was Miss Jane mad, too?"

"Aunty? No; that's the joke of it. She liked him. She thought he'd come back. Nellie, would you rather marry a sailor or a man? I'm going to marry the captain of a *Cunarder*, so that I can go to sea all the time."

Ellen was horrified. "Effie, it is n't right to talk that way, and on Sunday, too! And — the marketman?"

"As though Sunday made any difference! Goodness, I would n't be like you for anything, — being told all the time things are n't right, and being ordered round by everybody. I would n't stand it."

Ellen's face flushed. "I can't help it," she said sullenly.

"I'd help it," Effie assured her.

"How?"

"Well," said Effie, "in the first place, I'd just talk right out. I'd say, 'Grandma, I'm too old to be ordered round, and — and I won't stand it!' And then, if she did n't stop being cruel, I'd run away!"

"Oh, I've thought of that lots of times," Ellen said dolefully, "only I don't know where I'd go."

"Have you thought of it? Oh, Nellie! Let's talk about it; let's do it. I'll go, too. I'm tired of living at home, though they are not quite as unkind at my house as they are at your house. I've decided to do something; I'm not quite sure what. I did think of going on the stage, but I don't know but what I'd rather be a missionary. It would be awfully nice to go to Africa and see the Great Desert. I tell you what let's do: let's run away and be missionaries. You know lots of hymns, don't you?"

"Yes," Ellen said, with enthusiasm (and added, in her own mind, that she would tell her grandmother that she and Effie had talked about being mis-

sionaries). "But we're not very old, Effie?"

"We're old enough to teach the heathen," said Effie piously. "I was confirmed at Easter, so of course it's all right for me. Have you been confirmed?" Ellen shook her head, and Effie looked concerned. "Well, perhaps then it would n't do for you to be a missionary; but I'd run away, anyhow."

"I had n't thought of being a missionary," Ellen acknowledged; "I only meant to run away. I used to think I'd take one of the benches on the front porch and turn it upside down, so it would be a boat, you know. Then at one end I'd put some loaves of bread and a little barrel of water, and may be a ham. Well, then I'd get it down to the river, and push it in, and go floating off. Pretty soon I'd reach the Mississippi." Ellen's eyes grew vague with her dream. She saw it all as she spoke,—the yellow water lapping and rippling against the sides of the upturned bench, the green meadows along the shore, the sudden splash of paddle-wheels, as, perhaps, some great steamboat passed her, and, disappearing among the hills, left, like a drift of melody, the sound of its calliope behind it. "When I got to the Caribbean Sea," Ellen went on, "I'd find a desert island and live on it. I'd eat cocoanuts and breadfruit, and get a man Friday and some goats. And then I'd send beautiful presents home." Ellen paused to think, not of the difficulty of transportation, but, with bitter joy, that such presents would be coals of fire to her grandmother. "But perhaps it would be better to be a missionary," she ended.

"Course it would," Effie assured her, and they began to make many plans.

And when, that evening, after tea, Ellen stood before her grandmother, repeating her hymn, she was much too full of these exalted plans to remem-

ber to confess how she had spent her afternoon. She heard Mrs. Dale's comments on the hymn, received her quiet kiss, and was told that she might walk about in the garden till bedtime. Her mind was still intent upon voyages and desert islands and converted cannibals, but something in the touch of the soft old hand upon her head stirred the child's heart. Confession rushed to her lips.

"Oh!" she said, flinging her arms about Mrs. Dale's neck, "I love you very much; only I—I"—The tears were in her eyes, and her hot face was buried in the spotless neckerchief.

"There, my dear, there; control yourself, Ellen. Ah, my child, if, instead of protestations, you would be an obedient little girl, how much more that would prove your love than these foolish outbursts!" Mrs. Dale sighed. Ellen drew back quickly,—rudely, her grandmother thought. "Be more gentle in your movements," she said; "do not be so abrupt."

"Yes'm," Ellen answered, with a sob in her throat. "Oh, how I hate grandmother!" she said between her teeth, as she darted down into the garden. There, below the terrace, she threw herself, sobbing, on the grass that grew deep and soft under the solemn branches of a larch. The check to her impetuous love caused her to forget her own wrong-doing. She said to herself that nobody loved her, and she was very wretched. Little Ellen had the temperament which made it possible to observe her sorrows and measure her emotions; life was always more or less spectacular to her, and she exaggerated her woes for very interest in them. Just now, as she was so ill treated, she wished she might be very ill and die. It gave her pleasure to fancy her sufferings and the grief of her friends; especially did her mind dwell on the neglected Lydia, whose astonishment and sorrow filled her with a delightful sense of power in being

able to produce such an effect. "Or if I could only be drowned!" she reflected, growing happier each moment. "When they found me in the river, they'd carry me home, and how sorry they'd be!" She closed her eyes, and saw her white dress (a white dress is necessary for an effective suicide), saw her white dress dripping and clinging to her figure, and her long hair (for somehow her hair must be long), her long hair trailing upon the ground, wet

and straight. She thought how pale her face would be, how tightly her eyes would be closed; she decided, with satisfaction, that Betsey would cry and say she was sorry for all her wickedness; and she thought of Lydia's fright and of her grandmother's repentant grief. At that she involuntarily sobbed, which interested her so much that she began to pity and forgive everybody, and a little later went very happily to bed.

Margaret Deland.

CLIFF-DWELLERS IN THE CAÑON.

"Glad
With light as with a garment it is clad
Each dawn, before the tardy plains have won
One ray; and often after day has long been
done
For us, the light doth cling reluctant, sad to
leave its brow."

H. H.

THE happiest day of my summer in the Rocky Mountains was passed in the heart of a mountain consecrated by the songs and the grave of its lover, H. H., — beautiful Cheyenne, the grandest and the most graceful of its range.

Camp Harding, my home for the season, consisted of a group of tents and cottages characteristic of a country where people sleep in tents for their health, and invalids claim as their right the airiest and the nearest to absolute out of doors. The situation of the little colony was no less unique and peculiar to Colorado. It was in Cheyenne Cañon as, after leaving the mountain itself, it passes on through the *mesa*, or high tableland, at its foot. So high and so abrupt were the sides of the valley, a huge crack as it were in the earth, that the broad brook Minnelowan with its fringe of trees, the pleasant carriage road, and the scattering houses were as completely hidden from the view of travelers on the roads

above as though protected by a wall of rock. One hundred feet back from the sharp edge of the cañon, one might stand on the high land, looking directly over the cleft to the bare mesa beyond, and not suspect the existence of the smiling little dell, even its tallest treetops being below the level. Its strange position added a rare charm to the place, a sense of seclusion and protection not to be found elsewhere.

The fortunate dwellers in this "happy valley" were blessed with two delectable walks, "down the road" and "up the road." Down the road presented an enchanting procession of flowers, which changed from day to day as the season advanced: to-day the scarlet castilleia, or painter's-brush, flaming out of the coarse grasses, to-morrow the sand lily lifting its dainty face above the bare sand; next week the harebell, in great clumps, nodding across the field, and next month the mariposa, or butterfly lily, just peeping from behind the brush, — with dozens of others to keep them company. As one went on, the fields grew broader, the walls of the mesa lowered and drew apart, till the cañon was lost in the wide, open country.

This was the favorite evening walk.

with all the camp dogs in attendance, — the nimble greyhound, the age-stiffened and sedate spaniel, the saucy, ill-bred bull terrier, and the naive baby pug. The loitering walk usually ended at the red farmhouse, a mile away, and the walkers returned to the camp in the gloaming, loaded with flowers, saturated with the delicious mountain air, and filled with a peace that passeth words.

Up the road led into the mountain, under thick-crowding trees, between frowning rocks ever growing higher and drawing nearer together, till the carriage road became a burro track, and then a foot-path; now this side the boisterous brook, then crossing by a log or two to the other side, and ended in the heart of Cheyenne, in a *cul-de-sac* whose high perpendicular sides could be scaled only by flights of steps built against the rocks. From high up the mountain into this immense rocky basin came the brook Shining Water in seven tremendous leaps, each more lovely than the last, and reached at bottom a deep stone bowl, which flung it out in a shower of spray forbidding near approach and keeping the rocks forever wet.

The morning walk was up the road, in the grateful shade of the trees, between the cool rocks, beside the impetuous brook. This last was an ever fresh source of interest and pleasure, for nothing differs more widely from an Eastern brook than its Western namesake. The terms we apply to our mountain rivulets do not at all describe a body of water on its way down a Rocky Mountain valley. It does not murmur, — it roars and brawls; it cannot ripple, — it rages and foams about the boulders that lie in its path. The name of a Colorado mountain stream, the Roaring Fork, exactly characterizes it.

One warm morning in June a small party from the camp set out for a walk up the road. By easy stages, resting here and there on convenient rocks, beguiled at every step by something more

beautiful just ahead, they penetrated to the end of the cañon. Of that party I was one, and it was my first visit. I was alternately in raptures over the richness of color, the glowing red sandstone against the violet-blue sky, and thrilled by the grandeur of places which looked as if the whole mountain had been violently rent asunder.

But no emotion whatever, no beauty, no sublimity even, can make me insensible to a bird note. Just at the entrance to the Pillars of Hercules, two towering walls of perpendicular rock that approach each other almost threateningly, as if they would close up and crush between them the rash mortal who dared to penetrate farther, — in that impressive spot, while I lingered, half yielding to a mysterious hesitation about entering the strange portal, a bird song fell upon my ear. It was a plaintive warble that sounded far away up the stern cliff above my head. It seemed impossible that a bird could find a foothold, or be in any way attracted by those bare walls, yet I turned my eyes, and later my glass, that way.

At first nothing was to be seen save, part way up the height, an exquisite bit of nature. In a niche that might have been scooped out by a mighty hand, where scarcely a ray of sunlight could penetrate, and no human touch could make or mar, were growing and blooming luxuriantly a golden columbine, Colorado's pride and glory, a rosy star-shaped blossom unknown to me, and a cluster of

"Proud cyclamens on long lithe stems that soar."

When I could withdraw my eyes from this dainty wind-sown garden, I sought the singer, who proved to be a small brown bird with a conspicuous white throat, flitting about on the face of the rock, apparently quite at home, and constantly repeating his few notes. His song was tender and bewitching in its effect, though it was really simple in

construction, being merely nine notes, the first uttered twice, and the remaining eight in descending chromatic scale.

Now and then the tiny songster disappeared in what looked like a slight crack in the wall, but instantly returned and resumed his siren strains. Spell-bound I stood, looking and listening; but alas, the hour was late, the way was long, and others were waiting; I needs must tear myself away. "To-morrow I will come again," I said as I turned back. "To-morrow I shall be here alone, and spend the whole day with the cañon wren."

Then we retraced our steps of the morning; lingering among the pleasant groves of cottonwood, oak, and aspen; pausing to admire the cactus display of gorgeous yellow, with petals widespread, yet so wedded to their wildness that they resented the touch of a human hand, resisting their ravisher with needle-like barbs, and then sullenly drawing together their satin draperies and refusing to open them more; past great thickets of wild roses, higher than our heads and fragrant as the morning; beside close-growing bushes where hid the

"Golden cradle of the moccasin flower,"

and the too clever yellow-breasted chat had mocked and defied me; and so home to the camp.

At an early hour the next morning the carriage of my hostess set me down at the entrance of Cheyenne Cañon proper, with the impedimenta necessary for a day's isolation from civilization. I passed through the gate, for even this grand work of nature is claimed as private property; but, happily, through good sense or indifference, "improvements" have not been attempted, and one forgets the gate and the gate-keeper as soon as they are passed.

Entering at that unnatural hour and alone, leaving the last human being behind, — staring in astonishment, by the way, at my unprecedented proceeding, —

I began to realize, as I walked up the narrow path, that the whole grand cañon, winding perhaps a mile into the heart of this most beautiful of the Rocky Mountains, was mine alone for three hours. Indeed, when the time arrived for tourists to appear, so little did I concern myself with them that they might have been a procession of spectres passing by; so, in effect, the cañon was my solitary possession for nine blissful hours.

The delights of that perfect day cannot be put into words. Strolling up the path, filled with an inexpressible sense of ownership and seclusion from all the world, I first paused in the neighborhood of the small cliff-dweller whose music had charmed me, and suggested the enchanting idea of spending a day with him in his retreat. I seated myself opposite the forbidding wall where the bird had hovered, apparently so much at home. All was silent; no singer to be heard, no wren to be seen. The sun, which turned the tops of the Pillars to gold as I entered, crept down inch by inch till it beat upon my head and clothed the rock in a red glory. Still no bird appeared. High above the top of the rocks, in the clear thin air of the mountain, a flock of swallows wheeled and sported, uttering an unfamiliar two-note call; butterflies fluttered irresolute, looking frivolous enough in the presence of the eternal hills; gauzy-winged dragonflies zigzagged to and fro, their intense blue gleaming in the sun. The hour for visitors drew near, and my precious solitude was fast slipping away.

Slowly then I walked up the cañon looking for my singer. Humming-birds were hovering before the bare rock as before a flower, perhaps sipping the water-drops that here and there trickled down, and large hawks, like mere specks against the blue, were soaring, but no wren could I see. At last I reached the end, with its waterfall fountain. Close within this ceaseless sprinkle, on a narrow ledge that was never dry, was placed — I had

almost said grew — a bird's nest: whose, it were needless to ask. One American bird, and one only, chooses perpetual dampness for his environment, — the American dipper, or water ouzel.

Here I paused to muse over the spray-soaked cradle on the rock. In this strange place had lived a bird so eccentric that he prefers not only to nest under a continuous shower, through which he must constantly pass, but to spend most of his life in, not on, the water. Shall we call him a fool or a philosopher? Is the water a protection, and from what? Has "damp, moist unpleasantness" no terrors for his fine feathers? Where now were the nestlings whose lullaby had been the music of the falling waters? Down that sheer rock, perhaps into the water at its foot, had been the first flight of the ouzel baby. Why had I come too late to see him?

But the hours were passing, while I had not seen, and, what was worse, had not heard, my first charmer, the cañon wren. Leaving these perplexing conundrums unsolved, I turned slowly back down the walk to resume my search. Perhaps fifty feet from the ouzel nest, as I lingered to admire the picturesque rapids in the brook, a slight movement drew my attention to a little projection on a stone not six feet from me, where a small chipmunk sat pertly up, holding in his two hands and eagerly nibbling — was it, could it be, a strawberry, in this rocky place?

Of course I stopped instantly to look at this pretty sight. I judged him to be a youngster, partly because of his evident fearlessness of his hereditary enemy, a human being; more on account of the saucy way in which he returned my stare; and most, perhaps, from the appearance of absorbing delight, in which there was a suggestion of the unexpected, with which he discussed that sweet morsel. Closely I watched him as he turned the treasure round and round in his deft little paws, and at last dropped

the rifled hull. Would he go for another, and where? In an instant, with a parting glance at me, to make sure that I had not moved, he scrambled down his rocky throne, and bounded in great leaps over the path to a crumpled paper, which I saw at once was one of the bags with which tourists sow the earth. But its presence there did not arouse in my furry friend the indignation it excited in me. To him it was a treasure-trove, for into it he disappeared without a moment's hesitation; and almost before I had jumped to the conclusion that it contained the remains of somebody's luncheon he reappeared, holding in his mouth another strawberry, bounded over the ground to his former seat, and proceeded to dispose of that one, also. The scene was so charming and his pleasure so genuine that I forgave the careless traveler on the spot, and only wished I had a kodak to secure a permanent picture of this unique strawberry festival.

As I loitered along, gazing idly at the brook, ever listening and longing for the wren song, I was suddenly struck motionless by a loud, shrill, and peculiar cry. It was plainly a bird voice, and it seemed to come almost from the stream itself. It ceased in a moment, and then followed a burst of song, liquid as the singing of the brook, and enchantingly sweet, though very low. I was astounded. Who could sing like that up in this narrow mountain gorge, where I supposed the cañon wren was king?

At the point where I stood, a straggling shrub, the only one for rods, hung over the brink. I silently sank to a seat behind it, lest I disturb the singer, and remained without movement. The baffling carol went on for some seconds, and for the only time in my life I wished I could put a spell upon brook-babble, that I might the better hear.

Cautiously I raised my glass to my eyes and examined the rocks across the water, probably eight feet from me. Then arose again that strange cry, and

at the same instant my eye fell upon a tiny ledge, level with the water and perhaps six inches long, on which stood a small fellow-creature in great excitement. He was engaged in what I should call "curtsying;" that is, bending his leg joint and dropping his plump little body for a second, then bobbing up to his fullest height, repeating the performance constantly, — looking eagerly out over the water the while, evidently expecting somebody. This was undoubtedly the bird's manner of begging for food, — a very pretty and well-bred way, too, vastly superior to the impetuous calls and demands of some young birds. The movement was "dipping," of course, and he was the dipper, or ouzel, baby that had been cradled in that fountain-dashed nest by the fall. He was not long out of it, either; for though fully dressed in his modest slate-color, with white feet and white edgings to many of his feathers, he had hardly a vestige of a tail. He was a winsome baby, for all that.

While I studied the points of the stranger, breathless lest he should disappear before my eyes, he suddenly burst out with the strange call I had heard. It was clearly a cry of joy, of welcome, for out of the water, up on to the ledge beside him, scrambled at that moment a grown-up ouzel. He gave one poke into the wide-open mouth of the infant, then slipped back into the water, dropped down a foot or more, climbed out upon another little shelf in the rock, and in a moment the song arose. I watched the singer closely. The notes were so low and so mingled with the roar of the brook that even then I should not have been certain he was uttering them, if I had not seen his throat and mouth distinctly. The song was really exquisite, and as much in harmony with the melody of the stream as the voice of the English sparrow is with the city sounds among which he dwells, and the plaintive refrain of the meadow lark with the low-lying, silent fields where he spends his days.

But little cared baby ouzel for music, however ravishing. What to his mind was far more important was food, — in short, worms. His pretty begging continued, and the daring notion of attempting a perilous journey over the foot of water that separated him from his papa plainly entered his head. He hurried back and forth on the brink with growing agitation, and was seemingly about to plunge in, when the singer again entered the water, brought up another morsel, and then stood on the ledge beside the eager youngling, "dipping" occasionally himself, and showing every time he winked — as did the little one, also — snowy-white eyelids, in strange contrast to the dark slate-colored plumage.

This æsthetic manner of discharging family duties, alternating food for the body with rapture of the soul, continued for some time, probably until the young bird had as much as was good for him; and then supplies were cut off by the peremptory disappearance of the purveyor, who plunged with the brook over the edge of a rock, and was seen no more.

A little later a grown bird appeared, that I supposed at first was the returning papa, but a few moments' observation convinced me that it was the mother; partly because no song accompanied the work, but more because of the entirely different manners of the new-comer. Filling the crop of that importunate offspring of hers was, with this Quaker-dressed dame, a serious business that left no time for rest or recreation. Two charmed hours I sat absorbed, watching the most wonderful evolutions one could believe possible to a creature in feathers.

At the point where this little drama was enacted the brook rushed over a line of pebbles stretching from bank to bank, lying at all angles and of all sizes, from six to ten inches in diameter. Then it ran five or six feet quietly, around smooth rocks here and there above the water, and ended by plunging over a

mass of boulders to a lower level. The bird began by mounting one of those slippery rounded stones, and thrusting her head under water up to her shoulders. Holding it there a few seconds, apparently looking for something, she then jumped in where the turmoil was maddest, picked an object from the bottom, and, returning to the ledge, gave it to baby.

The next moment, before I had recovered from my astonishment at this feat of the ouzel, she ran directly up the falls (which, though not high, were exceedingly lively), being half the time entirely under water, and exactly as much at her ease as if no water were there; though how she could stand in the rapid current, not to speak of walking straight up against it, I could not understand.

Often she threw herself into the stream, and let it carry her down, like a duck, a foot or two, while she looked intently on the bottom, then simply walked up out of it on to a stone. I could see that her plumage was not in the least wet; a drop or two often rested on her back when she came out, but it rolled off in a moment. She never even shook herself. The food she brought to that eager youngling every few minutes looked like minute worms, doubtless some insect larvæ.

Several times this hard-working mother plunged into the brook where it was shallow, ran or walked down it, half under water, and stopped on the very brink of the lower fall, where one would think she could not even stand, much less turn back and run up stream, which she did freely. This looked to me almost as difficult as for a man to stand on the brink of Niagara, with the water roaring and tumbling around him. Now and then the bird ran or flew up against the current and entirely under water, so that I could see her only as a dark-colored moving object, and then came out all fresh and dry beside the baby, with a mouthful of food. I should hardly dare

to tell this, for fear of raising doubts of my accuracy, if the same thing had not been seen and reported by others before me. Her crowning action was to stand with one foot on each of two stones in the middle and most uproarious part of the little fall, lean far over, and deliberately pick something from a third stone.

All this was no show performance, even no frolic, on the part of the ouzel, — it was simply her every-day manner of providing for the needs of that infant; and when she considered the duty discharged for the time, she took her departure, very probably going at once to the care of a second youngster who awaited her coming in some other niche in the rocks.

Finding himself alone again, and no more dainties coming his way, the young dipper turned for entertainment to the swift-running streamlet. He went down to the edge, stepping easily, never hopping; but when the shallow edge of the water ran over his pretty white toes, he hastily scampered back, as if afraid to venture farther. The clever little rogue was only coquetting, however, for when he did at last plunge in he showed himself very much at home. He easily crossed a turbulent bit of the brook, and when he was carried down a little he scrambled without trouble up on a stone. All the time, too, he was peering about after food; and in fact it was plain that his begging was a mere pretense, — he was perfectly well able to look out for himself. Through the whole of these scenes not one of the birds, old or young, had paid the slightest attention to me, though I was not ten feet from them.

During the time I had been so absorbed in my delightful study of domestic life in the ouzel family, the other interesting resident of the cañon — the elusive cañon wren — had been forgotten. Now, as I noticed that the day was waning, I thought of him again, and, tearing myself away from the enticing

picture, leaving the pretty baby to his own amusements, I returned to the famous Pillars, and planted myself before my rock, resolved to stay there till the bird appeared.

No note came to encourage me, but, gazing steadily upward, after a time I noticed something that looked like a fly running along the wall. Bringing my glass to my eyes, I found that it was a bird, and one of the white-throated family I so longed to see. She — for her silence and her ways proclaimed her sex — was running about where appeared to be nothing but perpendicular rock, flitting her tail after the manner of her race, as happy and as unconcerned as if several thousand feet of sheer cliff did not stretch between her and the brook at its foot. Her movements were jerky and wren-like, and every few minutes she flitted into a tiny crevice that seemed, from my point of view, hardly large enough to admit even her minute form. She was dressed like the sweet singer of yesterday, and the door she entered so familiarly was the same I had seen him interested in. I guessed that she was his mate.

The bird seemed to be gathering from the rock something which she constantly carried into the hole. Possibly there were nestlings in that snug and inaccessible home. To discover if my conjecture were true, I redoubled my vigilance, though it was neck-breaking work, for so narrow was the cañon at that point that I could not get far enough away for a more level view.

Sometimes the bustling little wren flew to the top of the wall, about twenty feet above her front door, as it looked to me (it may have been twenty times that). Over the edge she instantly disappeared, but in a few minutes returned to her occupation on the rock. Upon the earth beneath her sky parlor she seemed never to turn her eyes, and I began to fear that I should get no nearer view of the shy cliff-dweller.

Finally, however, the caprice seized the tantalizing creature of descending to the level of mortals and the brook. Suddenly, while I looked, she flung herself off her perch, and fell — down — down — down — disappearing at last behind a clump of weeds at the bottom. Was she killed? Had she been shot by some noiseless air gun? What had become of the tiny wren? I sprang to my feet, and hurried as near as the intervening stream would allow, when lo! there she was, lively and fussy as ever, running about at the foot of the cliff, searching, searching all the time, ever and anon jumping up and pulling from the rock something that clung to it.

When the industrious bird had filled her beak with material that stuck out on both sides, which I concluded to be some kind of rock moss, she started back. Not up the face of that blank wall, loaded as she was, but by a curious path that she knew well, up which I watched her wending her way to her proper level. This was a cleft between two solid bodies of rock, where, it would seem, the two walls, in settling together for their lifelong union, had broken and crumbled, and formed between them a sort of crack, filled with unattached boulders, with crevices and passages, sometimes perpendicular, sometimes horizontal. Around and through these was a zigzag road to the top, evidently as familiar to that atom of a bird as Broadway is to some of her fellow-creatures, and more easily traversed, for she had it all to herself.

The wren flew about three feet to the first step of her upward passage, then ran and clambered nearly all the rest of the way, darting behind jutting rocks and coming out the other side, occasionally flying a foot or two; now pausing as if for an observation, jerking her tail upright and letting it drop back, wren-fashion, then starting afresh, and so going on till she reached the level of her nest, when she flew across

the (apparent) forty or fifty feet, directly into the crevice. In a minute she came out, and without an instant's pause flung herself down again.

I watched this curious process very closely. The wren seemed to close her wings; certainly she did not use them, nor were they in the least spread that I could detect. She came to the ground as if she were a stone, as quickly and as directly as a stone would have fallen; but just before touching the ground she spread her wings, and alighted lightly on her feet. Then she fell to her labor of collecting what I suppose was nesting material, and in a few minutes started up again by the roundabout road to the top. Two hours or more, with gradually stiffening neck, I spent with the wren, while she worked constantly and silently, and not once during all that time did the singer appear.

What the scattering parties of tourists, who from time to time passed me, thought of a silent personage sitting in the cañon alone, staring intently up at a blank wall of rock, I did not inquire. Perhaps that she was a verse-writer seeking inspiration; more likely, however, a harmless lunatic musing over her own fancies.

I know well what I thought of them, from the glimpses that came to me as I sat there: some climbing over the sharp-edged rocks, in tight boots, delicate kid gloves, and immaculate traveling costumes, and panting for breath in the seven thousand feet altitude; others uncomfortably seated on the backs of the scraggy little burros, one of whom was so interested in my proceedings that he walked directly up and thrust his long, inquiring ears into my very face, spite of the resistance of his rider, forcing me to rise and decline closer acquaintance. One of the melancholy procession was loaded with a heavy camera, another equipped with a butterfly net;

¹ Since the above was written, I am glad to learn that, because of this vandalism, the re-

this one bent under the weight of a big basket of luncheon, and that one was burdened with satchels and wraps and umbrellas. All were laboriously trying to enjoy themselves, but not one lingered to look at the wonder and the beauty of the surroundings. I pitied them, one and all, feeling obliged, as no doubt they did, to "see the sights;" tramping the lovely cañon to-day, glancing neither to right nor left; whirling through the Garden of the Gods to-morrow; painfully climbing the next day the burro track to the Grave, the sacred point where

"Upon the wind-blown mountain spot
Chosen and loved as best by her,
Watched over by near sun and star,
Encompassed by wide skies, she sleeps."

Alas that one cannot quote with truth the remaining lines!

"And not one jarring murmur creeps
Up from the plain her rest to mar."

For now, at the end of the toilsome passage, that place which should be sacred to loving memories and tender thoughts is desecrated by placards and picnickers, defaced by advertisements, strewn with the wrapping-paper, tin cans, and bottles with which the modern globe-trotter marks his path through the beautiful and sacred scenes in nature.¹

In this uncomfortable way the majority of summer tourists spend day after day, and week after week; going home tired out, with no new idea gained, but happy to be able to say they have been here and there, beheld this cañon, dined on that mountain, drank champagne in such a pass, and struggled for breath on top of "the Peak." Their eyes may indeed have passed over these scenes, but they have not *seen* one thing.

Far wiser is he (and more especially she) who seeks out a corner obscure enough to escape the eyes of the "procession," settles himself in it, and spends fruitful and delightful days alone with nature; never hasting nor rushing; see-mains of H. H. have been removed to the cemetery at Colorado Springs.

ing and studying the wonders at hand, but avoiding "parties" and "excursions;" valuing more a thorough knowledge of one cañon than a glimpse of fifty; caring more to appreciate the beauties of one mountain than to scramble over a whole range; getting into such perfect harmony with nature that it is as if he had come into possession of a

new life; and from such an experience returning to his home refreshed and invigorated in mind and body.

Such were my reflections as the sun went down, and I felt, as I passed out through the gate, that I ought to double my entrance fee, so much had my life been enriched by that perfect day alone in Cheyenne Cañon.

Olive Thorne Miller.

AN AMERICAN AT HOME IN EUROPE.

III.

A FRENCH MOVING; A YEAR IN A MEDITERRANEAN VILLA; AND A HOUSE-HUNTING TOUR IN ENGLAND.

THE armchairs were pinioned, gagged, and thrown upon their backs. They had sat upon the balcony in easy fashion, of late, looking out at the shining dome of the Invalides, and they might be supposed to resent it. The tables were unceremoniously stood upon their heads, and filled in with miscellaneous breakable objects.

Everything was taken down to the boulevard before the door,—that spacious Paris boulevard which serves for all the respectable domestic concerns of its inhabitants,—and crammed securely into the straw of the packing-cases. Mazagran, of the Rue du Four, had provided the cases and the labor for sixty-five francs. His men wrenched to pieces a few articles not naturally reducible, in the professional pride of making a very close fit; but, on the whole, the work was very well done, and I say nothing against Mazagran for that. Where we find fault with Mazagran, however, is for engaging for us Grumet, of the Rue de l'Odéon, assuring us that, as the season was dull, this latter would do the cartage for us at less than the fixed tariff of the

railway's own cartage bureau. Mazagran was of prepossessing aspect and manners, but Grumet certainly looked the small villainy he was about to commit. He contrived not to reach the freight depot at Bercy with the goods that night, and I was thus obliged to depart without my receipts, which enabled him to collect, through the railway company, about thrice his proper charges.

Have you ever made a *réclamation*, a demand for redress, against a French railway company or other large public administration? Well, don't, except in the general view of the duty to humanity invariably to protest when things are wrong. It will tire you out; it will consider the incident closed; it will call attention to unnoticed regulations that vitiate the claim on one side, while it is allowed on another; it may even get to the point of admitting that it regrets the circumstance, and may undertake that it shall not be repeated in the future; but as to getting back in actual cash the loss sustained, I fancy that is of pretty rare occurrence. Some varied experiences I have seen incline to a skeptical frame of mind, like that of Don Quixote's honest squire towards dying for love. There are those who talk of it, he says, "but as for doing it, believe it Judas!" I wish this could be held to show that there are no failings of a cor-

responding sort in the United States and England, but that would be rather too bold a thesis to maintain.

You can transport freight either by Grande Vitesse or Petite Vitesse, — by Great Quickness or Little Quickness. Furniture would naturally go by Little Quickness. It might arrive within four or five days, and it must arrive within a fortnight as the maximum. An extra half-rate per ton is charged for furniture, with extras besides for trunks, etc., which thus do not escape the usual luggage tariff. If you take an entire car, *un wagon complet*, you get a somewhat lower rate, but you have to pay for five tons complete. In taking an entire car, also, it is supposed that you can pack your effects in it very carefully, and, as there is nothing to interfere with them, you may save the expense of boxing. I have tried this plan twice. Once it did very well; but on the second occasion, in returning from a sojourn in Italy, everything was turned topsy-turvy, probably by the customs officers at the frontier, and plenty of things were broken. I was assured, in answer to observations on this point, that from the moment the car was a *wagon complet* the company was not in any way responsible. From the moment that it was a *wagon complet*, also, — and this seemed the most mysterious of all, — the company could not grant you the advantage of its own cheap rates of cartage, but threw you into the hands of outsiders. Thus, on the one hand one set of difficulties, and on the other another. You could take your choice. It all arrived at about the same thing.

In the present case, the railway charge was fifty dollars to transport about a ton and a quarter weight of household effects from Paris to Villefranche-sur-Mer, close by Nice, a distance of about seven hundred miles. Add ten dollars for cartage at either end, and then our railway fares, and you have about a hundred and twenty-five dollars in all to join to the very

moderate rental of the coming year as a condition of reaching it. Really cheap living abroad would of course mean that, having got to a cheap place, you should never budge from it.

While our effects went by Marseilles, entirely through French territory, we ourselves, by way of variety, went by Turin. I recollect that, in taking the train from the Gare de Lyon, we were almost as much incommoded in fleeing the great Exposition as if seeking the midst of it. People had been to see it, and now were going back to their homes again. But, with all drawbacks, there could hardly have been a more satisfactory moment than when we had the prospect of going by such pleasant ways to our yet pleasanter goal.

The infant born in Paris, and registered with all the due formalities at the *mairie* of a Paris *arrondissement*, was taking his earliest journey out into the world, and the very first thing, forsooth, he must plunge through the Mont Cenis tunnel. He smiled, with a mile or so of mountain upon his head, as if it were the merest nothing. Surely the contrast was grand. The people in the train were charming to him. I don't know whether people in a train are always charming to an infant, or that I ought to mention it to the especial credit of French kindness of heart. I think they gave him as many as two places complete to make a little bed upon, though he was not specifically provided by the railway company with any. He had arrived at an age to "take notice," — to interfere, with courteous good humor, in the conductor's punching of tickets, and to admire the *clinquant* of officers' uniforms, — which I am told is a momentous epoch in human destiny. But I am sure it is not warranted to speak of such a midget except for the very disproportionate part he had already contrived to take in all this matter of the choice of gardens, locations, and climates.

Smooth, calm, restful Turin was a

grateful relief after the roar of Paris. If we had not already chosen, there was a pretty furnished villa, at two hundred and fifty francs for the season, up on the grass-grown top of the small neighboring mountain of the Superga, where the kings of Savoy are buried, which it would not have been unpleasant at all to take.

We passed a week at Alassio, in the Genoese Riviera. It was on the smooth sands of that pretty resort, where summer bathers succeed the winter residents gone to the northward, that the dispatch reached us announcing the arrival of our effects. We took train, sped through the long series of Riviera towns, great and small, each at the mouth of its dry torrent, of the same type, each with its embowering orange-trees and palm-trees, and through tunnels so numerous that somebody has aptly compared the journey to riding in a flute and looking out through the stops, and arrived at Villefranche-sur-Mer from the eastward.

I looked for the effect upon my companions. The edge of the novelty had been a little taken off, in my own case. There is almost a greater pleasure than enjoying one's self, in these matters: it is to make others enjoy. One and both approved, but S—— not unreservedly. The cliffs approach nearer the shore here, and there was at first a rather sun-baked and arid effect as compared with the fuller greenery of Alassio. It was not till we were amid the embowering shades of our own domain, not, indeed, till the fascination that inheres in every detail of the prospect was experienced, that the new life began to be as full of charm as of strangeness.

A town of thirty-five hundred inhabitants, looking what it is, a survival, if not from the fourteenth century, when it got its name and privileges as a free city from Charles of Anjou, at least from ages but little following that, since when it has undergone slight change. If there is one casual figure more often seen than

another, it is that of some artist sketching the approach to it through the group of buildings which were once part of the maritime dignity of the dukes of Savoy, when this was their port and Nice was their capital. A vestige of Saracen tower juts up piquantly among the rock-ledges high above; and it has always seemed to me that those formless bits of wall down at the edge of the limpid water, below the parapeted walk, may well enough have belonged to the works of a Roman or Saracen port vastly more ancient than that which sheltered the galleys of Emmanuel Philibert, and has come to shelter fine yachts and men-of-war of many nations, and an important division of the French Mediterranean fleet.

It was this union of antiquity with the rest that chiefly attracted me to Villefranche. Most of the Riviera towns, that is to say the important ones, like Nice and Cannes, where people make it a matter of fashion to live, are new, in spite of a quite impossible section of "old town" pertaining to each. Climate is everything, and one is constantly tempted, in seeing the dwellings in which the stranger colony house themselves, luxurious though they may be, to quote the opinion of the Chevalier Chardin, who found that "where nature is easy and fruitful art is rude and little known." Villefranche was not sought by the villa residents, though now, when an enterprising mayor talks of gas works and an electric-light plant, and the premier of England is upon the territory of the commune, and Indian rajahs and American millionaires close by at Saint Jean and Beaulieu, there is no saying how long this state of things may continue. There were a few boxlike houses, close to the parade-ground, in the town, occupied by the pleasant young officers of the garri-son, and a few quite small villas, all furnished, I think, scattered round about. You might have had one for about twenty dollars per month, but they were too near the dust and glare of the white route, too

public, too cramped as to ground, for my taste. Americans are continually taxed with liking to live in the full light of publicity, but surely no one who has looked into the matter can maintain that there is not a far greater proportional care among Americans than abroad for the genial seclusion that constitutes the restfulness and charm of a home.

The great châteaux behind their jealous walls excluded, nothing is harder to find than a detached house for moderate means, where the *chez soi* can be enjoyed quite secure from intrusion or other annoyance. Even where the first outlook would seem to be favorable, measures are taken as if expressly to defeat this object. Often it is the spot where the gardener or other custodian is located. I have seen one place spoiled, for instance, by lodging the gardener exactly under the charming terrace, so that not a motion or sound of the family could be escaped; and naturally they could not live without moving and breathing. Again, just as the peasant population concentrate in villages that imitate the street of a solid town, and do not live on isolated farms, so there is a much too sociable bunching together of houses even in properties where a great extent of ground is offered. The garden, if of any size at all, is considered as a thing apart, and the right to cultivate it is tenaciously held to, or else it is yielded only at a large increase of the original rent. What is usually granted is only the right to promenade, and of course the right to promenade may have to be shared with many others. Alas! even our Villa des Amandiers, as I shall call it, had one or more of these defects; and though we did not find out the really serious one till the end, it was even then too soon.

Little Quickness had deposited our furniture at the small station under the slope. No carrier (no cabs, either) was to be looked for at so primitive a spot. At a limestone quarry I found some teamsters,

and induced them to take their large drays away from that work and transport the goods up the hill for us. One must climb in that country; the Riviera is the sunny south slope of Europe, and on that slope but few level sites for houses are found. The typical plan of the rise is a series of terraces like a vast flight of steps, each level supported by a retaining-wall. The labor and money put into retaining-walls alone have been prodigious; had they not been distributed over centuries, could they ever have been accomplished?

A narrow, cool street, with a strip of neatly kept brick pavement in the centre, the Rue Droite, received us as we entered the town. The people in the little shops, who could almost have touched us as we went along, regarded us with an indifferent curiosity. At the crossing by the market stairs a little group was standing, as it was always standing there, which might have been a chorus assembled to discuss the fortunes of some *confrères*, in a piece at the theatre. There was always a marine head or two in it, for Villefranche is a marine town. As it enjoys the unusual distinction of receiving scarcely anything but the aristocracy of the sailor's profession, the man-of-war's men, and these can be kept under strict martial orders, there are no discords, no squalor, no noisy establishments, even at the water's edge. Down there, a dusky street, called the Rue Obscur, runs completely beneath the houses, and you see men leading donkeys in, to put them up in mausoleum-like stables.

There is no "architecture," as such; that is to say, nothing magnificent, scarcely any carving, no luxury of decoration. It is not the custom of the country. One might quote Chardin again: "Where nature is easy, art is little known." But there are plenty of ancient dates: es-cuteheons, nearly lost under lime-wash; remarkable straining-arches; moulded door-heads; quaint corbeling and chamfering-off of house corners; and, above

all, the fantasies growing out of every variety of level.

Above, we found a red-gray Vauban citadel, with moat and drawbridge, and palm-trees growing out of some free space in the interior; and above the whole, on a majestic hill, the ancient fort of Mont Alban, a landmark to all the country of Nice from far and near. When Emmanuel Philibert was building these gray old monuments, in 1560, it seems he was within an ace of being snatched away by Barbary pirates. These forts could be knocked to pieces with a single shot from one of the guns of the Formidable or the Duguesclin, or other of the dozen full-armored ships that come and lie here, dark and leviathan-like, in cruising back and forth from Toulon. So they serve no more useful purpose at present than the storage of clothing and the like, except as they embellish the landscape to the eye of the painter. That they certainly do, and it is more than will ever be said of the sullen, mound-like, half-hidden modern forts that crown every high mountain peak around, to the Italian frontier. The Mont Alban fort was directly over our heads, in the villa; one of the bits we had, like a dream-castle, through the upward vistas of the olive orchards.

The villa was ten minutes or more from the town. We went up by a charming *sentier* in an olive orchard, a short cut that was always useful to us, leaving the great gate to some more leisurely time. An olive orchard is not unlike an apple orchard. On the one hand, it is not to be compared to the apple orchard in foliage or fruit; but, on the other, it is perennially green, and it allows you to conjure up your classic traditions: you are at liberty at any time to imagine you are in a sacred wood of Apollo and the nymphs.

I went on in advance, to throw open every door and window. Adriano, the Italian peasant who farmed the place on shares, gave me a most obliging hand.

Here, perhaps, the sweet music of Mignon's "*Connais-tu le pays?*" should have softly breathed; and, had there been some one of accurate memory, he should have quoted the invocation of Melnotte, Prince of Como, to his palace lifting to eternal summer its marble walls, while the air was heavy with the scent of orange groves.

Imagine it is done. The rest come on. Well, there it was, the Villa des Amandiers! I wish I could convey the vivid feeling attending that transfer from the gloom and chill of Paris, from vast, clamorous, cramping, high-stair-compelling Paris, to that sweet and perfumed air, the empire of the sun, country life, two-story levels, the expansion of amplest elbow-room; but it would be useless to try.

The house was not "a palace lifting to eternal summer its marble walls:" it was a plain, large, comfortable two-story house, stuccoed and lime-washed. It was fifty feet long and of shallow depth, so that all the important rooms came squarely to the south. On the top was a *loggia*, once open, now glazed in, of which, after fitting it up as a half-studio, we ultimately made a fine winter playroom for the aggressive infant. What a *cabasse*, as his *patois*-speaking attendant called it, there used to be! What a merry shouting used to descend distantly from there, robbed of all its terrors!

Just now it all looked its worst. When we left it, it was much more the ideal of what a villa by the Mediterranean ought to be than at first, for I had not foreseen its capacities in vain. Since our time it has declined anew; and if, by chance, any one should be inspired with sufficient curiosity to go and look it up, in our wake, finding the terrace swept bare of all its embellishments and the house left to its nakedness, he might not think great enthusiasm justified. It stood in the centre of a large estate with great variety of scenery, in which we had the right of promenade, and we were to pay six hundred francs a year for it. This

seemed a ridiculous nothing at the time, and I should almost have justified the proprietor in charging roundly for his delicious climate; but afterwards I heard that the very nice family of an artillery captain of the garrison had it for five hundred francs.

A shady long walk, some three hundred feet in length, led out from the doorway terrace. We found favorable nooks in it for passing the time. Below was a garden overflowing with oranges and roses. A whole vast domain, cultivated and wild, cliffs, wood, orchard, garden, leading up to a remote iron gate opening into a fragrant pine forest, had fallen to our lot and awaited our explorations.

At six o'clock the tops of our bulky packing-crates appeared, coming up the inclines. It proved to be a night of full moon, almost as bright as day, and, late though we began, everything was finally unpacked without the necessity of lighting so much as a candle.

An unromantic circumstance disturbed that first night. Who could have foreseen mosquitoes in the Riviera? Who has ever written about them, what poet, what traveler? The only mosquitoes I know of that have got into poetry are those that recalled *Mirèio* to life, when she fell, overcome by sunstroke. "*Vite, jolie, lève-toi,*" they said. "*Quick, pretty one, rise, for the heat of the salt marsh is deadly.*" But though that was in Provence, not far away, it was at the mouths of the Rhone, where they might be expected. We were almost eaten alive by mosquitoes. We were much on foot that night, but there was the redeeming advantage of the mysterious vistas of the orchard, and the long walk flooded by the radiance of moonlight, and the somnolent croak of frogs and tree-toads, that seemed to keep up their song till the moon went down.

The truth is that mosquitoes must be counted with from June, or earlier, to December. The very first thing to do, the next morning, was to go to Nice and

procure the necessary nettings, and then these pests were reduced to their proper place. As to fleas, in these countries you have them always with you to some extent, and a certain philosophy must be cultivated from the beginning. We had the train to go to Nice, but it was a long pull up and down the hill, and we generally went by the omnibus, which passed our gate nearly every hour. It took you to Nice, about four miles along the lower Corniche road, — a famous drive, which affords some of the loveliest and most satisfying views in the world.

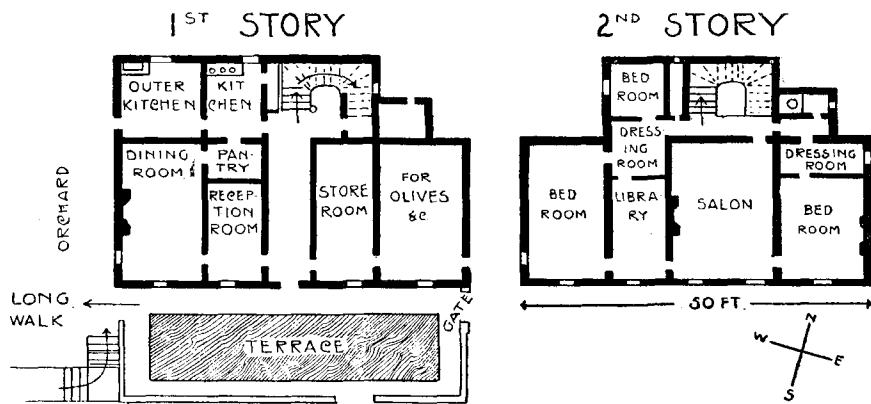
I proceeded at once to veil the too glaring brightness of the house and of a small pavilion opposite our windows with quickly growing vines; to set orange-trees, roses, and oleanders in boxes along the front, and pots of flowers on the parapet of the terrace; to grub up the gravel and sow grass-seed, making a refreshing carpet of green; to put a rustic seat in a corner; and to establish a rustic hood over the west doorway, which morning-glories and a climbing rosebush were soon wreathing. When an awning was stretched over the greater part of the terrace, it became a spacious out-of-door chamber preceding all those of the house. The making of the grass-plot was a work of difficulty: the ants carried off the seed by the peck; the sun scorched it; it needed interminable watering; and the native critics looked upon it with smiling disdain, — for not verdure, but a stretch of arid gravel before your door is considered the correct and desirable rural feature, — but it was finally a success.

To honor the great god of day, in whose cult we so largely came to the south, I had also a fancy for adding a sun-dial as an ornament to our façade. There were plenty of them upon old-fashioned buildings in the country, but the art of making them seemed to have disappeared. I could find no one to establish it for me, and so was obliged to do it myself. A large border and

frame surrounded the hour lines and figures, and at the top was this motto (*Ecclesiastes xi. 7*): "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Perhaps it was not worth all the figuring it cost, all the climbing up and down Adriano's borrowed ladder, but the gnomon was finally set so as to tell the time within five minutes, and that was an aid in a confusion of watches and clocks.

The plan of the Villa des Amandiers had several excellent things about it. I cannot call it a typical plan, for it was a better house than many that cost much more money. A tiresome square box-

The kitchen had a tolerable range, — they usually have only primitive charcoal holes, — and water from a spring, which ran at first, but later did n't and wouldn't, owing to want of the proper repairs. Water was then taken from a pipe on the terrace, rising from an irrigating basin belonging to the system of the Nice Water Company. The works of the company are now extended all along this main part of the Riviera; and, though they still leave much to be desired, they have been a blessing to it second only to the opening of the railway. Water for drinking came from a deep well at a distance; and generally the



like plan is now most prevalent, but ours belonged to an earlier day.

We put a comfortable sofa, chairs, and pictures in the wide entrance hall, which became a lounging-place while waiting for dinner, or after it. The dining-room opened to the left through a small ante-chamber; on the right were storage-rooms, of which more presently. The dining-room was frescoed with a complete view on each wall representing marine landscapes of this coast. It was not high art, but it was not badly done, either; it was in good tone, original at least. Our bottles, cups, and candlesticks on the sideboard and mantel were mixed up in an amusing way with the landscapes against which they stood, and made a naturalistic foreground.

finishing touch of faithful Angèle to the banquets she set for us at the beginning of the long walk, month in and month out, was to bring cool water in a dripping green Moorish-looking jug of porous pottery, to be had for a few sous, and with it a handful of wild flowers or a particularly choice rose or two which she had a knack and taste for discovering.

The principal part of the house was upstairs. That was what I always liked about it, both because, if there were any dampness below, as there is apt to be on the best of ground-floors, we were high and dry above it, — the air is always better somewhat above the soil, — and the salon windows were at such a height in relation to the tops of trees as to give

their ravishing views veiled and softened, but in no way hidden. When the house was closed at night and we had retired thither, it seemed as if we had climbed up our ladder and drawn it up after us, like Robinson Crusoe in his secure bower. We looked across the harbor to the long green back of Cap Ferrat, and thence to the open sea. It is impossible to be extreme in insisting how blue the water was.

Charles V., Francis I., and I don't know what great paladins beside have landed in that harbor. Sometimes it gave us a patriotic feeling to see the American flag waving pinkishly down there, on one of a quartette of the new white cruisers. They gave entertainments in the winter, and then Villefranche was again with all the disposable carriages of Nice; but I think this must have sounded better at a distance than it really was, for there was motion on, and the weather was more often rude and cold than not. Our real view was from the loggia at the top of the house; but this was almost too wide and dazzling a panorama, and we used to keep it as a *tour de force*.

As the doors of communication were all opposite one another, quite a stately sort of effect could be got by leaving them open the whole length of the suite. I remember how the sun used to throw the pattern of the window-guards upon the red-tiled floors in a line. The westward view ended in the bedroom window, with the green tracery of the orchard seen through it. The whole house was stone and brick; we could not possibly have burned down. It is a curious thing that there was not a right angle, and perhaps hardly a perpendicular, really "plumb" in it. I have noticed the same thing in other houses; I do not quite know how universal it is. It was built by "rule of thumb," but the grossest rule of thumb would hardly make one side of a room a foot longer than the other, throw the front and back

out of parallel with each other and with the natural alignment of the building lot, and so on, except on purpose. I have been told that it is considered unlucky to keep a regular symmetry in those matters.

Now as to the storage space below. These rooms were reserved for the storage of the olive crop, and were entered from an outer door. They were an element in the cheapness of the house, and, as our family was small, we could amply spare the space. There is rarely a separate granary for crops, and this dated back to a time when the proprietor, though well to do and living at his ease, liked to have things under his own eye. Furthermore, as the olive crop is good only every two years, and this was the off year, there was very little in it. Adriano's women folk were picking up the small olives gradually, as they fell off, all the winter, and when he got a small pile together on the stone floor he used to carry them off up towards Saint André, to a rude mill resembling an American cider-mill, and have them ground into oil.

We came down here in midsummer, and expected only to settle ourselves, and then go away to the mountains when the necessity came; but the necessity never came. I can hardly hope to set the mode,—that is rather for those so opulent that no suspicion of economy can enter into their movements; but I maintain sincerely that the Riviera is even more agreeable in summer than in winter. Instead of an advance to extreme heats from the mildness—or shall I say chilliness?—of winter, a surprising moderation and evenness of temperature are found. There is no heat comparable to that of the suffocating sort at New York and other places where much moisture abounds in the air. Owing to the dry air, there is, in summer as in winter, a remarkable difference between the sun and the shade. The shade of the merest bush will often

be a sufficient protection from the glaring white hot road. I never found the air enervating; it was always favorable to physical exertion; and that was a surprise, too, for I had feared a sort of tropical languor.

Our tall cliff threw its grateful shadow over us; the sea breeze fanned us; we carried umbrellas in the sun; we bathed in the bight of the harbor. The ground was as dry as a bone; you could throw yourself down upon it at ease anywhere. Some new wild flower was always blossoming along the garden-path; roses sprang out of that soil like weeds, and almost every weed was fragrant. Wild thyme, particularly, grew in great profusion, and mingled its balsamic perfume with that of eucalyptus and pine, all brought out at their best by the genial warmth.

The place was an old one; I have found it marked on an Italian ordnance map dating years before Nice was ceded to France. The proprietors lived in Italy, as many owners of property about Nice still do, and left us in the hands of an agent, who served neither his master's interests nor ours. It had been stately, and was now rather neglected; not too much, — just enough to give it another delicate sort of charm. I have rung the changes on that sort of attraction considerably, have sought it in many countries, and do not tire of it. Those who want only the trim and proper will be duly surprised; those who like it will understand me.

I preferred it that there were only some prehistoric-looking piers left of what had once been a conservatory, and that the grass was growing on the long walk. That long walk was the *clou*, the principal charm of the place. It is a feature the older gardeners so well understood, and which is far too much neglected in our day. Let makers of symbolisms properly explain it. Our long, straight walk led on and on, like a clear and pleasant course marked out in life;

free from uneasy turnings and doublings, — free from the attempt to make something seem what it is not, and to make the petty great, by fatiguing hypocrisies, which is so much the aim of the modern landscape gardener. When you add that it was almost as green below as above, nothing was more restful. It ended at the cliff, where I set up two large urns on a bit of low wall. In the side of the alley opened vistas of the sea with white sails upon it, as if windows were there, set with lapis lazuli and pearl.

As to a becolumned façade which had been established against the chief water-tank, I must admit that that really was too much out of repair. There was a *roccola*, such as is still used in Italy, — a shallow basin for luring small game-birds down to drink, with shelters for the fowlers to spring their nets and catch them; but this was long a thing of the past, and forbidden by the law.

The property contained other villas. There was a lieutenant of the garrison, with his orderly, in a cottage at the gate; the commandant of the place occupied the principal villa; while opposite us was a pavilion which had been tenanted at times by an officer alone or an artist, and was taken for a couple of months, soon after our arrival, by a nice old abbé, whose cassock and gray head lent themselves well to the picturesqueness of the scene. If we could have just the right sort of neighbors, it was naturally much more interesting than to have none. Always in the hope of seeing some new delight and improvement arrive from that source, we left the opportunity to dispose of it open to our landlord, whose ideas of taste were quite different. We should have hired it ourselves; and yet that was an expense which otherwise there was no need of our incurring. No, it never should have been built there.

We dined upon our terrace month in and month out. I recollect that a lamp used to burn almost as steadily there, if

we were late and had occasion for one, as in a salon. The infant dozed there in a hammock or played in a rustic bed, shut in with his toys, safe from all harm. He joined his chirping to that of the birds in the boughs over his head. He passed almost his whole existence out of doors, and gained a prodigious fund of health and strength. His effects, the chairs, rugs, books, anything and everything remained out about as well by night as by day. And the rain? There was none. When there came the first brief shower, a few weeks after our arrival, we sat close to the doorway in the hall, watching it with a pleasure I have never got out of a shower elsewhere. Every drop had a preciousness from its rarity. The thirty orange-trees in their boxes took the ample drenching with a refreshment no mere watering-pot could ever give them; the rain-odor came up gratefully from the grass-plot and paths; the carelessly dancing blue sea below was beaten down for once to a peaceful gray.

The place was cultivated by Adriano, who had a stone house of his own, making an upper story to the commandant's stable. He had never been to school. He had come from Italy, near the Loano region, only a couple of years before, yet he had learned French very well, though his wife and mother could not speak a word of it. For his knack in turning his hand to a little of everything we agreed in thinking him quite as intelligent as the usual Yankee farmer. Our agent — whose opinions, having found him slippery, we did not trust — used to grumble that he was not enterprising, and did not get enough out of the place; but Adriano said that they should have given him a mule and other proper facilities to work the ground.

His principal resource was the olives. Then he had *caroubes*, a long, sweet bean, good food for horses, which is said to have been the original of the

locusts of John the Baptist, when he ate "locusts and wild honey." It was more profitable to sell the product of the orange-trees in the flower than the fruit. The orange blossoms go to the perfumeries. I have seen them sell as low as fifty centimes a kilogramme, and they have been as high as two francs and a half. Fancy, ten cents for over two pounds weight of orange blossoms! We paid Adriano two cents a dozen for oranges. They were small, and by no means equal in quality to oranges of California or Florida; but they were, at that price, a welcome and hygienic luxury in which one could afford to revel. Adriano had not gone in much for flowers for market, the great industry of the region, but he used to talk of doing so. Pinks are the most profitable crop, of late years. There are farmers who make their living entirely out of Parma violets. That is a kind of farming worth while. It seems that, in the season, a "violet train" goes to Paris from this region, the benison of their day for the employees in the dry Gare de Lyon. It carries tons of the flowers, which are thence distributed over Paris, and sold for little more than the price here. Adriano may have raised one of the little bouquets you buy for two sous apiece at the Arc de Triomphe.

His mother, particularly erect and well poised at sixty, from the habit of carrying burdens on her head, occupied herself principally, a sort of elderly Esmeralda, in leading about a Cashmere goat and finding choice places for it to pasture. His sister of fourteen used to go about, too, with a sickle, cutting wisps of grass for the same goat, — a sort of gypsy-like Ceres with her gleaming sickle, endowed with the dark Italian comeliness, and an excellent model for an artist. She was half tamed at first to the service of nurse for the important infant, the *pichoun*, or pigeon; but she put him through every species of hair-breadth 'scape, and had to be given up.

Later on, however, I know not how, some wonderful change of character came over her. She turned steady and tractable, and we parted from her with real regret. Later still there was some falling out in the family, and she went away to take service in Italy. I don't know that Adriano was brutal, but he believed in governing his household with a true peasant tyranny.

Angle, a native of Monaco, with a family of her own in the village, came up to do the cooking and other work. She was quiet, devoted, simple in character, free from small wiles and impositions, — a person for whom you could not but have respect and sympathy in her hard-working lot. Her only failing was shortness of memory, a very common one in the class of domestics. As she could not read, it was useless to put up before her a written list of the things she had to do. It had to be endured. The wages for a *femme de ménage*, in that part of the world, for the day, or the best part of it, are forty francs per month, and thirty francs for a fair sort of a *bonne*. The more modest domestic service consists largely of Italians from Piedmont, who work for less than the French or Swiss; but then you have to put up with a dialect which is not improving, except, it may be, to a student of philology. They and the speakers of the Nice patois understand each other very well. There are even Arabic words in all these coast patois, as there are Arabic types in the population. It is so well known that each spot has its own local variations that once, when we were on an excursion, somebody asked us what our patois was.

The price of provisions scarcely differs from that at Paris. It ought to be much cheaper, owing to nearness to the peculiar land of plenty over the Italian frontier; but the clapping on of heavy duties and the economic war with Italy of these late years have ruined all that advantage. Why not go and establish

one's self in Italy instead, then? That is a question to be decided by each person for himself. For our part, the access to the metropolitan advantages of Nice, to some books (it has not very many), theatre, music, the stir of cosmopolite life that winters there, — to be of it, but not in it, — these were considerations that had a large share in determining us.

Our *fournisseurs*, the people who supplied us with the necessities of life from the village, made nothing of running up and down the hill for the merest trifle. They were pleasant, respectful, ingratiating, forgetful, jealous of one another about our small custom, yet, with all, indifferent to a very un-American extent about preserving it. There was a great deal more in their small shops than you would think. When there was a catch, we had fresh sardines enough to supply the largest family, for a few sous; but generally the fish market was at Nice. In these days of the phylloxera you do not expect native wines. It was a small cask of Majorca that our wine merchant in the funny little Place de la Paix used to bring us up once a month, and pour anew into his loaned bottles, after having first carefully washed them. His vaulted chamber was like an ancient resort for brigands, but there was no touch of the brigand about him; and, if I thought he would ever see this, I should like to congratulate him here on his late election as a member of the steady-going municipal council, a body which governs the community with the order and thrift of so many Connecticut deacons. You see no peasant dress in all this country, no wooden shoes, no fantastic head-gear. The men are all in slop-clothing. They are modern, every-day, and complacently independent.

There was more in their houses, too, than one would imagine. Though the entrances in the narrow streets were dark and dismal, when you climbed up within you were met by a burst of bright blue sea, all the more startling from the con-

trast, due to the step-ladder character of the town. This did not prevent most of the women going about with their heads tied up for a swollen cheek or other evidence of cold. They ascribed the trouble, as a rule, to a *coup de sang*. If you inquired into it, the standard answer was, "C'est le sang qui fait ça." (It's the blood that does that.) And the standard remedy, I believe, was to press a five-franc piece against the afflicted place.

Our programme of life was simple. The commandant's amiable family in the villa below was a social resource for us. The parents were domestic, devoting themselves greatly to their children. The commandant himself, in his hours of respite, ran and romped with them. He was of a type which must be increasing, now that war has become such a serious and methodical matter, and did not correspond at all to the conventional dashing military tradition. He was a student and scientist, in his way, rather than cavalier; conservative and church-goer, too. He looked after the efficiency of his battalion of chasseurs much as a careful merchant might look after his counting-house.

Next door was a fine old gentleman, a military surgeon on his pension, who was interesting himself at the time in a movement, after the American plan, which seems destined to do much good in the country. I shall do well, I think, to name Dr. Jeannel, who has founded the Société des Amis des Arbres, for the purpose of remedying, by private initiative, the evils of desiccation. I know of no more useful and commendable enterprise. Their first step was to plant the borders of the bare parade-ground at Villefranche, which made an unsightly spot in the landscape.

The mayor of our commune, rich and leisurely beyond the good fortune of most mayors, I fancy, pleased himself with offering a large hospitality; and the mayor's wife, his kindly helpmeet, made it a

benevolent duty to include the stranger-residents within their jurisdiction in this way as in others. They entertained not only the notables of greatest distinction, but the artistic, musical, and literary class. I have never seen a more stately and beautiful room than that in which now naval officers danced, now a fine voice from the opera at Nice discoursed excellent music, or an actor, or perhaps some modest young girl in white, rendered selections of poetry or sparkling French comedy. It was always in the afternoon; and the while, through the large windows, and one end of the room which was entirely of glass, shaded with graceful awnings, appeared enchanting views of orange-and-rose-tree-studded foregrounds and distant sea, an embowering garden which was without reserve an earthly paradise.

Once settled, we made excursions into the surrounding country. It was a new delight to find that, back of the margin of modern settlement on the coast, it abounded in mediæval villages, often perched on all but inaccessible crags, as a refuge from Saracen pirates and the other terrors of their day. It almost seemed as if we had discovered all this, so little is heard of it. Nothing in that way can surpass Eza, above Monte Carlo, — no Rhine castle, no stronghold of Umbrian marches or Spanish foothills; but Château Neuf has an added touch of strangeness in being abandoned, a dead town with its houses yet standing; and then Antibes, from whose battlements you see the snow mountains, all Switzerland piled on top of the Riviera; and Saint Paul du Var, with its double fortifications; and Saint Jeannet, where the women are all witches. Monte Carlo, of course. You go and look your fair share at that source of lurid interest. Everybody who arrives wants to go there as soon as possible, to see if they really could lose their money, and perhaps by extra ingenuity gain a pile. It is the standing joke and amusement.

The more I see of it, the worse I think it is, the more subtle and deadly and cynical; but, as its concession runs on till the year 1913, it is not of the least use to talk about it.

The first chilly weather began with the September equinoctial storm. There came a powdering of snow on the nearer hills, and even a few flakes fell on the roses. In the winter we burned little coal, but we often thought we were as cold as elsewhere. While we were shivering in heavy clothing and going our smartest pace to keep up a circulation, we could half believe the roses about us were but of paper, the palm branches of tin, the show of eternal summer but a clever theatrical decoration. The actual bad weather was condensed into a few short periods, leaving all the rest free to count upon. An unlooked-for drawback to our content with the villa appeared: the shadow of the cliff, for winter, stole up the long walk, and settled upon us much too soon. The early arrival of twilight made it seem even colder than it was. The sun set like a beacon fire on top of the mountain; then we could walk up to the top of a pass close by and see it shining for a couple of hours longer over Nice. It is a drawback incident to the spurs of hill that run down into the sea, and is to be looked out for. The sites that wholly escape such an interception of sun are rare, and they are the more exposed to the wind. No matter: in Paris we had lived without sun practically altogether, but here we could not spare a moment of it.

What pleasure, then, when the shadow began to recede again! Spring came in its cool, deliberate way. The lovely almond blossoms, pink and white, never hurried by undue heat, remain upon the trees a month at a time. It is not warm enough to put on summer clothing till near the end of May.

We planned to change our residence, and, if we were to move at all, why

should it not be to another foreign country? Should it be Italy or England? Italy would keep. The presence of friends there, some sentimental, half-business considerations as to the advantage of acquainting one's self well with the centre of the language and the cradle of the English-speaking race, gave England for the moment the preference.

I passed through Paris again, the last half of April,—rainy, dark, and making no new efforts to create an illusion; and I crossed the Channel for a house-hunting exploration of England. I had at no time thought of London; it was to be country life there as elsewhere. But on a map London looks so near as to be easily accessible from anywhere, if there were occasion for it.

A cathedral town, a university town, and the most taking London suburb, which was at the same time a court town,—this was the programme, by way of testing the typical forms of attraction.

Canterbury, twenty-two thousand people. The rooks were cawing in the cathedral close, as they should be in a cathedral town. It is understood that I do not compete with the books of description which exist in many sorts. There were tourists strolling in the interior, but I had nothing to do with them. It was a singular sensation: my quest gave me a sort of permanence, even though it should end in nothing. Some ecclesiastical persons, servants of the noble gray temple, wondered, no doubt, why I stared so hard at their brass door-plates and neat doorways around the close. No, nothing there. All was given up to prebendaries and canons. Few bills were out, in the town. A new, large house, with bathroom, for £70. Too new and too dear!

Then to a house-agent. He was a prim, staid man, interested as to my responsibility, but having a meagre list indeed. There I recalled a half-forgotten truth, already learned, that it is a work of time

and difficulty to discover a suitable house in a small town.

I wanted something old and to a certain extent romantic, that goes without saying; something itself making a part of the traditions for which it was worth while to seek such a place. The only thing that even promised to come within my conditions was a house on a small street called Best Lane, near the little old church of All Saints, and a bit off "the Igh," or High Street. But when I came to see it, its front seemed more dingy with soot than age, and it resembled an ugly schoolhouse. It was not "done up" within, the repairs awaiting the coming of a tenant; and it was showing its displeasure, after the way of an abandoned house, by dropping its plaster and loosening its wall-paper. It was three stories high, — large enough, so far as that was concerned, — and was without "conveniences." It cost £35 a year and the taxes, generally calculated at one fifth more, amounting to £42 in all, — \$210. A back yard had a little wooden pavilion in it, which an amateur photographer had used for his workroom, and which partly overhung a brook or river, the Stour. So far so good; the stream looked too clear and swift to breed any fevers. The cathedral towers were in sight, and there was a touch of quaintness about the rest of the houses in Best Lane. Notably, you could go through a doorway, just below, into a diminutive quadrangle called Best Lane Square, on the Stour also, where half a dozen low brick dwellings, with lace half-curtains and flower-pots on their window-ledges, gave a neat, pleasant picture of English lower middle-class life.

Bref! it might do at a pinch, a great pinch. Canterbury was noted down. I began to know about what to expect, and to penetrate the obscurity of relative English prices.

I traversed London this time without stop, on my way to Oxford, sixty-three

miles by rail. We know what Hawthorne has said of Oxford. "It is a despair to see such a place and ever to leave it." So it seems almost like wickedness to approach it from its practical side; but if I should once begin as to its green quadrangles and meadows, its rich, gray, sculptured, ivy-clad antiquity, all-pervading, pensive, and haunting, I should never have done, and there must be an end some time.

It was out of term-time, and so quieter than usual. An agent to whom I addressed myself had been in America and brought back some American ideas. He took me a long stroll, down St. Aldate's Street, past Pembroke and magnificent Christ Church colleges, and across Folly Bridge to the Abingdon Road, where he was building some houses of his own. They were even houses on the American plan, a block of them, small, neat three-story brick dwellings, with all the conveniences, at £42 a year, inclusive of taxes. They were near the boating facilities, if one liked to indulge in that pleasure, Folly Bridge being the focus of the activity on the classic river Isis. A stretch of marshy meadow land extended in front, which I much fear me went completely under water in the winter. There are times when, what with the abundance of the floods, Oxford proper is little more than an island of the far-spreading Thames.

But had I come to Oxford to live in a modern American abode, every question of comfort or price apart? There must be a section of a ruined abbey, a moated grange or manor of moderate size, a hermitage redeemed to modern uses. My agent was puzzled at the taste, apparently. Even an American family, who had come there lately with some purpose of study, had said to him, "We want no more old rookeries."

He was at a loss, too. What I wanted was not easy to find. Out on the Ifley Road, across the other bridge, the beautiful stone Magdalen Bridge over the

Cherwell, was a shabby little stuccoed house, in a row, for £48; and then another which was said to be to let, but was not to let at all. I heard that all was modern up in the fashionable northward quarter, near the University Park, the direction in which the city was finding its most popular expansion. My painstaking agent promised to make me up a list. I returned for it at the appointed time, but, if he had any choice of such things as I wanted, he had not put them in it. There was a large, damp, musty old house on New Inn Hall Street, opposite the Union, long on the street, with a separate servants' entrance and some wainscoted rooms, but public in situation without escape, and £120 a year. What could not one get in the Riviera for \$600 a year?

Then I began to look with zeal in the streets about the colleges, abandoning agents. I secretly hoped to find something habitable on the High Street, opposite that exquisite porch of St. Mary the Virgin, with its twisted pillars and its statue, or by the grass-plot in Oriel Street, or at that focus of charm in Merton Street where Corpus Christi College and Oriel and the fine gate to a Christ Church quadrangle come all together. You will see what ideas I had. *Bref!* nothing, again. The streets about the colleges are occupied either by shops or students' lodgings.

It was on this quest that I had occasion to look into some of these lodgings. You saw the students' caps, foils, and characteristic knickknacks hung up in some very gloomy, damp, unhealthy interiors. In the worst, the keeper had the assurance to inform me, "The rooms are very h-airy, sir." Men can live anywhere, perhaps, especially those of this fine young breed, so devoted to all athletic sports; but I had to wish there, as I have had to wish in other university towns nearer home, that the authorities would abate a part of their august wisdom, throw crudite science into a

practical form, and descend to the duty of making the hygienic well-being of the students their most pressing consideration.

I was driven at last to the new quarter. Taking the train from Carfax up St. Giles Street and the Banbury Road, a longish ride, I arrived near the University Park. Being driven there, it did not prove a regrettable fate at all. Comfortable modernness, softened by gardens, by the forever old and forever new carress of nature, has nothing disagreeable in it. The new Margaret Hall, for women, is in that part of the town. The late Prince Leopold lived out that way, when he was in residence. It is a long way from marketing, — he of course cared nothing for that, — but, on the other hand, you have the tramway, at a penny the trip.

To live out there, and have venerable Oxford to descend to every day, — a new idea and a good one at last!

East Broxley House, then, — so let us call it, — Norham Road! The other half was West Broxley, after a stately fashion they have of giving titles even to dwellings not very important. A pretty, double brick house, standing free amid vegetation: three stories and mansard, a covered porch, a bay-window to the drawing-room, all in excellent order, for £54. I saw the other half, charmingly furnished, and saw what could be made of it. For such a house in New Haven (U. S.) \$500 or \$600 would be demanded, — plus a bathroom, however.

Oxford, forty-five thousand people. Outside of the colleges a small shop-keeping community. The town governed with a Puritanical strictness; no *cafés-chantants*, none of the conventional animation of Continental life. It might be rather dull for strangers, in a social way; but that would not disturb us. The legion of generous youth pouring through it must give it at least a pleasant surface gayety. In winter, bare

and chilly; if you get a cold there, it hangs on as if it never meant to abandon its grip.

For a maid servant it would cost us from £12 to £20 a year. Would that she might wear a pretty pink ribbon in her cap, like the one at the Mitre. They call them "generals," and to get a good "general" now, in England, is not as easy as it once was; they want to be employed three together, to cover all the divisions of labor. Provisions would cost what I have come to call the usual prices; there seems to be some law by which beef is about a shilling a pound, and eggs are from a shilling to a shilling and a half a dozen, everywhere.

Next, to get our traps over, by sea, from the Riviera to London, and by rail from London to Oxford, we must count upon, say, one hundred dollars, and also count upon their going back again some day. And then all our railroad fares, for the distance is long, — hum! hum! Still, Oxford would do. I distinctly put it down that Oxford would do, on the afternoon that I stood alone in the noble dark quadrangle of Christ Church. The bell, famous "Great Tom," pealed out its measured chimes with a real sort of heartbreak in the rich, sweet notes, while the rain fell gently upon the grass. Rain was falling in Merton Fields and rain on Addison's Walk, soaking the green meadows and veiling the deer in the pensive vistas. A price is paid for all that delightful verdure in the ceaseless drift of rain. My thoughts went back to the orange and rose trees of Villefranche, to the shadow turning round the sun-dial, to the table set upon the terrace, and the summer days coming back. Still, there was not the slightest doubt that Oxford was one of the places that would do.

The court town and London suburb was Windsor, fifteen thousand people. As a court town I seemed to prefer Versailles, even though its court was gone for a hundred years. The royal stan-

dard and a few sentries in scarlet did not save the castle, which had a prison-like austerity in its vast masses of cold gray granite. A renewal of acquaintance with the Vandykes in the somewhat florid state apartments, a jaunt to Eton College, and part way to Virginia Water by the Long Walk. The town, apart from the castle, is respectable, ephemeral, without interest. The obliging house-and-estate agent who sent me down to Osborne Terrace, Osborne Road, is perhaps still looking for me to come back. I had to take the key of an honest man, a butcher or baker, in Frances Road. They left me quite alone in the house. On the way thither one would often be reminded of Orange, New Jersey, or some other proper American town. Then there were whole tracts covered with petty brick cottages of an humble order. Not a few of these had ambitious names, as "Primrose Cottage," "Britannia Villas," and the like, though so poor, shabby, and untenably damp that it would be gross flattery to call them genteel.

Osborne Terrace was £60 a year, a three-story, "high-stoop," brick, eighteen-foot dwelling, with becolumned portico; iron balcony before the drawing-room window; a patch of yard, with an evergreen, in front, and a long strip at the rear, divided from the neighbors by hedges. It would be a very good house for the money in an American town. The only peculiarity I recollect about it within was that it was all squarely divided into five large rooms, and had none of the boxes we call hall bedrooms. The outlook at the ends of the street was pleasant; on the east, towards the trees of the Long Walk. Anybody might go and stroll there. Those trees were practically leafless still, royal though they were; and, in the matter of long walks, there was a personal long walk, far to the southward, which would insist on seeming superior to all others.

Why speak of London? I looked about a little there, but not with much

heart in it. I was told we could have lived somewhere respectably for a rent of £60. Supposing we had been flattened down there under the murky gloom of Bedford Park, or other level monotonous half-suburb? Would an occasional run in Kew Gardens, when the heavens did not lower, compensate for it? Or we might have gone to Hampstead Heath. I hear there is quite a literary and artistic colony there. All the same, we should have been miles from everywhere. Englishmen like to talk to us about our haste and worry of living; but it seems to me there can be no other spot in the world where such fatigues, such uncounted miles of travel by rail or cab, are a necessary preliminary to every detail of life, every petty visit, every attempted profit or pleasure. Life is being defeated, in short, by its own mere unwieldiness.

That there is a pleasant bustle about it cannot be denied. Would it be a sufficient offset to fatigues to learn to swing a knowing umbrella through Sa-

ville Clubs, the Hogarth, the Cri, the Seven Bells; to take a 'bus knowingly to Hyde Park Corner; to come cheek by jowl with great names, the publishing interest, the American leaven, with pictures, books, measures of the day? Would the complacent infant at Villefranche consider it a fair exchange? I see Gissing, in that book which seems to embody so many woeful experiences with an appearance of vivid truth, New Grub Street, thinks literary men ought not to live in London at all.

"Not after they know it," you hasten to add.

I stand corrected; and so I shall hope to know it some time, under favorable circumstances.

Meanwhile, there was nothing that seemed to shine in murky London but an occasional door-knocker. Could one be contented with the gleam of a brass door-knocker when he has had the sun of the Mediterranean? I determined that, if we moved at all, we would move to Italy.

William Henry Bishop.

NIGHT AFTER NIGHT.

NIGHT after night we dauntlessly embark
 On slumber's stream, in whose deep waves are drowned
 Sorrow and care, and with all senses bound
 Drift for a while beneath the sombre arc
 Of that full circle made of light and dark
 Called life, yet have no fear, and know refound
 Lost consciousness shall be, even at the sound
 Of the first warble of some early lark
 Or touch of sunbeam. Oh, and why not then
 Lie down to our last sleep, still trusting Him
 Who guided us so oft through shadows dim,
 Believing somewhere on our sense again
 Some lark's sweet note, some golden beam, shall break,
 And with glad voices cry, "Awake! awake!"

Stuart Sterne.

CATHERINE.

"SHE is neither young nor pretty, and she wears her *fonlard* nearly down to her nose, but you will have more comfort with her and less responsibility than with a more attractive *bonne*."

So spake the wise Englishwoman who presided over the *pension* where Miss James and Miss Pater spent the week of prospecting that preceded their memorable experiment of holiday housekeeping. That was thirty years ago, and the ladies were two Americans, by no means so immature as their fellow-travelers and foreign mentors seemed determined to make them, and yet not fairly entitled to the immunities of *un certain âge*.

Being threatened with an acute stage of the disease now formulated as "Americantitis," they voted Health, with a capital H, the one pearl of great price, and went and sold all that they had and sought it afar in the ancient province of Béarn, within twenty miles of the Pyrenees. Several thousand pilgrims from all parts of Europe, having resolved upon the same quest, brought thither their coughs and their asthma and their rheumatic gout and offered them up to the *genius loci*, with the necessary accompaniment of pilgrim scrip in quantities varying according to the plumpness of the pilgrim wallet. There were Grand Hotels and Beau-Séjours, and fine *appartements meublés* for the easy and lavish, and a descending scale of *pensions* and *appartements* for the limited and calculating. A day and a half of house-hunting down the latter brought our ladies to a decision for a modest *appartement au troisième*, opposite La Place des Écoles. True, the salon was somewhat barren, and the sofa and chairs were rather stiff; but it was an *appartement au midi*, and that meant sunshine and mountains whenever

mountains and sunshine were to be had. Moreover, there were their own little personal effects for beautifying it, not to mention the count's furnishings below. But we anticipate.

The rooms being secured, the good Englishwoman rendered her protégées a supreme service which they could not at once estimate, for they had nothing by which to measure it. She brought to their notice the Béarnaise *bonne* whose portrait is lightly sketched above. For thirty francs a month and her *vin ordinaire* they appropriated not a treasure, merely, but a bonanza whose wealth will never be exhausted "while memory holds a seat." From the triumphant moment when Catherine "settled with" the *garçon* who removed their luggage to number 84 till the parting at the station, when she murmured her last tearful "Pauvres!" "Mademoiselle Paytaire" and "Mademoiselle Jhame" were her *démoiselles*, and she was their unfailing resource.

Catherine's one word of English was "mince-pie," uttered with an accent and intonation which five months of diligent practice hardly sufficed to communicate to her teasing pupils. Yet "French of Parys was to her unknowe." Her native language, the *patois* of Béarn, she used in all intercourse with her compatriots, and her acquired French, learned as a part of her qualification for service, was a curious modification of the "alvong and bong tong" method. Final consonants were pronounced *ad libitum*, verbs sometimes strayed from their lawful partners, and demonstrative and personal pronouns sported terminations which defied the Academy. No matter; it was a priceless opportunity for two eager learners to practice their French on her. They were keen at grammar, prompt in seizing the substance of con-

versation going on around them, and alternately rash and timid in launching their contributions to it. With Catherine there was nothing to fear, and much to hope. Faithful, shrewd, and humorous, she soon felt quite at home with her Américaines, and, within those well-defined limits which her training and her instinct equally forbade her to transgress, she coddled and scolded, admired and derided them in the most restful manner; and had they not come to France to rest?

Miss Pater had the larger endowment of executive ability, and Miss James the better practical knowledge of details; but it was agreed that the responsibility of the housekeeping should be shared by them, each taking it a week in turn, and the one out of office being quite ignorant of the plans of the other. From this arose daily confidences with Catherine, who never wearied of the delights of mystery, and never failed to announce to the outsider the close of the interview with a sly "*Nous sommes confessées.*" If the pretended impatience of the excluded member led her to tap on the door of the audience chamber with an imperative "*Dépêchez-vous, eh?*" (which audacious words had once escaped Catherine's lips under pressure of a domestic exigency), the glee of the old *drôle* was unbounded.

The odd misunderstandings and mistakes that arose in this unique *ménage* added not a little to the general fund of gayety. If Miss James had a serious difficulty in making Catherine understand that she was to make a broth of the bone of the *gigot*, she surmounted it at last by marching into the tiny kitchen and indicating with her forefinger the bone aforesaid.

"Eh! l'oss! l'oss! Et moi qui croyais que vous vouliez dire l'eau!"

When she wished to have mashed potatoes, she carefully considered all the French words that might answer to the first term of the English expression,

and then committed herself irretrievably by ordering *pommes de terre écrasées*.

But for Miss Pater was reserved the crowning feat of commanding a *kilomètre de bifteck*. In her fertile brain, also, as the Lady from Philadelphia, was hatched the scheme that resulted in a grand patriotic surprise for the Lady from Boston; no less than the apparition of codfish balls at breakfast. They were unusual in form, the minced codfish being placed by itself in the centre of a potato croquette. A hint from the other member of the firm modified this method for the next week, and thereafter the *croquettes de morue* became a matter of course.

Baked beans presented too many difficulties to this adventuresome spirit, but the recipe for their preparation as imparted to an inquisitorial British dame is worthy of preservation.

"You take these white split beans and put the pork between" —

"Oh! between the halves of the beans? How curious!"

"And then — and then you pour molasses over the top. Is n't that it, Jeanie?"

The mirth in Jeanie's eyes and Miss Pater's tardy realization of her own ignorance brought the lesson to an abrupt termination, leaving the candid inquirer in a state of "stunning antithesis."

The good cheer enjoyed by the holiday housekeepers was constantly enhanced by Catherine's naive vauntings of her sharpness as purveyor. "*Moi, je suis fine,*" was the burden of her discourse on market day, when luscious winter pears, rosy apples, and dainty *choux de Bruxelles* or tender frills of salading enriched her basket; but the small cost, the incredibly *bon marché*, was the joy of her life. A plump chicken or a fat capon was endeared to her heart by the *dix sous de rabais* that her oily tongue and determined aspect extorted from the *paysan*. When it was a question of a *filet de bœuf* for a little

luncheon party, she sallied forth early in the morning to the butcher's, and, planting herself by his side, announced her intention of securing a certain cut located some slices in from the surface. Neither the gibes of the other customers nor the wheedling of the "meat man" could shake her purpose. Others might take what they could get; she would have her piece or nothing. So when, in the course of traffic, it was reached, she bore it home in triumph.

One day, when a mysterious appendage to the tender little gigot excited the carver's curiosity, she demanded an explanation of Catherine as she removed the second course.

"What is this, Catherine?"

"Why, the tail, mademoiselle. There are *méchants* who kill a kid and sell its leg for a gigot, *mais, croquez-moi*, the tail is not the same thing. *Moi, je suis fine!*"

When Catherine reappeared with the salad, the conversation was renewed thus:—

"How many tails has a lamb in France, Catherine?"

"Why, one, mademoiselle."

"Then how can the other people tell, who buy the gigot without the tail?"

"*Tant pis pour elles!* I get the one with the tail."

A strict inquiry, having been made at first, by these pinks of housekeepers, into the antecedents of the fish provided for Friday's dinner, a little comedy resulting therefrom was duly enacted every week.

Enter the fish.

Cath. Avez-vous entendu le tracas, mesdemoiselles? Le poisson qui voulait sauter de ma main! J'ai tenu bon en criant fort. Vous auriez dû entendre tout ça jusqu'au salon.

Mlle. J. Et à présent?

Cath. À présent je crois qu'il est vaincu.

Mlle. P. Que vous êtes vaillante, Catherine!

Every evening, at half past eight or nine o'clock, with noiseless tread, Catherine invaded the salon and placed herself before the housekeeper of the week. In gentle and measured accents she uttered the unvarying formula:—

"Voulez-vous compter, mademoiselle?"

Mademoiselle produced her book and pencil, and the recitative began:—

"Deux sous de salade, huit sous de légumes, trente-cinq sous de bifteck, vingt-huit sous de vin," etc.

Frances were too bewildering to the native mind, and any reckoning with them brought a look of perplexity to the face of *la fine*; but the footing of the day-book and the "proof of the pudding" were both so satisfactory that the buying was left almost wholly in her hands. Miss Pater once yielded to an impulse, and, by way of distributing patronage, bought a *demi-kilo* of raisins of the grocer at the corner. Wizenéd fruit and enormous stems rewarded her enterprise, and never to the end of the chapter did Catherine neglect a possible opportunity of referring to the misadventure, and always with the significant comment, "*Rien que de jam-bes.*"

It must be confessed that the nightly function referred to above, though introduced in such perfect form, seldom came to a conclusion without some hilarious incident,—some bit of news about the *malade de la porte d'à côté*, whose aunt was always sending in alarm for the *prétendu*; and then when he came from England, *voyez-vous, ce terrible Monsieur Vagnell*, the English doctor, forbade his seeing the lady for several days, during which time he haunted the street, a prey to all the gossips in the neighborhood. Or she slyly intimated that *monsieur le comte, au premier* (who had had incredible difficulty in mounting his horse before their windows that morning, so that a large *assistance* of *gamins* and *bourgeoisie* gave him his final send-off), had come in *un*

peu souffrant after his ride, according to *madame la propriétaire*. "Il ne fait que de bêtises, ce comte-là."

Or madame with the cross husband, *au second*, had been heard to complain to the *garçon* who brought their dinners from the hotel that it was "*toujours du canard et du veau*."

"At home this would be reprehensible gossip, Polly Pater, but here," explained Miss James, "it is improving conversation; and as we do not know these interesting neighbors, and never publish Catherine's tattle in regard to them, what harm does it do? Besides, she enjoys it so much."

With all Catherine's zeal for her demoiselles there was one indulgence she sternly refused them. If other sources of distraction failed, Miss James had only to prefer her oft-denied request for a turkey, a dear little *dindon à la broche*, and the flood-gates of eloquence were opened.

"Never shall you have a turkey, mademoiselle, never! I, who bought a turkey for my Scotch young ladies, and it lasted fifteen days, — fif-teen days!"

Then came the touching story of the three *Écossaises*, all frail and failing in different degrees, with coughs and hectic cheeks, but *très charmantes*, the eldest watching over the younger ones as a mother, and all shielded and cosseted by their devoted slave. That was two years before. Catherine had had a letter from them, which she showed with great pride. As its contents were wholly sealed to her, Miss Pater read it again for her, and she listened, alternately smiling and sighing "Pauvrines!" Evidently she had sustained much the same comfortable relation to them as that which she now held to their American cousins. But the conclusion of the whole matter ever was, "Never a turkey, mademoiselle. Fif-teen days!"

"What histories she will make about her Américaines, next year, Jeanie!"

"Doubtless. One thing is certain, —

she is n't suffering much from oppression or repression, at present. What would that terrible invalid who so split Catherine's head with her everlasting bell say to these easy times, I wonder?"

This *malade imaginaire* figured largely in the reminiscences of Catherine, who had been cook, housemaid, and nurse in her service; and it was always grumble, grumble, grumble, when the poor soul was in my lady's chamber, and ring, ring, ring, when she was in the kitchen. In the end Catherine herself fell ill, and lay in a stupor, from which the English doctor said she would never arouse; but the French doctor knew better, as mesdemoiselles could see for themselves. Since that memorable crisis she had been unable to swallow food in the morning. A small cup of black coffee, *voilà tout*, till the second breakfast at noon. When Miss James reproached her with getting only two cutlets for that meal, Catherine retorted: "Croyez-vous? Would I put six sous in a cutlet for myself?"

When she retired very early on a cool evening, she reproved the levity of her ladies thereupon by scorning to consume firewood for the likes of her.

The question of fuel soon became a burning one, indeed, between the lavish foreigners and their frugal monitor. Eight *stères* of wood, four for the salon and four for the kitchen, looked to Catherine like a generous supply for the season; and when, on cloudy December afternoons, she found an empty wood-box in the salon, she pulled a long face and shook her head at such ruinous extravagance.

"Mais, que voulez-vous, Catherine? That we carry our wood-pile home to America with us in our trunks?" demanded Miss Pater.

The flitting smile excited by this sally was followed by more portentous shakes of the head, and as near an approach to a grumble as was ever heard from her. In the middle of February an additional

stère of parlor wood became a necessity, and "Voyez-vous, mademoiselle," was Catherine's laconic admonition.

A part of the kitchen wood consisted of small branches of the natural length, which length was nearly equal to that of the kitchen floor. Catherine calmly poked the large end of the stick into the fireplace, and then pushed it up as it burned off.

No Aladdin's oven will ever perform such miracles of frugality and toothsome-ness combined as were daily wrought by the genius of Catherine with her two little braziers and her tin "kitchen" before the open fire: ambrosial omelets, cutlets of melting tenderness, juicy *biftecks* whose slight natural obduracy had melted *sous l'huile, filets de bœuf aux champignons*, dainty little *épaules de veau à la farce*, and a famous *compote* of pears whose "lucent syrup" lurked as a sweet surprise beneath a creamy custard. Not these alone, but the homely *broye*, or mush of pale Indian meal, the peasant's *soupe au chou*, and the plain *bouilli aux légumes* brought with them such a relish from the fairy's wand that a deepening of dimples and a heightening of roses on the cheeks of ces demoiselles made them more reproachably youthful than before.

Almost from the first a pretended preference for Miss James, the smaller and less striking of the pair, gave Catherine endless occasions of airing a sly malice toward her friend. If Miss Pater had called to pay the grocer's bill, Catherine would announce the next day, in honeyed accents, that one had found mademoiselle *très charmante chez l'épicière*; but in the next breath, "Moi, j'ai dit, 'Si vous voyiez l'autre! Elle est si mignonne!'"

A traveling-dress of Miss Pater's had undergone such a severe experience of Liverpool and Chester mud, in the early English days, that, after being carefully dried, it was securely wrapped in papers and consigned to the bottom of a trunk

for future reference. When the new life in the Basses-Pyrénées had settled into its cheerful routine, "Why not make a nice warm wrapper of that Scotch plaid?" quoth Polly Pater one day. Down it came from the storeroom, and the first act in the drama was to have Catherine brush and clean the skirt. She took it with a grimace, and, with a shrug, returned it spotless and free from dust; but that was not the last of it. Apropos of everything and of nothing, the bespattered gown and its luckless wearer enlivened the French conversation with endless quips and innuendoes. The charming good nature of the victim only encouraged the tormentor, till finally Miss Pater bethought herself to take refuge in the pity of her persecutor.

"Why, Catherine, you ought rather to commiserate me that I landed on a foreign shore in such dreadful weather."

Catherine retired in silence to the kitchen, and returned bearing the dessert and charged with a parting shot. With an impressive wave of the hand toward Miss James, she inquired, "*Where* is the costume that mademoiselle wore in those days?"

During a brief but rather severe illness that prostrated the pseudo-favorite Catherine's skill and devotion as nurse were beyond praise; but an evasive answer proved that, as *bonne Catholique*, she would assume no responsibility for her patient's reception by St. Peter. Referring afterward to the night of a relapse, she exclaimed, "Ah, mademoiselle, vous aviez la figure de la mort!"

"And did you think my trials were nearly ended, Catherine?"

"Moi, j'ai pensé à l'autre. I wondered what she would do."

This artless chronicle will be incomplete without a recital of Catherine's exploitations of monsieur le comte, au premier. From the beginning she considered him her lawful prey in so far as she could abstract anything from his *appartement* for the use of her ladies.

The table of the *salon au troisième*, which must do duty both as dining and centre table, was pronounced too large and clumsy by the fair occupants. "Voyons," mused Catherine. "Provided monsieur le comte has a smaller one, it is the same thing to him. Je vais demander à madame la propriétaire." And the next time her ladies came in from a walk the objectionable piece of furniture had been removed, and there was an oval table quite *comme il faut*.

Next, there must be a fire laid in the long bedroom for these Sybarites to dress by on frosty mornings; but there were no andirons there. "Eh bien, les chenets de monsieur le comte, c'est ça! I believe he has three pairs of them,—or two. N'importe. Je vais demander à madame la propriétaire." And the next night the andirons of monsieur le comte were duly charged with the three little billets of wood that Catherine allowed her spendthrifts. Never had they felt a more delicious sense of ease and protection than when she lighted that cheery blaze on the hearth for them, and ushered in the day by opening the shutters and pronouncing a grateful or satirical comment on the weather. "Qu'il fait beau, mesdemoiselles!" "Il a gelé cette nuit." "Quel vilain temps!"

"Plent-il, Catherine?" when something special was pending.

"Il n'ose pas, mademoiselle."

In March, as the white muslin curtains of the salon had become rather limp and dingy, the question of having them "done up" was moved by the ladies. Catherine returned quite radiant from a tentative interview with madame la propriétaire. Monsieur le comte had just persuaded the latter to buy him new curtains. Now, why should not ces demoiselles have those new curtains, and that blundering count get their old ones after they were laundered? But these virtuous ladies frowned on such duplicity, and expressed their entire satisfac-

tion with the original plan. Catherine maintained an inscrutable aspect, and the curtains were to be washed the next week.

On Sunday, when Miss James came in alone from church, she was surprised to find Catherine in the salon for no apparent reason but to welcome her; and her bewilderment increased as the factotum lingered, with a smilingly conscious face, instead of returning to her own domain. At last, the innocence of my lady being beyond all patience, the sly-boots pointed triumphantly to the windows. Behold, unmistakably crisp and fresh, the count's new curtains!

"Oh, Catherine! What *have* you done?"

"Moi, je suis fine! Madame la propriétaire had only to say to monsieur le comte, 'Impossible to get the seamstress for the curtains before next week.' *Mais, voyez-vous*, by next week your old curtains will be quite the same thing for him. *Madame et moi*, we have done prodigies to hang the new ones this morning. Enfin, sont-ils jolis?"

"But I am so sorry madame has lied to monsieur le comte."

"Eh! qu'est-ce que cela me fait?"

The mingled scorn and *insouciance* with which this question was delivered rendered further discussion useless. Whether the hapless scion of the noble house of Gramont was insensible to his losses, or whether his chivalry forbade remonstrance, will never be known; but his memory, inseparably linked with that of his wily defrauder, remains perennially green.

Anything that Catherine could get out of anybody for ces demoiselles was simply their due and her delight. Miss Pater, having a parcel to send to England, and lacking the proper wrappings, sent la fine with it to the stationer, near by, to see if he had anything that would answer. Back she came with a snug package in a stout black waterproof outside.

"Oh, Catherine! How lovely! Did he do it up for you? What did you do?"

"Moi, j'ai dit, 'Merci, beaucoup,' " and it was with an ill grace that she returned to the stationer with the *douceur* upon which her mistress insisted.

"Voici des violettes, mademoiselle. Un garçon très charmant gave them to me."

"Ah! ah! Catherine, you must not trifle with his affections," was the mock remonstrance of incorrigible Polly Pater.

"Why do you not keep the flowers yourself?"

"J'ai coiffé ma patronne."¹

Was there an unforgotten history in that simple reply? A renunciation in the youthful days, when the furrowed face was fresh and fair, the gray eyes danced with a merry light, and a jaunty foulard crowned a wealth of dark hair?

The only time that Catherine's cheerfulness quite forsook her was on the occasion of a grand trip to the mountains which her ladies undertook in March. The landau bowled along over the famous roads of the Basses-Pyrénées, with merry bells jingling on the horses. All nature was gay with opening spring. Peasants in blue *bérets* and in red basques were at work in the fields on the left. On the right, cascades of melting snow, emerald and white, were tumbling from giddy heights, and little Pyrenean shepherds and shepherdesses scrambled after their flocks along impossible paths. The air grew quite intoxicating at Eaux-Bonnes, and the scenery from there to Eaux-Chaudes, and thence to Gabas, grew ever wilder, and the ladies ever more ecstatic, but Catherine was bored.

However, the silver lining was not absent from this cloud, for had she not clinched an unprecedented bargain for the *remise* and the *cocher* for the two days? And there were those royal pears that she had abstracted from the bon-

¹ *Coiffer Sainte-Catherine*, to become an old maid.

tiful table spread at Louvie for the mid-day breakfast. There were only two of them, and the keen appetites that had attacked the mountain trout and veal cutlets with *pommes de terre au maître d'hôtel* called a halt before the beauteous tempters were reached. Catherine deftly repaired the neglect, and on the return home triumphantly produced her booty. "Voilà pour le dessert de dimanche!"

Her interest in the studies of her ladies was pathetically expressed at times. "Ah! if I could do like that!"

The dictionary, though in constant requisition, seemed to her never to get itself read, like the other books; but once when Miss Pater was intent on the French equivalents of *workmanship*, she ventured to inquire if they had nearly finished *le grand livre à présent*.

Once a prolonged discussion of all the aspects of some question of syntax with old mademoiselle, the French teacher, brought down a heavy weight of scorn and ire upon their devoted heads, for it encroached somewhat upon the dinner hour. In vain Miss James's attempted explanation of the great importance of grasping the subject firmly.

"Pour des choses comme ça! Fortunately it is cold roast for to-night, or I should have been *enragée comme un loup!*"

As the end of holiday housekeeping drew near, Catherine more than once exclaimed: "Je suis malheureuse! I am growing old, and no one will want me."

"Come to America with us, Catherine."

"I should be lost there."

"Poor thing, so she would," murmured Polly Pater. "If she were only younger!"

"At all events, we will have her photograph to take to America with us," declared Miss James.

"Oh, yes, the very thing!"

But they reckoned without their host.

When the proposition was made to the person most intimately concerned, she stubbornly refused.

"Never! I am too ugly."

"Oh, no, Catherine, how can one fine be ugly? Besides, we want it so much, and we will keep it always, always; and

you may have two for yourself, voyez-vous?"

"Non, non, et toujours non."

Baffled and disappointed, her demoiselles departed, yet bearing each a picture and a memory that will hardly be effaced.

Mary J. Jacques.

A NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD.

III.

LIFE AT HOME.

I AM certainly not writing my autobiography; but I cannot give any idea of how boys lived in the decade when I was a boy — that is, in the years between 1826 and 1836 — without giving a chapter to home life as I saw it. In passing, I will say that I first remember the figures 1826, thus combined, as I saw them on the cover of Thomas's Almanac of 1827. Here Time, with the figures 1827 on his head, was represented as mowing in a churchyard, where a new stone with the figures 1826 was prominent. 1825, 1824, and the others were on stones somewhat overgrown by grass and sunken in the ground. The conceit seemed to me admirable, and the date fixed itself on my memory.

I was born in a house which stood where Parker's larger lunch-room now fronts the Tremont House. We moved from this house to that on the corner of School Street, lately purchased by Mr. Parker to enlarge his hotel, and in 1828 we moved again to the new house, which was, and is, No. 1 Tremont Place. It is now two or three stories higher than it was then; but some parts of the interior are not changed. Behind it was a little yard, with a wood-house, called a "shed," on top of which the clothes were dried. This arrangement

was important for our New England childhood.

I was the youngest of four children who made the older half of a large family. By a gap between me and my brother Alexander — who afterwards was lost in the government service in Pensacola — "we four" were separated from the "three little ones." It is necessary to explain this in advance, in a history which is rather a history of young life in Boston than of mine alone.

My father, as I have said, was an experienced teacher in young life, and he never lost his interest in the business of education. My mother had a genius for education, and it is a pity that, at an epoch in her life when she wanted to open a girls' school, she was not permitted to do so. They had read enough of the standard books on education to know how much sense there was in them, and how much nonsense. Such books were about in the house, more or less commented on by us young critics as we grew big enough to dip into them.

At the moment I had no idea that any science or skill was expended on our training. I supposed I was left to the great American proverb as it has since been put in form, — "Go as you please." But I have seen since that the hands were strong which directed this gay team of youngsters, though there was no stimulus we knew of, and though the touch was velvet. In illustration of this was

that wisdom of my father in sending me for four years to school to a simpleton.

The genius of the whole, shown by both my father and mother, came out in the skill which made home the happiest place of all, so that we simply hated any engagement which took us elsewhere, unless we were in the open air. I have said that I disliked school, and that I did not want to go down on the wharves, even with that doubtful bribe of the molasses casks. At home we had an infinite variety of amusements. At home we might have all the other boys, if we wished. At home, in our two stories, we were supreme. The scorn of toys which is reflected in the Edgeworth books had, to a certain extent, its effect on the household. But we had almost everything we wanted for purposes of manufacture or invention. Whalebone, spiral springs, pulleys, and catgut for perpetual motion or locomotive carriages, rollers and planks for floats, — what they were I will explain, — were procurable. In the yard we had parallel bars and a high cross-pole for climbing. When we became chemists, we might have sulphuric acid, nitric acid, litmus paper, or whatever we desired, so our allowance would stand it. I was not more than seven years old when I burned off my eyebrows by igniting gunpowder with my burning-glass. I thought it was wisest not to tell my mother, because it might shock her nerves, and I was a man of thirty years before she heard of it. Such playthings as these, with very careful restrictions on the amount of powder, with good blocks for building, quite an assortment of carpenter's tools, a workbench good enough, printing materials *ad libitum* from my father's printing-office, furnished endless occupation.

Before I attempt any account of the home life which grew out of such conditions I must make a little excursus to describe the domestic service of those days, quite different from ours. I wish

particularly to describe Fullum, who outlived the class to which he belonged, and had long been its last representative.

The few New England children who still read the Rollo books will have pleasant remembrances of Jonas and Beechnut, in whom Mr. Jacob Abbott has presented for posterity the hired boy of New England country life. In life in a little town like Boston, this hired boy might grow to be the hired man, and, as in Fullum's exceptional case, might grow to be a hundred years old, or nearly that, without changing that condition. If that happened, his presence in a family became a factor of importance to the growing children. In the case of Fullum, if, as he supposed, he was born in 1790, he was thirty-two years old when, in 1822, he took me in his arms, when I was an hour old.

Fullum, then, had been a country boy, who came down from Worcester County to make his fortune. I do not know when, but it was before the time of the short war with England. He expected to be, and was, the hired boy and hired man in one and another Boston family. Early in the business, he was in Mr. William Sullivan's service. He was driving Mr. Sullivan out of town, one day, when they found Roxbury Street blocked up by the roof of the old meeting-house, which had been blown into the street by the gale of 1815. Afterwards he was in Daniel Webster's service, and here also he took care of horses and carriages. He was a born tyrant, and it was always intimated that Mr. Webster did not fancy his rule. Any way, he came from the Websters to us, I suppose when Mr. Webster went to Congress, in the autumn of 1820; And, in one fashion or another, he lived with our family, as a most faithful vassal or tyrant, for sixty-six years from that time. I say "vassal or tyrant," for this was a pure piece of feudalism; and in the feudal system the vassal is

often a tyrant, while the master is almost always a slave. So is it that the memories of my boyhood are all mixed up with memories of Fullum.

I have spoken of him in connection with Miss Whitney's school. Here was a faithful man Friday, who would have died for any of us, so strong was his love for us, yet who insisted on rendering his service very much in his own way. If my father designed a wooden horse for me, to be run on four wheels, after the fashion of what were called velocipedes in those days, he would make the drawings, but it would be Fullum's business to take them to the carpenter's and see the horse made. If we were to have heavy hoops from water-casks, Fullum was the person who conducted the negotiation for them. There was no harm in the tutorship to which we were thus entrusted. He never used a profane or impure word while he was with us children; and as he was to us an authority in all matters of gardening, of carpentry, of driving and the care of horses, we came to regard him as, in certain lines, omniscient and omnipotent. If now the reader will bear in mind that this omniscient and omnipotent person, at once the Hercules and the Apollo of our boyhood, could not read, write, or spell so well as any child four years old who had been twelve months at Miss Whitney's school, that reader may understand why a certain scorn of book-learning sometimes stains these pages, otherwise so pure. And if the same reader should know that this same Fullum always spoke in superlatives, and multiplied every figure with which he had to do by hundreds or by thousands, he may have a key to a certain habit of exaggeration which has been detected in the present writer. "They was ten thousand men tryin' to git in. But old Reed, he would n't let um." This would be his way of describing the effort of four or five men to enter some place from which

Reed, the one constable of Boston, meant to keep them out.

The reader must excuse this excursus, for I think it necessary. I think it necessary for the civilized child to be kept in touch, in his childhood, with animals and with savages. Fullum was the person through whom savage life touched ours. To Fullum, largely, we owed it that we were neither prigs nor dudes. We had no cats, nor dogs, nor birds; and Fullum's place in these reminiscences is far more important than is that of any pet, any schoolmaster, or any minister.

The oldest child of "us four" was but four years and nine months older than the youngest. She had, as I have said, received, and deserved, at Miss Whitney's a medal given to the "most amiable." Next to her came a boy, then another girl, and then this writer. The movements of "us four" had much in common; but at school and in most plays the boys made one unit, and the girls another, to report every evening to one another. It is to the boyhood experiences that these pages belong.

But it was a Persian and Median rule of that household, which I recommend to all other households, that after tea there were to be no noisy games. The children must sit down at the table, — there was but one, — and occupy themselves there till bedtime. It has been well said that the ferocity of infancy is such that, were its strength equal to its will, it would long ago have exterminated the human race. That is true. And it is to be remarked, also, that the strength of infancy, and of boyhood and girlhood, is very great. Thus is it that, unless some strict rules are laid down for limiting its use and the places of its exhibition, and kept after they are laid down, the death of parents, and of all persons who have passed the age of childhood, may be expected at any moment. One of such rules was this of which I have spoken.

Everybody of whom we knew any-

thing dined at one or two o'clock, in Boston, then. After dinner, men went back to their places of business. At six, or possibly as late as seven in summer, came "tea." After tea, as I have said, the children of this household gathered round the table. Fullum came in and took away the tea things, folded the cloth and put it away. Our mother then drew up her chair to the drawer of the table, probably with a baby in her arms awaiting the return of its nurse. We four drew up our chairs on the other sides. Then we might do as we chose, — teetotum games, cards of all sorts, books, drawing, or evening lessons, if there were any such awful penalty resulting from the sin of Adam and Eve. But nobody might disturb any one else.

Drawing was the most popular of the occupations, and took the most of our time and thought. The provisions for it were very simple, and there was only the faintest pretense at instruction. There was one particular brand of lead pencils, sold by one particular grocer in West Street at twelve cents a dozen. These were bought at this wholesale rate, and kept in the drawer. One piece of India rubber was also kept there for the crowd. As we gathered at the table, a quarter-sheet of foolscap was given to each child and to each guest, — as regularly as a bit of butter had been given half an hour before, — and one pencil.

The reader must imagine the steady flow of voices. "Who's got the India rubber?" "Here it is, under the Transcript." "This horse looks as if he were walking on footballs." "Oh, you must n't draw his shoes; you never see his shoes!" "I wish I knew how to draw a chaise." "I don't see how they make pictures of battles. My smoke covers up all the soldiers." Battle-pieces, indeed, were, as usual with children, the favorite compositions. We were not so far from the last war with England as the children of to-day are from the civil war.

Perhaps two of us put together our paper, folded it and pinned it in the fold, and then made a magazine. Of magazines there were two, — The New England Herald, composed and edited by the two elders of the group, and The Public Informer, by my sister Lucretia and me. I am afraid that the name Public Informer was suggested wickedly to us little ones, when we did not know that those words carry a disagreeable meaning. But when we learned this, afterwards, we did not care. I think some of the Everetts, my uncles, had had a boy newspaper with the same name. When things ran with perfect regularity, The New England Herald was read at the breakfast table one Monday morning, and The Public Informer the next Monday morning. But this was just as it might happen. They were published when the editors pleased, as all journals should be, and months might go by without a number. And there was but one copy of each issue. It would be better if this could be said of some other journals.

Once a year, prizes were offered at school for translations or original compositions. We always competed, not to say were made to compete, by the unwritten law of the family. This law was simply that we could certainly do anything, if we wanted to and tried. I remember a long rhythmical version I made of the story of the flood, in Ovid, and another of Phaeton. Where Dryden makes Jupiter say, "Short exhortations need," I remember that my halting line jumbled along into the ten syllables, "Long exhortations are not needed here." I stented myself, in this translation, to four lines before dinner and four lines after tea; and by writing eight lines thus, in fifty days I accomplished the enterprise. I would come home from the swimming-school ten minutes earlier because this translation was to be made; and, while Fullum was setting the table for dinner, I would stand at the side-

board. There was always an inkstand, with two or three quill pens. I took out the poem from the upper drawer of the sideboard, which I never see to this moment without thinking of Ovid. Then I wrote my four lines, such as they were, put the manuscript away again, and proceeded to dinner.

Other boys and other girls liked to come in to such an evening congress as I have described, but nothing was changed in the least because the visitor came, excepting that room was made at the table. He or she had a quarter-sheet of foolscap, like the others.

This literature is connected with that of the world by one reminiscence, which belongs as late as some of the very last of these evening sessions. One evening my father came in from his room, which was next to that we sat in, with the *London Morning Chronicle*. He pointed out an article, and said, "Read that to them, Edward; it will make them laugh." And I read the first account of Sam Weller as he revealed himself to Mr. Pickwick. Of course we all laughed, as thousands have done since. But I said sadly, "What a shame that we shall never hear of Sam Weller again!" This must have been in the college vacation of the spring of 1837.

I must not give the idea, however, by speaking of these evenings thus, that our lives were specially artistic or literary. They were devoted to play, pure and simple, with no object but having a good time. The principal part of the attics, — or, as we called them, garrets, — in every house we lived in, was surrendered to us boys. In Tremont Place, we had the valuable addition of a dark cockloft over the garret chambers. It had no windows, but was all the better place to sit and tell stories in. Then we controlled the stairs to the roof, and we spent a good deal of time, in the summer days, on the ridgepole. There were not twenty houses in Boston on higher land, so that from this point we com-

manded a good view of the harbor. I was amused, the other day, when an infantile correspondent of a New York newspaper asked how Napoleon could have used a telegraph before what is called Mr. Morse's invention; for as early as 1831 we read all the telegraphic signals of all the vessels arriving in Boston harbor, and the occasional semaphoric signals on the lookout on Central Wharf.

About the year 1830, under the pressure of the "march of intellect," were published some books for young children from which the present generation is profiting largely. There was *The Boy's Own Book*, *The Girl's Own Book*, *The American Girl's Own Book*, and *The Young Lady's Own Book*, each of them excellent in its way. I think *The Boy's Own Book*, which has since been published with the double title *An Encyclopædia for Boys*, led the way in this affair; and I still deem it rather the best of the series. It had subdivisions for indoor games, outdoor games, gymnastics, chemistry, chess, riddles, riding, walking, and I think driving, boxing, and fencing. Perhaps there were more heads, but these were those which occupied our attention most. Somebody made me a New Year's present of this book in the year 1830 or 1831, and from that moment it was the textbook of the attic. Professor Andrews and President Eliot would feel their hair growing gray if for five minutes they were obliged to read the chemistry which soaked into us from this book. Whoever wrote it still used the old nomenclature a good deal. We knew nothing of HO, and little of the proportions in which they go into the constitution of things. We read of "oil of vitriol" and "muriatic acid," and had other antiquarian names for agents and reagents. All the same, the book gave us experiments which we could try, — taught us how to manufacture fireworks in a fashion, and even suggested to us the painting of our own

magic-lantern slides. Our apparatus was of the most limited kind. It was a high festival day when one went down to Gibbens's grocer's shop and bought for three cents an empty Florence flask: this was the retort of that simple chemistry. In connection with this, like all other boys of that time known to me, we made what were called electrical machines, which gave us good sparks and Leyden-jar shocks quite sufficient to satisfy the guests who visited us. It is in connection with one of these machines that I remember one of my mother's gospels. I was trying to catch a fly, to give him an electric shock, and she would not permit me. I pleaded in vain that it would not hurt him, but she said, "It would certainly not give him pleasure, and it might give him pain."

My father was a civil engineer somewhat in advance of his time. He was the first person to propose the railroad system of Massachusetts; and that system would not be what it is but for his work for it, in season and out of season. I cannot remember the time when we did not have a model railway in the house; in earlier years it was in the parlor, so that he might explain to visitors what was meant by a car running upon rails. I can still see the sad, incredulous look, which I understood then as well as I should now, with which some intelligent person listened kindly, and only in manner implied that it was a pity that so intelligent a man as he should go crazy. His craziness, fortunately, led his associates, and in the year 1831, after endless reverses, a charter was given for the incorporation of the Boston and Worcester Railway. In the earlier proposals for such work it was always suggested that horses should be the moving power. In point of fact, the first railway, which carried the Quincy granite from Quincy to the sea, was operated by the weight of the descending trains, which pulled up the empty cars. I was with him, as a little

boy, sitting on a box in the chaise, when he drove out once to see the newly laid Quincy track, and I perfectly remember his trying with his foot the steadiness of the rail where it crosses the road to Quincy. His tastes, of course, led ours. There was a lathe in the house, which we were permitted to run under severe conditions; and we very early made our own locomotives, which were propelled by whalebone springs.

But the carriage we liked most was the "float." I have never seen it in the plays of other boys, though perhaps it is well known. For a good float you want a board a foot wide, an inch thick, and four feet long. You want two rollers, which had better be of hard wood, each a foot long, and an inch or more in diameter; two inches would be better than one, but you take what you can get. Placing these rollers two feet apart on the ground, you put the float upon them, with one roller at the end, and the other in the middle. You then seat yourself carefully on the board, having two paddles in your hands, made from shingles. With these two paddles you will find that you can propel yourself over any floor of reasonable smoothness. You can even pass a threshold, and you can run into the most unexpected corners. If you have a companion on another float in the same room, you can have naval battles, or you can go to the assistance of shipwrecked crews. You can go forward or you can go backward, every now and then running a roller out, but skillfully placing it under the float at such an angle as will direct you in the way in which you wish to go afterwards. For this game or sport, you should not have too many companions, you should have a good large attic or barn floor, and you should have unlimited patience. You can make a float, of course, out of a museum door, or out of any plank that happens to be going. I remember once, when we were hard pressed, one of my companions went

to sea in a soap-box. But what I have described is the ideal float for young people.

We played all the tame games, such as checkers, chess, loto, battledoor and shuttlecock, graces, vingt-et-un, cup and ball, coronella, and the like, but I think under a certain protest. For that matter, I danced under the same protest. I regarded all these as concessions to the social order in which we lived, and I obeyed that social order, as I did in going to school. But, precisely as I looked upon school with a certain sense of condescension, I think we all looked upon these games as being something provided for an average public, while we supposed that all children of sense invented their own games.

I have never, by the way, seen in print the statement that our teetotum games of that day were a survival of games of the same kind running well back into the dark ages. In the great German museum at Nuremberg I saw such games of as early a date, I think, as the year 1300. Any boy who will look at his teetotum game of to-day, if such things still exist, will probably find that it comes out at 63. This means that 63 is the "grand climacteric," in the old theory of the climacterics; and then, if he will look back, he will find that at 7, 14, 21, 28, and so on are the other climacterics. All this belongs to those happy ages which knew nothing of modern science.

I have stated already the absolute rule that we must report at home before we went anywhere to play after school. I think this rule affected our lives a great deal more than my mother meant it should, in laying it down. She simply wanted to know, at certain stages of the day, where her children were. I do not recollect that she ever forbade our going anywhere that we wanted to. But practically the rule worked thus: we rushed home from school, very likely with a plan on foot for the Common, or for

some combined movement with the other boys. We went into the house to report. There was invariably gingerbread ready for us, which was made in immense quantities for the purpose. This luncheon was ready not only for us, but for any boys we might bring with us. When once we arrived at home, the home attractions asserted themselves. There was some chemical experiment to be continued, or there was some locomotive to be displayed to another boy, or there had come in a new number of the *Juvenile Miscellany*. In a word, we were seduced up into the attic, and up in the attic we were very apt to stay. I once asked my mother what she supposed the mothers of the other boys said, who came home with us and partook of luncheon and entered into our affairs. She simply said that that was their lookout, it was not hers. She was perfectly ready to provide luncheon for the crowd. I rather think that the other mothers knew that the boys were well off.

But there were few companions who were admitted into the profoundest mysteries of the attic. Edward Webster was one, who afterwards died in command of a regiment in the Mexican war. My cousin, John Durivage, was one, and there were others whose companionship was not as long or as steady as that of these two. In the year 1829, my brother Nathan, who was my adviser, teacher, companion, and inspirer in everything, being three years older than myself, went to the newly established English High School for two years. Here his smattering of science and taste for mechanics were fostered, and from such a laboratory as there was there he brought home suggestions for our workshop. I have always known that I am thus largely indebted, at second hand, to the suggestions which he received from Mr. Miles and Mr. Sherwin then; and this is not a bad instance of the way in which the power of a

great educator extends itself beyond the lives of the pupils whom he has under his eye at school.

My father was editor of the *Daily Advertiser*; and in that day this meant that he owned the whole printing-plant, engaged all the printers, and printed his own newspaper. He was never a practical printer, but, with his taste for mechanics, he understood all the processes of the business. Not unnaturally, this grew into his establishing a book office, which did as good work in its time as was done anywhere. The first American edition of Cicero's *Republic*, after the discovery of that book in a Pompeian manuscript by Mai, was printed by him. Naturally, he went forward into the study of power-press printing, and, at his suggestion, Daniel Treadwell made the first power presses which worked to advantage in this country. In the years between 1820 and 1825 the Boston Milldam was constructed, for the purpose of making a water power out of the tide power of the Back Bay. My father then introduced power-press printing there, and that printing-office was maintained until the year 1835. When the time came, he was president of the first type foundry in New England, perhaps in America. All the arrangements for these contrivances were of course interesting to his sons. So, as I have said, we had type from the printing-office, and we all learned to set type and to arrange it. When, in 1834, my brother went to college, and I was left alone, I used to repair every day to the book office for my printing, and there learned the case and all the processes of imposing scientifically. I used to work off my own books on a hand-press. I have never lost the memories of the case, and am rather fond of saying now that, if it were necessary, I could support my family as a compositor.

I would not have gone into this detail but that I am always urging people to let their boys have printing apparatus

in early life, because I think it is such a good educator. The absolute accuracy that is necessary is good for a boy. The solid fact that one hundred and forty-four ems will go into a certain space, and will require that space, and that no prayers nor tears, hopes nor fears, will change that solid fact, — this is most important. I do not mean the mere convenience to an author of being able to talk familiarly with the compositor who has his book in hand. That is a good thing; but I mean that human life in general has lessons to teach that every compositor acquires, which few other experiences of life teach so well. I think also that, as a study of English style, the school of Franklin and Horace Greeley is a good one.

For home reading, we had all the magazines of that day, including the *English New Monthly*, which was then under the editorial charge of Campbell. We had the weekly literary newspapers which were beginning, such as the *New World*, edited by Park Benjamin; the *Spirit of the Times*, which had a great deal of sporting news; the *Albion*, a weekly which was made up of extracts from good foreign papers. I remember the issue of the last of Scott's novels, — *Anne of Geierstein*, *Castle Dangerous*, and *Count Robert of Paris*. There was a sort of grief in the family, as if a near friend had died, or as if some one had gone crazy, when *Castle Dangerous* and *Count Robert* appeared, because they were so poor. The last part of *Harry and Lucy* was published within our day, and we read of those children almost as if they were personal friends, — a good deal as a younger generation has read of Rollo and Jonas, and a certain Susy in the *Susy* books. Of course the physical science in *Harry and Lucy* had its part in our philosophical experiments. Miss Edgeworth's *Helen* was published within my memory, and we had friends who occasionally brought in letters from the Edgeworths and read them.

We were all instinct with the love of nature and of the country, and of our excursions outside the old peninsula of Boston I will say something in another chapter. But we could hardly have lived without some sort of gardening at home, — certainly not under my mother's lead. In the yard at the corner of School Street there was a very, very little space where we could plant seeds, and did. But when we came to Tremont Place there was no such space, and we were obliged to do as they did at Babylon. We each, therefore, had on the "shed," which was made for the drying of clothes, a raisin-box filled with earth for our horticultural experiments. You can do a good deal with a raisin-box, if you are careful and not too ambitious. Practically, I planted morning-glories along one long side, with sweet peas between. These were to climb up on the posts. There is a tradition in the family that, when I was a boy of eight, I threw over a morning-glory to a baby six or eight months old, who was being carried by in the street, whom I married twenty-two years after. I need not say that this tradition, well founded as a matter

of art, has no foundation in fact excepting that "it might have been." Behind the vines, divide your box into even parts. The right-hand side is for agriculture: there you will plant your radishes and peppergrass. The left-hand side is for flowers: here you can put in four rows; for instance, touch-me-nots, flytrap, Venus's looking-glass, and ten-week stocks. I think we generally selected our seeds from something which seemed romantic in the name more than with any reference to what would be produced. I do not mean that one had the same things one summer which he had the year before.

These gardens, covering perhaps a square foot and a half each, were of the greatest interest to us. I remember we were very much amused when some children on the other side of the way, who lived in one of those elegant houses where the Bellevue now stands, where terraces ran up the grades of the old Beacon Hill, said to us that they envied us our raisin-boxes on the shed. From the same shed I observed the annular eclipse of the sun in the spring of 1829.

Edward Everett Hale.

ROMANCE OF MEMORY.

THERE be those who would destroy memory for the sake of greater originality. It is as though one should insist on removing the glittering fragments, cubes and angles, from a kaleidoscope, after each representation of the minute architectural glories therein contained, and should do this on the ground that a further agitation of these particles could but repeat the same pageant of figures already presented; and yet we know that new combinations and recombinations are infinite in variety, many of them startlingly unlike the first picture

glimpsed through the triple slides of glass. A better illustration of infinitude in combination, with a narrower basis of primitives, can be found in music, composed as it is of seven notes. For centuries the world has been flooded with harmonies, melodies, rhythms, expressing every shade of thought, every mood of passion or emotion, and the characteristics of every nationality, from its devotions to its dancing; yet there are but seven notes indefinitely repeated, and all that is offered to us in the most original music, from the *Götterdämmerung*

to Dixie. — which last, in its day, was original, — is almost wholly the recombination of old forms and the recoinning of old phrases. Given any musical theme, it would be impossible to trace this theme back to its fountain-head. It is much the same, necessarily, with nearly all that is noblest and best in literature and art. The man who said that the Bible and Euclid were the only original books ever written merely meant that it would be impossible to disentangle and isolate any book from all sources of inspiration in that which had gone before. To refer once more to music: however new the melodies may seem, the harmonies must be old; and even if new harmonies could be introduced, old melodies, or combinations of old melodies, would have to play their part.

The first letters of children, written in staggering capitals, are admitted to have great interest for those to whom they are addressed; but, read by others than the fond parents, they present considerable sameness; and it is by general consent that the authors of this primitive literature are subjected to a long and tedious course of study, feeding on the ideas of others, and storing the memory with what the world before their time has done and said. This, which we call education, is an absolutely necessary precursor to all attempts at originality; and if further proof were required, I need only cite the fact that the two men, both poets, whose claims on that ground are now never disputed were men of vast information and scholarship, and possessed of astonishing memories. I mean Robert Browning and Walter Savage Landor.

There is nothing in the way of a man's equipment for the battle of life so redolent of the sweet mystery that heralds genius as the faculty called intuition. Without denying its existence in its highest form, I fear that in any degree it is far less frequent than some counterparts which are little better than mechan-

ical. I well remember looking into the case of an eminent physician whose success was scarcely to be accounted for by his scholarship, which was somewhat meagre, or by his industry, which did not exist. This man possessed a wonderfully retentive memory; not the memory which is so magical in enabling its possessor to pass competitive examinations, to hoard volumes of stuff between inverted commas, to lay hold of foreign languages, dead or alive; it was the more homely recollection which has been attributed to many of our successful politicians. This physician, who was also a professor, never forgot a face. Taking leave of his class at close of term, he was accustomed, in the course of the "neat and appropriate remarks" which furnished his farewell, to urge the young men to visit him, saying, "I shall always remember your faces; your names I cannot hope to remember." Having thus secured himself against any inconvenient test of his infallibility, it goes without saying that this astute tactician had a large and lucrative consultation practice. When this shrewd observer entered the sick-room, and saw upon the sick man's face a certain look which, in his professional experience, had been associated with coffins and funerals, he said confidently, "That man will die," and a trusting *clientèle* applauded his marvelous intuition when this — shall we call it threat? — was fulfilled. This was an act of unconscious recording, and it is probable that many who boast of intuitions might similarly account for them without the imputation of magic or of any occult powers.

How much of what passes for fine wit and wisdom is merely an adroit use of the stores of memory is frequently shown in journalism. One of the most extraordinary characters who in our time have graced the newspaper business in New York city is known to possess in a remarkable degree an alert memory, and his unconscious record of impressions is

multiform. One night, after a performance of unusual power by Rachel, this man, returning to his revels among boon companions, wrote out a criticism for his journal. Many were present who have since become famous both in journalism and literature, and these were unanimous in the opinion that this article was, without exception, the most able, the most brilliant, the most trenchant, within their ken; whereupon, with that air of comfortable *insouciance* which characterized this literary prodigal, he took his work to pieces, from beginning to end, and showed how Théophile Gautier had contributed the opening sentence, how the second paragraph was Edgar A. Poe inverted, and in fact demonstrated that a very wide range of authors, from Bacon to Baudelaire, had been laid under contribution. Yet was the work so deftly done that the style seemed all his own; so just in dealing with the subject that the criticism appeared to be inspired by that night's performance; so homogeneous, so consistent, that — well, the oldest newspaper man present turned around and said, "With Mr. H. memory is genius."

I pass over without much comment the numerous instances, ancient as well as modern, of men who, as the jester says, are indebted to their memory for their wit. Yet, to refer once more to the province of Calliope, the statement is gravely made that the divine work of Mendelssohn, Italian in its melody, ultra-German in its harmony, is but a most ingenious mosaic of sweet sound. This on the authority of a critic usually so acute and just as Julius Schubert. The like charge of a seeming want of originality has been made, and I think proved, concerning Paul Morphy, the chess-player, who could and did conquer the world, — his world, — yet could not invent a gambit. But why multiply proofs? One need only open any volume of popular quotations, to see how much of what is now deemed new and

strange has been said before, for better or for worse. Therefore may we not quote with submission the line in which Pope defines poetry as

"What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed"?

There is a kind of memory, a modification of that already referred to, which, in the blunt language of country people, is called circus-tent memory. The phrase has its origin in a well-known phenomenon, which is, in its way, as marvelous as are the flying-trapeze performances which are exhibited within the arena. Many traveling "combinations" give a double show when they come to what is called a one-night stand; that is, both an afternoon and an evening performance. A ticket at twenty-five cents will suffice for both, and in many cases no checks for readmission are issued, as the ticket-taker easily distinguishes those persons who have paid from those who have not. Politicians, or men who expect to succeed in politics, often have this memory of faces — with character attachment — remarkably developed. Henry Clay would shake hands with two thousand people at a race-course, and if he did not, as was claimed, remember them all for the rest of his life, he certainly remembered a sufficient number to make him seem as one possessed of miraculous powers. I will relate a case in point, with the details of which I am personally conversant. When Francis G. Shaw was in charge of the New York department of the Freedmen's Bureau, he had occasion to make a journey to the James River to visit the headquarters of General Grant. He was accompanied by General Howard, and his purpose was, among other things, to enter complaint against certain officers of the regular army who, through some misdemeanor, had become obnoxious to the bureau. Howard said to Grant, mentioning by name one of the delinquent officers, who was personally known to him, "Do you not think it strange, general, that such a

fellow as Blank, who when with us at West Point bore so good a reputation for truthfulness, should be guilty of charges so ignominious?"

"You are mistaken," said Grant; "he is not the man you mean. That was another Blank; *he* died some years ago, on the Wabash. *This* is the son of an unfrocked Methodist preacher in western New York, and the proverbial minister's son is strong in him." General Grant then proceeded to sketch briefly the career of every member of his class, even to minute particulars; and, whirling around on his pivotal chair, he wrote out directions for the management of the case in hand, — the whole exhibiting an attention to detail and an accuracy in noting facts that were truly remarkable.

"Well," said Howard, as the complainants took their departure, "I am reputed to know personally ten thousand men of our army, — all about them; but you see Grant knows more than I do." And indeed, among the harshest criticisms passed upon the administration of Ulysses Grant was the statement that, like an Indian, he never forgot an injury nor failed to remember a kindness.

Speaking of Indians, the red man of the forest, and the redder man of the prairies, have shown a reverence for this gift of memory, which is inherent in those who have no printed page either of history or literature. The preservation of their traditions is entrusted to a wise man of the woods, who usually bears upon his brow what is known as the Line of Memory, — a deep indentation passing from temple to temple. This indication so far agrees with the conclusion of phrenology as to give an appearance of remarkable development to the organs of eventuality and causality. This philosopher, or medicine-man, as just mentioned, is the depositary of the dogmas, the traditions, the archives, so to speak, of all manner of folk lore; the healer of the body, who also shrives the soul; the inciter to the ghost dance,

and the central figure of that picturesque and primitive high carnival.

We are all conscious of entertaining a romantic interest in Indians, Arabs, Hindoos, and other barbarians or semi-barbarians who may be said to represent the perennial childhood of the human race, governed as they are by a few simple rules, and almost always excelling in a few cardinal virtues. The Indian of our romantic prepossessions is brave and devoted; yet in fact, like some of his congeners, he prizes truth in the abstract, while he practices lying in the concrete, and all with equal simplicity and good faith. He turns in, at the call of the Great Father, with cheerful resignation, all the useless and worn-out weapons in his possession, and clamors for new, — to be used, if necessary, upon his benefactors! There is much that is primitive and alluring, forgivable in the misdeeds of the wards of the family as in those of the wards of the nation; but it is of the virtues that we would speak.

Children have long memories, collectively speaking. The impressions made upon youthful minds are so few, so far between, so fraught with wonder and mystery, that it is no marvel these impressions should endure. There are few men in middle life who cannot say, with hand upon heart, that they remember the things of boy life as they do not remember recent events.

"Dear the schoolboy spot
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot."

We are informed by experts in folk lore that the most enduring traditions, the most unfading formulæ for little plays and infant dramas, have been preserved by the wee folk for generations upon generations. Considering this, we need hardly marvel at the accuracy with which the poems of Ossian have been passed from mouth to mouth through "ever-ringing avenues of song." And this has been done by the children, without record, without purposeful organization;

yet are the archæologists who treat of that mimic lore amazed at the fidelity of its transmission.

The most wonderfully retentive memories in the world are those of the Germans. Certainly, in no country except Germany do we find people possessed of that endurance of mental impression which is the basis of an intellectual superiority, — no people who carry around with them such an assortment of encyclopædiæ in so many different languages. Their very slang may be said to be polyglot. I knew a student in Heidelberg who was not by us regarded as a studious or thoughtful person, and who, moreover, did not *speak* English. Yet scarcely a play of Shakespeare's could be mentioned by any of our young men that he was not ready to recite in full, with hardly an error, — a feat which has given a national reputation to the very few English or American professional readers by whom it has been accomplished. And yet this German was only a medical student, whose fame was limited to his own *Mensur* and *Fechtboden*, and whose sole renown was that of the best right-hand *Schläger* in Germany. Extraordinary performances of this kind were so common in university towns that they excited little comment. A German will display the infinitesimal patience of the ant, in his ticketing of plants and minerals, in his watching of retorts and crucibles, in order that his memory may be stored with facts the collation of which will proclaim him a scientist. On the other hand, the French will occasionally treat us to a dramatic surprise such as befell the Academy of Sciences when engaged in discussing the priority of some recent views on the subject of color. This learned body was interrupted by the late centenarian, Professor Chevreul, who remarked that he had had the honor of presenting those views to his colleagues — for rejection — some sixty years before! He was, however, talking to the grandsons of the rejectors.

But these prodigies of memory are recounted in every land and in every tongue. All the world has heard of the achievement of Mozart, who carried back in his head to Germany the unwritten sacred music of the Sistine Chapel, there performed during Holy Week. Such perfection has the cultivation of musical memory attained that even the music of court entertainments, written for the purpose, is no longer inviolate, since there are plenty of men who, from a single hearing, can carry off the whole of it. This faculty must proceed almost wholly from vividness of impression, as in such cases reviewing would seem to be impossible.

Numerous and various have been the devices contrived for the purpose of strengthening whatever organ it be that presides over the function of remembrance, from the mnemotechnics of the Germans, in the early part of the present century, to contemporaneous Loissette, who teaches the art of never forgetting. It is doubtful if these devices have conferred upon the student any material advantage, although the later systems claim to be founded upon strict physiological principles. It was the fashion at one of the schools which ornamented School Street, in Boston, a third of a century ago, to increase the task already imposed upon those "dumb patient camels," the schoolboys of that day, by adding an occasional straw: we were expected not alone to remember and to recite the text which was allotted for our absorption, but to recall the number of the page on which was to be found any given rule, or even any exception. This procedure certainly cultivated the memory in an irksome and undesirable manner, as to this very hour I can never think of the name of my worthy preceptor without feeling like Browning's Italian in England: —

"I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood through these two hands."

The good man has been in his grave a full generation, and it is to be hoped that the earth rests lightlier upon him than would have been our wish could we have had the happiness to anticipate his taking-off.

That venerable authority the Rev. John Todd inquires in his *Students' Manual*: "Why do you find it so difficult to remember certain words of Greek or Latin that you are obliged to look them out in your lexicon a dozen times? It is because you have never formed the habit of fixing the attention." My experience goes somewhat further. First fix the attention accurately, keenly; then freshen the impression by frequent reviewing. Cautious British litigants, recognizing this fact, have established the following rule: *Imprimis*, a liberal retainer should be paid to secure the attention and interest of eminent counsel; later on, an additional fee, picturesquely known as a "refresher," is no less urgent.

Coleridge compares experience to the stern-lights of a ship, which enables us to estimate the future by a process of analogy-reasoning on the past. In experience memory must be the basic principle; but what if this foundation prove to be lacking or ineffective? The ability to record impressions correctly has long been held by prominent alienists to be one of the most decisive tests of sanity. Recent investigations appear to show that the lawless class is singularly deficient in memory. This might readily be inferred from the fact that criminals are always making the same mistakes and suffering the same penalties without any moral result; in brief, their history repeats itself. A celebrated detective, speaking of the malignity of evil doers, was asked if the officers of the law were not sometimes deterred from the full exercise of their duty by fear of revenge from the reckless law-breaker, should he come to be set free. "No, no," said he. "These fellows have short memories; when they're 'lagged'

they bluster and threaten, but it never comes to anything."

To dismiss the tragedy of serious crime, and take up the comedy of gentle lying, may we not affirm that even the faculty of telling the truth is not a mere moral quality? Many persons, possessed of the soundest principles, with the sincerest intention to do right, are wholly incapable of telling the truth, because they do not see it. Such lack accuracy of perception and precision in recording, especially as to details, and, furthermore, are deficient in the use of language and the habit of exact expression, and so are liable to find themselves in a position analogous to that of a railroad switchman who happens to be color-blind. Of course it is impossible to extract from the distorted images vouchsafed by an ill-trained observation and an imperfect memory any reliable picture of the past.

In one of his novels, probably the last, Theodore Winthrop unroofs the head of one of his characters, and discloses sundry dusty archives in the dusky crannies of his brain, which are filled with carefully folded papers containing reminiscence. These memoranda are kept on hand in order that they can be referred to whenever it is desirable to confirm an impression or adjust a date, or otherwise to establish a proper sequence of events. The idea is an ingenious one, and, could it be realized, would prove eminently satisfactory to the commercial mind. But our mnemonic records are not pigeon-holed and ticketed for future reference. On the contrary, they more nearly resemble a series of panoramic views whose presentment is not always under control of the will. Nor is it by pictures alone that we "re-people with the past," although to the visual faculty is accredited the more vivid play of memory. The part enacted in reproducing events or scenes of the past by what might be termed the lesser senses is subtler, more delicate,

more redolent of sentiment, of pathos, and of poetry.

“It may be a sound —

A tone of music — summer’s eve — or spring —
A flower — or wind — the ocean — which shall wound,

Striking the electric chain wherewith we’re darkly bound.”

Perhaps more tender emotions are excited by certain odors which recall some scene whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, than by all our sturdy memories of heroic occasions witnessed or imagined by us. The suggestiveness of odor as a reminiscent agent has often been remarked. One of the most poetic of the dead kings of melody was wont to say that when he heard the chord of the diminished seventh he plainly perceived the fragrance of heliotrope; and that when, in the garden, fresh heliotrope passed in odorous review he heard, as though the horns of elfland were blowing, the chord of the diminished seventh! Another chord (about whose dimensions I feel less secure, probably the diminished ninth) is said to have suggested to a brother musician the distinct flavor of pineapple. Perhaps those were fantasies, which, having once been entertained by individuals of a highly imaginative organization, had by frequent repetition come to be regarded by them as realities. Such correlated impressions, however, are not confined to those whose province is the ideal. On a troopship passing from Cadiz to Ceuta I met an old Spanish soldier, who belonged to that order of devotional natures with whom religion is more than a sentiment, — is a passion. I had seen him before, and had noticed the reckless abandonment with which he had flung himself on the marble floor of the cathedral at the ringing of the bell that announced the elevation of the Host. A spasm of wild rapture transceded his being when the Angelus descended upon us. On making his acquaintance, later on, he confided to me one of the secrets of the living faith that was in him. It was

this: he always carried, wherever he went, a small quantity of the modern frankincense and myrrh which animate the sacred censer; for the odor of the censer, however faintly conveyed, opened to his mind all the glories of that cathedral in his native city, where he had first prostrated himself. The pungent fumes not only conjured up the darkness, the glimmering candles, the “sculptured dead,”

“Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat’ries,” but for him the mass was being said to the solemn *unisono* of the grand cathedral organ which came pealing in upon his prayers: this for the seventeen minutes required for the service of low mass.

There was a Scotchman, a prominent figure in the circle which was my own, who professed a frank and ingenuous abhorrence of music. To his untutored Caledonian ear the music of Wagner was a “weltering and formless mass of sound,” while the simple and sweeter melodies found him not a whit more appreciative: there was no charm for him in Donizetti, no pathos in Bellini, no passion in Gounod; he was bored with English ballads, and stunned by German *Lieder*. Yet should any one perform — though upon the rudest instrument — a Scottish jig or a *morceau* for the bagpipe, he would leap from his seat, and dance in ecstasie time to this uncouth and barbaric music. And why? Not because he liked Scottish music for itself. I have tried him with those melodies of his native land with which he was unfamiliar; the *Götterdämmerung* itself could scarcely have appealed to him less. With him music had become a metaphor. The uncanny rhapsodies which so delighted him recalled the scenes of his youth, — the smoky rafters, the earth floor, the fragrant peat fire, and above all his own joyous youthfulness, which was a part of the picture, and at the thought of which he was readily moved to tears, to laughter, or to jigs.

In this fragment from Byron,

— “a scene men do not soon forget ;
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,
Or any other thing that brings regret,”

the poet implies a more profound trust in the exactness and constancy of aggregate popular memory than common experience justifies ; for “ battles, fires, and wrecks ” are by no means always imaged either accurately or permanently upon the photographic field of reminiscence. Thus in the instance which I would record. One Sunday morning, thirty-one years ago, occurred the greatest battle that had ever been fought on this continent. I refer to the battle of Bull Run. Public expectation had been excited to a pitch hitherto unknown. Each section regarded the prowess of its young men as invincible, — something that would “ spring forth a Pallas armed and undefiled.” The details of that engagement and the disaster that followed it have been sufficiently dwelt upon. For weeks — nay, months — the entire newspaper press of the country teemed with descriptions of the scenes therein enacted, these descriptions being rendered in terms of the most “ gorgeous life-lutin ” (to borrow from their lexicon). Among the narrated incidents three features were ever conspicuous, — the masked batteries invaded by Federal valor, the charge of the black-horse cavalry, and the repulse of the latter by the fire-zouaves. Thousands had witnessed these ; and the terror inspired by the black-horse cavalry and the recklessness of the fire-zouaves had been hymned on the telegraph wires and cadenced in oratory East and West. At this juncture, one cool man came home to New England and said that he had been in the midst of all this. When asked to contribute his quota to the magnificent pageant then being enacted in words, he quietly remarked : “ There were no masked batteries ; there was no black-horse cavalry ; the fire-zouaves repulsed nothing, but ran at the first fire.” A shout of derision went up, as was to be

expected. A month later, official reports from commanders on both sides confirmed this simple statement of fact ; and a few weeks later still, thousands of men had forgotten that they ever saw black-horse cavalry, masked batteries, or fighting zouaves. What shall we think of this confusion of popular testimony and belief ? Was it due to the hypnotism of cannon, to the dim vision clouded by battle-smoke, or to the dis-tempered imagination of large masses of people under the wildest excitement, set in motion by a few newspaper reporters ? The apparition of Santiago which so cheered Cortez in his critical hour, the cross in some skies, the crescent in others (for is not the Holy Land Mohammedan to this day ?), have had their counterparts in periods yet further removed from those which we denominate the dark ages. All history is no doubt largely frescoed with pictures from the same free hand, — a distraught Mnemosyne, bewildered by the thunderings of Eris or Bellona. This errant divinity is potent not only in large collective bodies, but frequently comes to the individual, and among his genuine reminiscences interpolates a quasi-memory which has all the color and movement of reality. Nor does this happen solely in cases where we might be led to expect it from the individual’s known excitability of temperament or vivacity of imagination. A scientific man of the most unrelenting practicality, a Scotch Presbyterian, whose religious creed and all his conceptions of the supernatural sprang rather from his recognition of the demands of honor in keeping pure the hereditary faith than from any personal conviction, used to say that the most intensely vivid recollection of his life related to his childhood in the Highlands of Scotland. Going out with his nurse each evening to view the sunset from a commanding crag, the two used to stand looking down upon the fragrant and mist-laden vale

far below. Thus they would watch the dimly outlined figures of shepherds calling to each other and to their flocks with pipe and voice; all this mingling with the scream of bittern and curlew, till the interwoven threads of sound seemed to match the gloom of the heather. It was then, as the twilight faded into the gloaming and the "passion" died almost into darkness, that *he* saw faint lights, as of something burning in the heather about him. Standing breathlessly still, holding the old nurse's hand, he would look at these fairy circles (for so he heard them called), while she, in low, crooning voice, such as was probably used by Lochiel's wizard, would describe the scene which passed before his eyes, — numberless fairies clad in mediæval garb, the wee men in knightly attire, the wee women in kirtles, with flowing hair of the most approved elfin fashion. These moved through strange fantastic dances to the measure of wild music, aided or informed by the low, monotonous crooning of the old witch and almoner of ghost stories, his nurse. Dark night fell upon his exhausted spirit, and, weary with all he had seen, he was carried home to bed. With the cheerful materialism of science the grown man would readily explain this, which he termed a "memoroid of childhood:" the elfin troop and their costumes were made of the heather which "danced in the soft breeze in a fairy mass," or were suggested by the croon of the old witch; the music for their fantastic rounds was lent by the cadenced utterings of shepherd's pipe, the bleatings of the sheep, and the song of the mountaineer, with an orchestra of wind-struck mountain pines. Yet, notwithstanding this explanation, the man of science, through a long life of practical and prosaic industry, always maintained the vividness and realism of the quasi-memory thus indelibly recorded on the mind of childhood.

To a somewhat different order of im-

pressions, bearing the forged signature of memory, belong those flashes of seeming recollection which almost all sensitive and imaginative people have experienced. Suddenly, in the midst of every-day life and occupation, there springs up in the mind a persuasion that the scene is not new. The word spoken, the very names used, the accompanying gestures or movements of the speaker, are strangely, unaccountably familiar. Like the gradual emergence of a long-forgotten dream, one detail after another passes in expected and orderly sequence under waking review. "Yes, there it is. I certainly have witnessed all this long ago." Whatever has been read in desultory fashion concerning vague theories of preëxistence now assumes to the mind a new and startling significance; and with the reception of these theories sometimes comes the impression that the future can be predicted by merely continuing to recall this vision of the past. A German student is said to have shown such miraculous proficiency in his studies, which he seemed scarcely to con, as to occasion no little anxiety among his friends; the more as he declared that he "had seen and known it all before." The system of crucial tests, so large a factor in modern scientific investigations, was not, in those days, so ruthlessly applied as now; else this phantasm of the brain, like other ghosts, might have been laid at once. But attention had been called to the subject, and a series of experiments, conducted under the auspices of the Berlin professors, resulted in proving that this phenomenon was due to a reflex action of the mind, whereby impressions of the present are duplicated, and such images thrown back on that part of the brain which ordinarily contains reminiscences. Yet many were the wild visions of an immortality in the past and of the illimitable possibilities of the future which lived, flourished, and passed before this prosaic explanation was vouchsafed; nor even then were all satisfied. Many

argued that an eternity which had no ending could not reasonably or logically lay claim to a beginning, and, thus fortified with metaphors drawn from a complacent geometry, pursued for a time this warfare of science.

That this false Mnemosyne is a cunning artist, who paints in verisimilar colors almost indistinguishable from reality, I have had proof in my own experience, as will be shown by the subjoined incident. Many years ago, during the troubled times of French occupancy of the Holy City, I came to live for a season at Rome, where, amid the usual round of excursions to innumerable places of interest, from Ostia to Tivoli, it occurred to some of my friends to make up a party for the purpose of visiting the Coliseum by moonlight. So, after due consultation of calendars and other preliminaries, our party, consisting almost entirely of Americans, mostly artists, set out shortly before midnight. The night was dark and murky, although the calendar had predicted brighter things, and the weather at sunset promised fair. We traversed without incident the dark city where lights were few, and the darker suburbs where lights there were none. On emerging into an open space through which the gigantic edifice is approached, we observed, or were conscious of a heavy mist having a strange purplish effect. I say strange because there was scarce light enough to note the color. The darkness of Egypt mentioned in Holy Writ, a darkness felt rather than seen, was the suggestion borne in by the senses to the imagination. As our party advanced towards what seemed to be an open space left by the falling of a portion of the wall, we were startled by a loud hail in the French language. "Qui vive?" came with menacing significance to the accompaniment of a clicking sound which we well knew to be the cocking of a musket. We knew enough of what army etiquette requires, the world over, to halt; whereupon one of our party — the

most timid and reluctant to be shot — advanced to explain. The Yankee French of our clerical envoy and the Italianized French of the Gallic army of occupation soon came to an understanding. Down went the musket, and up rose the Frenchman, voluble, polite, and, with the affability of his race, gave welcome and direction to our romantic mission. We entered just as the moon glided from behind the clouds to light up a scene the glory of which was far beyond our utmost expectation. This dramatic surprise vouchsafed by indulgent nature so increased the felt influences of the place that some of us actually saw a resemblance between the bushes on the ragged walls and the "laurels on the bald first Caesar's head"! We walked in small parties of two or three, quoting and decanting in prose and verse; filled, so far as the human mind could be filled, with such gregarious sentiment as the scene suggested. The stern grandeur of ancient Rome, even as shown in her ruins; the influence which the records of that marvelous epoch have exerted upon our literature, art, and habits of thought; the very fact that, centuries upon centuries after this decay had begun, our own was yet an undiscovered country, with its Indians and its Niagara awaiting recognition, — all this was amply and exhaustively discussed; and when the lateness of the hour and the blueness of the mist admonished our return, we seemed to have lived through several of the intervening centuries. All were agreed that nothing had been wanting, in the way of "equipment," to the imagination's triumphal progress through this great tributary scene of the past.

Several days afterward I ventured upon a solitary excursion to the Coliseum. After looking in wonder at the Lateran and thinking of Rienzi, and after pausing at the ruins of the Forum, I made my way to the Coliseum itself. There no French sentry was watching from the walls, as it was broad daylight,

and the government authorities feared no revolutionary gathering; light proving, as Emerson says, "the most efficient police" in those dark cities.

Being somewhat curious as to the construction of those extraordinary grottoes and cells of various kinds which line the exterior wall, I wandered about among them for some time, noticing a certain resemblance which they bore to the dressing-rooms of the actors in a modern theatre, and to the corral of wild beasts in a circus or menagerie. Then, being chilled by the cool dampness engendered in these dark places, I went out into the daylight for the purpose of crossing the arena to a crucifix which has been erected somewhere near its centre. The moment the strong daylight struck my eyes I became vividly conscious of what asserted itself as a remembrance. It was all familiar. Nothing that had ever happened in my past could be more real than this scene which followed. I distinctly remembered having crossed that place before, armed with a light poniard and dressed in a loose tunic of some dark color. A sense of impending peril, yet different from any physical fear I have ever felt, pervaded my entire being. I was conscious that a frightful struggle awaited me, and that the chances were not in my favor. Full five minutes of this trance-like condition must have passed before I became aware that it was not *as a gladiator* I had my being in that place, but rather *as one thrown to the wild beasts*. I even pondered a moment as to whence this dagger, so useless in the struggle which was to ensue. I continued walking on, with a full revelation of the coming scene, and as I approached the crucifix, which by this time had grown to be a sort of goal to my distempered senses, I became cognizant of the fact that a tiger was emerging from one of those pillared caverns at the side. As I tried to shake off this impression, being somewhat uneasy as to my nervous condition,

a strange odor was wafted to me, — an odor which I afterwards remembered to have noticed as pervading the vicinity of wild beasts. Could it be the odor of mandragora? It had some such strange yet familiar suggestion. In a curious commingling of past and present impressions, I even grimly bethought me of the etymology of the word "mandragora," — *μάνδρα, ἀγέιρω*, — that this unfragrant plant was gathered near the caverns which furnished shelter to wild beasts. Yet still the illusion went on and swallowed up the etymology: distinct, yet vague; actual, yet so far away. The impression gradually faded, leaving me bewildered and not a little alarmed, for in all my wayward boyhood I had never been given to experiences of an occult nature.

Had this scene occurred during my first visit by moonlight, when all the susceptibilities of the imagination were keenly alert, the explanation would not have been so difficult. As it was, the only fact which could be urged in favor of present "conditions" was that I was alone. But the readiness with which, in broad daylight, my senses had lent themselves to the impression, the number of senses involved, — that is, sight, hearing, smell, — enhanced to such a degree the mysterious character of the phenomenon that I would gladly have welcomed the fantastic explanation offered by Professor Zöllner, that of a fourth dimension.

Many years elapsed before my "ghost story" was related even to intimate friends, and then not until, in conning over all the incidents of this weird "possession," I became convinced that it furnished nothing new; no Swedenborgian visions of hell or heaven before undreamed of. Whatever the direct or exciting cause of this *crise de nerfs*, as the French pathologists would call it, I feel safe in relegating it, with similar unclassified phenomena, to that nebulous domain, the romance of memory.

S. R. Elliott.

THE LOST COLORS.

FROWNING, the mountain stronghold stood,
Whose front no mortal could assail;
For more than twice three hundred years
The terror of the Indian vale.
By blood and fire the robber band
Answered the helpless village wail.

Hot was his heart and cool his thought,
When Napier from his Englishmen
Up to the bandits' rampart glanced,
And down upon his ranks again.
Summoned to dare a deed like that,
Which of them all would answer then?

What sullen regiment is this
That lifts its eyes to dread Cutchee?
Abased, its standard bears no flag.
For thus the punishment shall be
That England metes to Englishmen
Who shame her once by mutiny.

From out the disgraced Sixty-Fourth
There stepped a hundred men of might.
Cried Napier: "Now prove to me
I read my soldiers' hearts aright!
Form! Forward! Charge, my volunteers!
Your colors are on yonder height!"

So sad is shame, so wise is trust!
The challenge echoed bugle-clear.
Like fire along the Sixty-Fourth
From rank to file rang cheer on cheer.
In death and glory up the pass
They fought for all to brave men dear.

Old is the tale, but read anew
In every warring human heart.
What rebel hours, what coward shame,
Upon the aching memory start!
To find the ideal forfeited,
— What tears can teach the holy art?

Thou great Commander! leading on
Through weakest darkness to strong light;
By any anguish, give us back

Our life's young standard, pure and bright.
O fair, lost Colors of the soul!
For your sake storm we any height.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

DON ORSINO.¹

XIX.

As Orsino had no reason whatever for avoiding Spicca, he naturally waited a moment instead of leaving the room immediately. He looked at the old man with a new interest, as the latter came forward. He had never before seen, and probably would never see again, a man taking the hand of a woman whose husband he had destroyed. He stood a little back, and Spicca passed him as he met Maria Consuelo. Orsino watched the faces of both.

Madame d'Aranjuez put out her hand mechanically and with evident reluctance, and Orsino guessed that but for his own presence she would not have given it. The expression in her face changed rapidly from that which had been there when they had been alone, hardening very quickly, until it reminded Orsino of a certain mask of the Medusa which had once made an impression upon his imagination. Her eyes were fixed and the pupils grew small, while the singular golden-yellow color of the iris flashed disagreeably. She did not bend her head as she silently gave her hand.

Spicca, also, seemed momentarily changed. He was as pale and thin as ever, but his face softened oddly; certain lines which contributed to his usually bitter and skeptical expression disappeared, while others became visible which changed his look completely. He bowed with more deference than he

affected with other women, and Orsino fancied that he would have held Maria Consuelo's hand a moment longer, if she had not withdrawn it as soon as it had touched his.

If Orsino had not already known that Spicca often saw her, he would have been amazed at the count's visit, considering what she had said of the man. As it was, he wondered what power Spicca had over her to oblige her to receive him, and he wondered in vain. The conclusion which forced itself before him was that Spicca was the person who imposed the serving-woman upon Maria Consuelo. But her behavior towards him, on the other hand, was not that of a person obliged by circumstances to submit to the caprices and dictation of another. Judging by the appearance of the two, it seemed more probable that the power was on the other side, and might be used mercilessly on occasion.

"I hope I am not disturbing your plans," remarked Spicca, in a tone which was almost humble, and very unlike his usual voice. "Were you going out together?"

He shook hands with Orsino, avoiding his glance, as the young man thought.

"No," answered Maria Consuelo briefly, "I was not going out."

"I am just going away," said Orsino by way of explanation, and he made as though he would take his leave.

"Do not go yet," said Maria Con-

¹ Copyright, 1891, by Macmillan & Co.

suelo. Her look made the words imperative.

Spicca glanced from one to the other with a sort of submissive protest, and then all three sat down. Orsino wondered what part he was expected to play in the trio, and wished himself away, in spite of the interest he felt in the situation.

Maria Consuelo began to talk in a careless tone which reminded him of his first meeting with her in Gouache's studio. She told Spicca that Orsino had promised her his architect as a guide, in her search for a lodging.

"What sort of person is he?" inquired Spicca, evidently for the sake of making conversation.

"Contini is a man of business," Orsino answered, — "an odd fellow, full of talent, and a musical genius. One would not expect very much of him at first, but he will do all that Madame d'Aranjuez needs."

"Otherwise you would not have recommended him, I suppose?" said Spicca.

"Certainly not," replied Orsino, looking at him.

"You must know, madame," said Spicca, "that Don Orsino is an excellent judge of men."

He emphasized the last word in a way that seemed unnecessary. Maria Consuelo had recovered all her equanimity, and laughed carelessly.

"How you say that!" she exclaimed. "Is it a warning?"

"Against what?" asked Orsino.

"Probably against you," she said. "Count Spicca likes to throw out vague hints; but I will do him the credit to say that they generally mean something." She added the last words rather scornfully.

An expression of pain passed over the old man's face. But he said nothing, though it was not like him to pass by a challenge of the kind. Without in the least understanding the reason of the sensation, Orsino felt sorry for him.

"Among men, Count Spicca's opinion is worth having," he said quietly.

Maria Consuelo looked at him in some surprise. The phrase sounded like a rebuke, and her eyes betrayed her annoyance.

"How delightful it is to hear one man defend another!" she laughed.

"I fancy Count Spicca does not stand much in need of defense," replied Orsino, without changing his tone.

"He himself is the best judge of that."

Spicca raised his weary eyes to hers and looked at her for a moment before he answered.

"Yes," he said, "I think I am the best judge. But I am not accustomed to being defended, least of all against you, madame. The sensation is a new one."

Orsino felt himself out of place. He was more warmly attached to Spicca than he knew, and, though he was at that time not far removed from loving Maria Consuelo, her tone in speaking to the old man, which said far more than her words, jarred upon him, and he could not help taking his friend's part. On the other hand, the ugly truth that Spicca had caused the death of Aranjuez more than justified Maria Consuelo in her hatred. Behind all, there was evidently some good reason why Spicca came to see her, and there was some bond between the two which made it impossible for her to refuse his visits. It was clear, too, that though she hated him he felt some kind of strong affection for her. In her presence he was very unlike his daily self.

Again Orsino moved and looked at her, as though asking her permission to go away. But she refused it with an imperative gesture and a look of annoyance. She evidently did not wish to be left alone with the old man. Without paying any further attention to the latter she began to talk to Orsino. She took no trouble to conceal what she felt,

and the impression grew upon Orsino that Spicca would have gone away after a quarter of an hour, if he had not either possessed a sort of right to stay or had some important object in view in remaining.

"I suppose there is nothing to do in Rome, at this time of year?" she said.

Orsino told her that there was absolutely nothing to do. Not a theatre was open, not a friend was in town. Rome was a wilderness. Rome was an amphitheatre on a day when there was no performance, when the lions were asleep, the gladiators drinking, and the martyrs unoccupied. He tried to say something amusing, and found it hard.

Spicca was very patient, but evidently determined to outstay Orsino. From time to time he made a remark, to which Maria Consuelo paid very little attention, if she took any notice of it at all. Orsino could not make up his mind whether to stay or to go. The latter course would evidently displease Maria Consuelo, whereas by remaining he was clearly annoying Spicca, and was perhaps causing him pain. It was a nice question, and, while trying to make conversation, he weighed the arguments in his mind. Strange to say, he decided in favor of Spicca. The decision was to some extent an index of the state of his feelings towards Madame d'Aranjuez. If he had been quite in love with her, he would have stayed. If he had wished to make her love him, he would have stayed, also. As it was, his friendship for the old count went before other considerations. At the same time he hoped to manage matters so as not to incur Maria Consuelo's displeasure. He found it harder than he had expected. After he had made up his mind he continued to talk for three or four minutes, and then made his excuse.

"I must be going," he observed quietly. "I have a number of things to do before night, and I must see Contini in order to give him time to make a

list of apartments for you to see to-morrow."

He took his hat and rose. He was not prepared for Maria Consuelo's answer.

"I asked you to stay," she said, coldly and very distinctly.

Spicca did not allow his expression to change. Orsino stared at her.

"I am very sorry, madame, but there are many reasons which oblige me to disobey you."

Maria Consuelo bit her lip and her eyes gleamed angrily. She glanced at Spicca as though hoping that he would go away with Orsino. But he did not move. It was more and more clear that he had a right to stay, if he pleased. Orsino was already bowing before her. Instead of giving her hand she rose quickly and led him towards the door. He opened it, and they stood together on the threshold.

"Is this the way you help me?" she asked, almost fiercely, though in a whisper.

"Why do you receive him at all?" he inquired, instead of answering.

"Because I cannot refuse."

"But you might send him away?"

She hesitated, and looked into his eyes.

"Shall I?"

"If you wish to be alone, and if you can. It is no affair of mine."

She turned swiftly, leaving Orsino standing in the door, and went to Spicca's side. He had risen when she rose, and was standing at the other side of the room, watching.

"I have a bad headache," she said coldly. "You will forgive me if I ask you to go with Don Orsino."

"A lady's invitation to leave her house, madame, is the only one which a man cannot refuse," said Spicca gravely.

He bowed, and followed Orsino out of the room, closing the door behind him. The scene had produced a very disagreeable impression upon Orsino. Had he

not known the worst part of the secret, and consequently understood what good cause Maria Consuelo had for not wishing to be alone with Spicca, he would have been utterly revolted and forever repelled by her brutality. No other word could express adequately her conduct towards the count. Even knowing what he did, he wished that she had controlled her temper better, and he was more than ever sorry for Spicca. It did not even cross his mind that the latter might have intentionally provoked Aranjuez and killed him purposely. He felt, somehow, that Spicca was in a measure the injured party, and must have been in that position from the beginning, whatever the strange story might be. As the two descended the steps together, Orsino glanced at his companion's pale, drawn features, and was sure that the man was to be pitied. It was almost a womanly instinct, far too delicate for such a hardy nature, and dependent, perhaps, upon that sudden opening of his sympathies which resulted from meeting Maria Consuelo. I think that, on the whole, in such cases, though the woman's character may be formed by intimacy with the man's, with apparent results, the impression upon the man is momentarily deeper, as the woman's gentler instincts are in a way reflected in his heart.

Spicca recovered himself quickly, however. He took out his case and offered Orsino a cigarette.

"So you have renewed your acquaintance?" he said quietly.

"Yes, — under rather odd circumstances," answered Orsino. "I feel as though I owed you an apology, count, and yet I do not see what there is to apologize for. I tried to go away more than once."

"You cannot possibly make excuses to me for Madame d'Aranjuez's peculiarities, my friend. Besides, I admit that she has a right to treat me as she pleases. That does not prevent me from going to see her every day."

"You must have strong reasons for bearing such treatment."

"I have," answered Spicca, thoughtfully and sadly, — "very strong reasons. I will tell you one of those which brought me to-day: I wished to see you two together."

Orsino stopped in his walk, after the manner of Italians, and looked at Spicca. He was hot-tempered when provoked, and he might have resented the speech if it had come from any other man. But he spoke quietly.

"Why do you wish to see us together?" he asked.

"Because I am foolish enough to think, sometimes, that you suit each other, and might love each other."

Probably nothing which Spicca could have said could have surprised Orsino more than such a plain statement. He grew suspicious at once, but Spicca's look was that of a man in earnest.

"I do not think I understand you," answered Orsino. "But I think you are touching a subject which is better left alone."

"I think not," returned Spicca, unmoved.

"Then let us agree to differ," said Orsino, a little more warmly.

"We cannot do that. I am in a position to make you agree with me, and I will. I am responsible for that lady's happiness. I am responsible before God and man."

Something in the words made a deep impression upon Orsino. He had never heard Spicca use anything approaching to solemn language before. He knew at least one part of the meaning which showed Spicca's remorse for having killed Aranjuez, and he knew that the old man meant what he said, and meant it from his heart.

"Do you understand me now?" asked Spicca, slowly inhaling the smoke of his cigarette.

"Not altogether. If you desire the happiness of Madame d'Aranjuez, why

do you wish us to fall in love with each other? It strikes me that" — He stopped.

"Because I wish you would marry her."

"Marry her!" Orsino had not thought of that, and his words expressed a surprise which was not calculated to please Spicca.

The old man's weary eyes suddenly grew keen and fierce, and Orsino could hardly meet their look. Spicca's nervous fingers seized the young man's tough arm and closed upon it with surprising force.

"I would advise you to think of that possibility before making any more visits," he said, his weak voice suddenly clearing. "We were talking together a few weeks ago. Do you remember what I said I would do to any man by whom harm comes to her? Yes, you remember well enough. I know what you answered, and I dare say you meant it; but I was in earnest, too."

"I think you are threatening me, Count Spicca," returned Orsino, flushing slowly, but meeting the other's look with unflinching coolness.

"No, I am not; and I will not let you quarrel with me, either, Orsino. I have a right to say this to you where she is concerned, — a right you do not dream of. You cannot quarrel about that."

Orsino did not answer at once. He saw that Spicca was very much in earnest, and was surprised that his manner now should be less calm and collected than on the occasion of their previous conversation, when the count had taken enough wine to turn the heads of most men. He did not doubt in the least the statement Spicca made. It agreed exactly with what Maria Consuelo herself had said of him. And the statement certainly changed the face of the situation. Orsino admitted to himself that he had never before thought of marrying Madame d'Aranjuez. He had not even taken into consideration the consequences

of loving her and of being loved by her in return. The moment he thought of a possible marriage as the result of such a mutual attachment, he realized the enormous difficulties which stood in the way of such a union, and his first impulse was to give up visiting her altogether. What Spicca said was at once reasonable and unreasonable. Maria Consuelo's husband was dead, and she doubtless expected to marry again. Orsino had no right to stand in the way of others who might present themselves as suitors. But it was beyond belief that Spicca should expect Orsino to marry her himself, knowing Rome and the Romans as he did.

The two had been standing still in the shade. Orsino began to walk forward again before he spoke. Something in his own reflections shocked him. He did not like to think that an impassable social barrier existed between Maria Consuelo and himself. Yet, in his total ignorance of her origin and previous life, the stories which had been circulated about her recalled themselves with unpleasant distinctness. Nothing that Spicca had said when they had dined together had made the matter any clearer, though the assurance that the deceased Aranjuez had come to his end by Spicca's instrumentality sufficiently contradicted the worst, if also the least credible, point in the tales which had been repeated by the gossips early in the previous winter. All the rest belonged entirely to the category of the unknown. Yet Spicca spoke seriously of a possible marriage, and had gone to the length of wishing that it might be brought about. At last Orsino spoke.

"You say that you have a right to say what you have said," he began. "In that case, I think I have a right to ask a question which you ought to answer. You talk of my marrying Madame d'Aranjuez. You ought to tell me whether that is possible."

"Possible?" cried Spicca, almost angrily. "What do you mean?"

"I mean this. You know us all, as you know me. You know the enormous prejudices in which we are brought up. You know perfectly well that, although I am ready to laugh at some of them, there are others at which I do not laugh. Yet you refused to tell me who Madame d'Aranjuez was, when I asked you, the other day. I do not even know her father's name, much less her mother's" —

"No," answered Spicca. "That is quite true, and I see no necessity for telling you, either. But, as you say, you have some right to ask. I will tell you this much: there is nothing in the circumstances of her birth which could hinder her marriage into any honorable family. Does that satisfy you?"

Orsino saw that, whether he were satisfied or not, he was to get no further information for the present. He might believe Spicca's statement or not, as he pleased, but he knew that, whatever the peculiarities of the melancholy old duelist's character might be, he never took the trouble to invent a falsehood, and was as ready as ever to support his words. On this occasion no one could have doubted him, for there was an unusual ring of sincere feeling in what he said. Orsino could not help wondering what the tie between him and Madame d'Aranjuez could be, for it evidently had the power to make Spicca submit without complaint to something worse than ordinary unkindness, and to make him defend on all occasions the name and character of the woman who treated him so harshly. It must be a close bond, Orsino thought. Spicca acted like a man who loves very sincerely and quite hopelessly. There was something very sad in the idea that he perhaps loved Maria Consuelo, at his age, broken down as he was, and old before his time. The contrast between them was so great that it must have been grotesque if it had not been pathetic.

Little more passed between the two men, on that day, before they separated.

To Spicca Orsino seemed indifferent, and the older man's reticence after his sudden outburst did not tend to prolong the meeting.

Orsino went in search of Contini, and explained what was needed of him. He was to make a brief list of desirable apartments to let, and was to accompany Madame d'Aranjuez on the following morning in order to see them.

Contini was delighted, and set about the work at once. Perhaps he secretly hoped that the lady might be induced to take a part of one of the new houses, but the idea had nothing to do with his satisfaction. He was to spend several hours in the society of a lady, — of a genuine lady, who was, moreover, young and beautiful. He read the little morning paper too assiduously not to have noticed the name and pondered over the descriptions of Madame d'Aranjuez, on the many occasions when she had been mentioned by the reporters during the previous year. He was too young and too thoroughly Italian not to appreciate the good fortune which now fell in his way, and he promised himself a morning of uninterrupted enjoyment. He wondered whether the lady could be induced, by excessive fatigue and thirst, to accept a water-ice at Nazzari's, and he planned his list of apartments in such a way as to bring her to the neighborhood of the Piazza di Spagna at an hour when the proposition might seem most agreeable and natural.

Orsino stayed in the office during the hot September morning, busying himself with the endless details of which he was now master, and thinking from time to time of Maria Consuelo. He intended to go and see her in the afternoon, and he, like Contini, planned what he should do and say. But his plans were all unsatisfactory, and once he found himself staring at the blank wall opposite his table in a state of idle abstraction long unfamiliar to him.

Soon after twelve o'clock Contini came

back, hot and radiant. Maria Consuelo had refused the water-ice, but the charm of her manner had repaid the architect for the disappointment. Orsino asked whether she had decided upon any dwelling.

"She has taken the apartment in the Palazzo Barberini," answered Contini. "I suppose she will bring her family in the autumn."

"Her family? She has none. She is alone."

"Alone in that place! How rich she must be!" Contini found the remains of a cigar somewhere, and lighted it thoughtfully.

"I do not know whether she is rich or not," said Orsino. "I never thought about it."

He began to work at his books again, while Contini sat down and fanned himself with a bundle of papers.

"She admires you very much, Don Orsino," said the latter, after a pause.

Orsino looked up sharply.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"I mean that she talked of nothing but you, and in the most flattering way."

In the oddly close intimacy which had grown up between the two men, it did not seem strange that Orsino should smile at speeches which he would not have liked if they had come from any one but the poor architect.

"What did she say?" he asked, with idle curiosity.

"She said it was wonderful to think what you had done; that, of all the Roman princes, you were the only one who had energy and character enough to throw over the old prejudices and take an occupation; that it was all the more creditable because you had done it from moral reasons, and not out of necessity or love of money. And she said a great many other things of the same kind."

"Oh!" ejaculated Orsino, looking at the wall opposite.

"It is a pity she is a widow," observed Contini.

"Why?"

"She would make such a beautiful princess."

"You must be mad, Contini!" exclaimed Orsino, half pleased and half irritated. "Do not talk of such follies."

"Ah, well! Forgive me," answered the architect, a little humbly. "I am not you, you know, and my head is not yours, nor my name, nor my heart either."

Contini sighed, puffed at his cigar, and took up some papers. He was already a little in love with Maria Consuelo, and the idea that any man might marry her if he pleased, but would not, was incomprehensible to him.

The day wore on. Orsino finished his work as thoroughly as though he had been a paid clerk, put everything in order, and went away. Late in the afternoon he went to see Maria Consuelo. He knew that she would usually be out at that hour, and he fancied that he was leaving something to chance in the matter of finding her, though an unacknowledged instinct told him that she would stay at home, after the fatigue of the morning.

"We shall not be interrupted by Count Spicca to-day," she said, as he sat down beside her.

In spite of what he knew, the hard tone of her voice roused again in Orsino that feeling of pity for the old man which he had felt on the previous day.

"Does it not seem to you," he asked, "that, if you receive him at all, you might at least conceal something of your hatred for him?"

"Why should I? Have you forgotten what I told you yesterday?"

"It would be hard to forget that, though you told me no details. But it is not easy to imagine how you can see him at all, if he killed your husband deliberately in a duel."

"It is impossible to put the case more plainly!" exclaimed Maria Consuelo.

"Do I offend you?"

"No, not exactly."

"Forgive me if I do. If Spicca, as I suppose, was the unwilling cause of your great loss, he is much to be pitied. I am not sure that he does not deserve almost as much pity as you do."

"How can you say that, even if the rest were true?"

"Think of what he must suffer. He is devotedly attached to you."

"I know he is. You have told me that before, and I have given you the same answer. I want neither his attachment nor his devotion."

"Then refuse to see him."

"I cannot."

"We come back to the same point, again," said Orsino.

"We always shall, if you talk about this. There is no other issue. Things are what they are, and I cannot change them."

"Do you know," said Orsino, "that all this mystery is a very serious hindrance to friendship?"

Maria Consuelo was silent for a moment. "Is it?" she asked presently. "Have you always thought so?"

The question was a hard one to answer.

"You have always seemed mysterious to me," answered Orsino. "Perhaps that is a great attraction. But, instead of learning the truth about you, I am finding out that there are more and more secrets in your life which I must not know."

"Why should you know them?"

"Because" — Orsino checked himself, almost with a start.

He was annoyed at the words which had been so near his lips, for he had been on the point of saying "Because I love you," and he was intimately convinced that he did not love her. He could not in the least understand why the phrase was so ready to be spoken.

Could it be, he asked himself, that Maria Consuelo was trying to make him say the words, and that her will, with her question, acted directly on his mind? He scouted the thought as soon as it presented itself, not only for its absurdity, but because it shocked some inner sensibility.

"What were you going to say?" asked Madame d'Aranjuez, almost carelessly.

"Something that is best not said," he answered.

"Then I am glad you did not say it."

She spoke quietly and unaffectedly. It needed little divination on her part to guess what the words might have been. Even if she wished them spoken, she would not have them spoken too lightly, for she had heard his love speeches before, when they had meant very little.

Orsino suddenly turned the subject, as though he felt unsure of himself. He asked her about the result of her search in the morning. She answered that she had determined to take the apartment in the Palazzo Barberini.

"I believe it is a very large place," observed Orsino indifferently.

"Yes," she answered in the same tone. "I mean to receive this winter. But it will be a tiresome affair to furnish such a wilderness."

"I suppose you mean to establish yourself in Rome for several years." His face expressed a satisfaction of which he was hardly conscious himself. Maria Consuelo noticed it.

"You seem pleased," she said.

"How could I possibly not be?" he asked.

Then he was silent. All his own words seemed to him to mean too much or too little. He wished she would choose some subject of conversation and talk, that he might listen. But she also was unusually silent.

He cut his visit short, very suddenly, and left her, saying that he hoped to

find her at home, as a general rule, at that hour, quite forgetting that she would naturally be always out at the cool time towards evening.

He walked slowly homewards in the dusk, and did not remember to go to his solitary dinner until nearly nine o'clock. He was not pleased with himself, but he was involuntarily pleased by something he felt, and would not have been insensible to if he had been given the choice. His old interest in Maria Consuelo was reviving, and yet was turning into something very different from what it had been.

He now boldly denied to himself that he was in love, and forced himself to speculate concerning the possibilities of friendship. In his young system, it was absurd to suppose that a man could fall in love a second time with the same woman. He scoffed at himself, at the idea, and at his own folly, having all the time a consciousness amounting to certainty of something very real and serious, by no means to be laughed at, overlooked, nor despised.

XX.

It was to be foreseen that Orsino and Maria Consuelo would see each other more often and more intimately now than ever before. Apart from the strong mutual attraction which drew them nearer and nearer together, there were many new circumstances which rendered Orsino's help almost indispensable to his friend. The details of her installation in the apartment she had chosen were many, there was much to be thought of, and there were enormous numbers of things to be bought, almost all calling for judgment and discrimination in the choice. Had the two needed reasonable excuses for meeting very often, they had them ready to their hand. But neither of them was under any illusion, and neither cared to affect

that peculiar form of self-forgiveness which finds good reasons always for doing what is always pleasant. Orsino, indeed, never pressed his services, and was careful not to be seen too often in public with Maria Consuelo by the few acquaintances who were in town. Nor did Madame d'Aranjuez actually ask his help at every turn, any more than she made any difficulty about accepting it. There was a tacit understanding between them which did away with all necessity for inventing excuses on the one hand, or for the affectation of fearing to inconvenience Orsino on the other. For some time, however, the subjects which both knew to be dangerous were avoided, with an unspoken mutual consent for which Maria Consuelo was more grateful than for all the trouble Orsino was giving himself on her account. She fancied, perhaps, that he had at last accepted the situation, and his society gave her too much happiness to allow of her asking whether his discretion would or could last long.

It was an anomalous relation which bound them together, as is often the case at some period during the development of a passion, and most often when the absence of obstacles makes the growth of affection slow and regular. It was a period during which a new kind of intimacy began to exist, as far removed from the half-serious, half-jesting intercourse of earlier days as it was from the ultimate happiness to which all those who love look forward with equal trust, although few ever come near it, and fewer still can ever entirely reach it. It was outwardly a sort of frank comradeship, which took a vast deal for granted on both sides for the mere sake of escaping analysis; a condition in which each understood all that the other said, while neither quite knew what was in the other's heart; a state in which both were pleased to dwell for a time, as though preferring to prolong a sure if imperfect happiness rather than risk one

moment of it for the hope of winning a lifelong joy. It was a time during which mere friendship reached an artificially perfect beauty, like a summer fruit grown under glass in winter, which, in thoroughly unnatural conditions, attains a development almost impossible even where unhelped nature is most kind. Both knew, perhaps, that it could not last, but neither wished it checked, and neither liked to think of the moment when it must either begin to wither by degrees, or be suddenly absorbed into a greater and more dangerous growth.

At that time they were able to talk fluently upon the nature of the human heart and the durability of great affections. They propounded the problems of the world and discussed them between the selection of a carpet and the purchase of a table. They were ready at any moment to turn from the deepest conversation to the consideration of the merest detail, conscious that they could instantly take up the thread of their talk. They could separate the major proposition from the minor, and the deduction from both, by a lively argument concerning the durability of a stuff or the fitness of a piece of furniture, and they came back each time with renewed and refreshed interest to the consideration of matters little less grave than the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come. That their conclusions were not always logical, nor even very sensible, has little to do with the matter. On the contrary, the discovery of a flaw in their own reasoning was itself a reason for opening the question again at their next meeting.

At first their conversation was of general things, including the desirability of glory for its own sake, the immortality of the soul, and the principles of architecture. Orsino was often amazed to find himself talking, and, as he fancied, talking well, upon subjects of which he had hitherto supposed, with some justice, that he knew nothing. By and by they

fell upon literature, and dissected the modern novel with the keen zest of young people who seek to learn the future secrets of their own lives from vivid descriptions of the lives of others. Their knowledge of the modern novel was not so limited as their acquaintance with many other things less amusing, if more profitable, and they worked the vein with lively energy and mutual satisfaction. Then, as always, came the important move. They began to talk of love. The interest ceased to be objective or in any way vicarious, and was transferred directly to themselves.

These steps are not, I think, ever to be thought of as stages in the development of character in man or woman. They are phases in the intercourse of man and woman. Clever people know them well, and know how to produce them at will. The end may or may not be love, but an end of some sort is inevitable. According to the persons concerned, according to circumstances, according to the amount of available time, the progression from general subjects to the discussion of love, with self-application of the conclusions, more or less sincere, may occupy an hour, a month, or a year. Love is the one subject which ultimately attracts those not too old to talk about it, and those who consider that they have reached such an age are few.

In the case of Orsino and Maria Consuelo, neither of the two was making any effort to lead up to a certain definite result, for both felt a real dread of reaching that point which is ever afterwards remembered as the last moment of hardly sustained friendship, and the first of something stronger and too often less happy. Orsino was inexperienced, but Maria Consuelo was quite conscious of the tendency in a fixed direction. Whether she had made up her mind or not, she tried as skillfully as she could to retard the movement; for she was very happy in the present, and probably

feared the first stirring of her own ardently passionate nature.

As for Orsino, indeed, his inexperience was relative. He was anxious to believe that he was only her friend, and pretended to his own conscience that he could not explain the frequency with which the words "I love you" presented themselves. The desire to speak them was neither a permanent impulse of which he was always conscious, nor a sudden strong emotion like a temptation, giving warning of itself by a few heart-beats before it reached its strength. The words came to his lips so naturally and unexpectedly that he often wondered how he saved himself from pronouncing them. It was impossible for him to foresee when they would crave utterance. At last he began to fancy that they rang in his mind without a reason, and without a wish on his part to speak them, as a perfectly indifferent tune will ring in the ear for days so that one cannot get rid of it.

Maria Consuelo had not intended to spend September and October altogether in Rome. She had supposed that it would be enough to choose her apartment and give orders to some person about the furnishing of it to her taste, and that after that she might go to the seaside until the heat should be over, coming up to the city from time to time as occasion required. But she seemed to have changed her mind; she did not even suggest the possibility of going away.

She generally saw Orsino in the afternoon. He found no difficulty in making time to see her, whenever he could be useful, but his own business naturally occupied all the earlier part of the day. As a rule, therefore, he called between half past four and five; and so soon as it was cool enough they went together to the Palazzo Barberini, to see what progress the upholsterers were making and to consider matters of taste. The great half-furnished rooms, with the big win-

dows overlooking the little garden before the palace, were pleasant to sit in and wander in during the hot September afternoons. The pair were not often quite alone, even for a quarter of an hour, the place being full of workmen, who came and went, passed and re-passed, as their occupations required, often asking for orders, and probably needing more supervision than Maria Consuelo bestowed upon them.

On a certain afternoon late in September the two were together in the large drawing-room. Maria Consuelo was tired and was leaning back in a deep seat, her hands folded upon her knee, watching Orsino as he slowly paced the carpet, crossing and recrossing in his short walk, his face constantly turned towards her. It was excessively hot. The air was sultry with thunder, and though it was past five o'clock the windows were still closely shut to keep out the heat. A clear, soft light filled the room, not reflected from a burning pavement, but from grass and plashing water.

They had been talking of a chimney-piece which Maria Consuelo wished to have placed in the hall. The style of what she wanted suggested the sixteenth century, Henry II. of France, Diana of Poitiers, and the durability of the affections. The transition from fireplaces to true love had been accomplished with comparative ease, the result of daily practice and experience. It is worth noting, for the benefit of the young, that furniture is an excellent subject for conversation, for that very reason; nothing being simpler than to go in three minutes from a table to an epoch, from an epoch to an historical person, and from that person to his or her love-story. A young man would do well to associate the life of some famous lover or celebrated and unhappy beauty with each style of woodwork and upholstery. It is always convenient. But if he has not the necessary preliminary knowledge, he may resort to a stratagem.

"What a comfortable chair!" says he, as he deposits his hat on the floor and sits down.

"Do you like comfortable chairs?"

"Of course. Fancy what life was in the days of stiff wooden seats, when you had to carry a cushion about with you! You know the sort of thing, — twelfth century, Francesca da Rimini, and all that."

"Poor Francesca!"

If she does not say "Poor Francesca!" as she probably will, you can say it yourself, very feelingly and in a different tone, after a short pause. The one kiss which cost two lives makes the story particularly useful. And then the ice is broken. If Paolo and Francesca had not been murdered, would they have loved each other forever? As nobody knows what they would have done, you can assert that they would have been faithful or not, according to your taste, humor, or personal intentions. Then you can talk about the husband, whose very hasty conduct contributed so materially to the shortness of the story. If you wish to be thought jealous, you say he was quite right; if you desire to seem generous, you say with equal conviction that he was quite wrong. And so forth. Get to generalities as soon as possible, in order to apply them to your own case.

Orsino and Maria Consuelo were the guileless victims of furniture, neither of them being acquainted with the method just set forth for the instruction of the innocent. They fell into their own trap, and wondered how they had got from mantelpieces to hearts in such an incredibly short time.

"It is quite possible to love twice," Orsino was saying.

"That depends upon what you mean by love," answered Maria Consuelo, watching him with half-closed eyes.

Orsino laughed.

"What I mean by love? I suppose I mean very much what other people mean by it, — or a little more," he added,

VOL. LXX. — NO. 419.

and the slight change in his voice pleased her.

"Do you think that any two understand the same thing when they speak of love?" she asked.

"We two might," he answered, resuming his indifferent tone. "After all, we have talked so much together during the last month that we ought to understand each other."

"Yes," said Maria Consuelo. "And I think we do," she added thoughtfully.

"Then why should we think differently about the same thing? But I am not going to try to define love. It is not easily defined, and I am not clever enough." He laughed again. "There are many illnesses which I cannot define, but I know that one may have them twice."

"There are others which one can have only once, — dangerous ones, too."

"I know it. But that has nothing to do with the argument."

"I think it has, if this is an argument at all."

"No. Love is not enough like an illness; it is quite the contrary. It is a recovery from an unnatural state, — that of not loving. One may fall into that state and recover from it more than once."

"What a sophism!"

"Why do you say that? Do you think that not to love is the normal condition of mankind?"

Maria Consuelo was silent, still watching him.

"You have nothing to say," Orsino continued, stopping and standing before her. "There is nothing to be said. A man or woman who does not love is in an abnormal state. When he or she falls in love, it is a recovery. One may recover so long as the heart has enough vitality. Admit it; for you must. It proves that any properly constituted person may love twice, at least."

"There is an idea of faithlessness in it, nevertheless," said Maria Consuelo

thoughtfully. "Or, if it is not faithless, it is fickle. It is not the same to one's self to love twice. One respects one's self less."

"I cannot believe that."

"We all ought to believe it. Take a case as an instance. A woman loves a man with all her heart, to the point of sacrificing very much for him. He loves her in the same way. In spite of the strongest opposition, they agree to be married. On the very day of the marriage he is taken from her, — forever, — loving her as he has always loved her, and as he would always have loved her had he lived. What would such a woman feel, if she found herself forgetting such a love as that, after two or three years, for another man? Do you think she would respect herself more or less? Do you think she would have the right to call herself a faithful woman?"

Orsino was silent for a moment, seeing that she meant herself by the example. She, indeed, had only told him that her husband had been killed, but Spicca had once said of her that she had been married to a man who had never been her husband.

"A memory is one thing; real life is quite another," said Orsino at last, resuming his walk.

"And to be faithful cannot possibly mean to be faithless," answered Maria Consuelo in a low voice.

She rose and went to one of the windows. She must have wished to hide her face, for the outer blinds and the glass casement were both shut, and she could see nothing but the green light that struck the painted wood. Orsino went to her side.

"Shall I open the window?" he asked in a constrained voice.

"No, not yet. I thought I could see out."

Still she stood where she was, her face almost touching the pane, one small white hand resting upon the glass, the fingers moving restlessly.

"You meant yourself, just now," said Orsino softly.

She neither spoke nor moved, but her face grew pale. Then he fancied that there was a hardly perceptible movement of her head, the merest shade of an inclination. He leaned a little towards her, resting against the marble sill of the window.

"And you meant something more" — he began to say. Then he stopped short.

His heart was beating hard and the hot blood throbbed in his temples, his lips closed tightly, and his breathing was audible.

Maria Consuelo turned her head, glanced at him quickly, and instantly looked back at the smooth glass before her and at the green light on the shutters without. He was scarcely conscious that she had moved. In love, as in a storm at sea, matters grow very grave in a few moments.

"You meant that you might still" — Again he stopped. The words would not come.

He fancied that she would not speak. She could not, any more than she could have left his side at that moment. The air was very sultry even in the cool, closed room. The green light on the shutters darkened suddenly. Then a far-distant peal of thunder rolled its echoes slowly over the city. Still neither moved from the window.

"If you could" — Orsino's voice was low and soft, but there was something strangely overwrought in the nervous quality of it. It was not hesitation any longer that made him stop.

"Could you love me?" he asked. He thought he spoke aloud. When he had spoken, he knew that he had whispered the words.

His face was colorless. He heard a short, sharp breath, drawn like a gasp. The small white hand fell from the window and gripped his own with sudden, violent strength. Neither spoke. An-

other peal of thunder, nearer and louder, shook the air. Then Orsino heard the quick-drawn breath again, and the white hand went nervously to the fastening of the window. Orsino opened the casement and thrust back the blinds. There was a vivid flash, more thunder, and a gust of stifling wind. Maria Consuelo leaned far out, looking up, and a few great drops of rain began to fall.

The storm burst, and the cold rain poured down furiously, wetting the two white faces at the window. Maria Consuelo drew back a little, and Orsino leaned against the open casement, watching her. It was as though the single pressure of their hands had crushed out the power of speech for a time.

For weeks they had talked daily together during many hours. They could not foresee that at the great moment there would be nothing left for them to say. The rain fell in torrents, and the gusty wind rose and buffeted the face of the great palace with roaring strength, to sink very suddenly, an instant later, in the steadily rushing noise of the water; springing up again without warning, rising and falling, falling and rising, like a great sobbing breath. The wind and the rain seemed to be speaking for the two who listened to them.

Orsino watched Maria Consuelo's face; not scrutinizing it, nor realizing very much whether it were beautiful or not, nor trying to read the thoughts that were half expressed in it, — not thinking at all, indeed, but only loving it wholly and in every part for the sake of the woman herself, as he had never dreamed of loving any one or anything.

At last Maria Consuelo turned very slowly and looked into his eyes. The passionate sadness faded out of the features, the faint color rose again, the full lips relaxed, the smile that came was full of a happiness that seemed almost divine.

"I cannot help it," she said.

"Can I?"

"Truly?"

Her hand was lying on the marble ledge. Orsino laid his own upon it, and both trembled a little. She understood more than any word could have told her.

"For how long?" she asked.

"For all our lives now, and for all our life hereafter."

He raised her hand to his lips, bending his head, and then he drew her from the window, and they walked slowly up and down the great room.

"It is very strange," she said presently, in a low voice.

"That I should love you?"

"Yes. Where were we an hour ago? What is become of that old time — that was an hour ago?"

"I have forgotten, dear; that was in the other life."

"The other life! Yes. How unhappy I was — there, by the window — a hundred years ago!"

She laughed softly, and Orsino smiled as he looked down at her.

"Are you happy now?" •

"Do not ask me. How could I tell you?"

"Say it to yourself, love. I shall see it in your dear face."

"Am I not saying it?"

Then they were silent again, walking side by side, their arms locked and pressing each other.

It began to dawn upon Orsino that a great change had come into his life, and he thought of the consequences of what he was doing. He had not said that he was happy, but in the first moment he had felt it more than she. The future, however, would not be like the present, and could not be a perpetual continuation of it. Orsino was not at all of a romantic disposition, and the practical side of things was always sure to present itself to his mind very early in any affair. It was a part of his nature, and by no means hindered him from feeling

deeply and loving sincerely. But it shortened his moments of happiness.

"Do you know what this means to you and me?" he asked, after a time.

Maria Consuelo started very slightly, and looked up at him.

"Let us not think of to-morrow — to-morrow," she said. Her voice trembled a little.

"Is it so hard to think of?" asked Orsino, fearing lest he had displeased her.

"Very hard," she answered in a low voice.

"Not for me. Why should it be? If anything can make to-day more complete, it is to think that to-morrow will be more perfect, and the next day still more, and so on, each day better than the one before."

Maria Consuelo shook her head.

"Do not speak of it," she said.

"Will you not love me to-morrow?" Orsino asked. The light in his face told with how little earnestness he asked the question, but she turned upon him quickly.

"Do you doubt yourself, that you should doubt me?" There was a ring of terror in the words that startled him as he heard them.

"Beloved, no. How can you think I meant it?"

"Then do not say it." She shivered a little, and bent her head.

"No, I will not. But, dear, do you know where we are?"

"Where we are?" she repeated, not understanding.

"Yes, where we are. This was to have been your home this year."

"Was to have been?" A frightened look came into her face.

"It will not be, now. Your home is not in this house."

Again she shook her head, turning her face away.

"It must be," she said.

Orsino was surprised beyond expression by the answer.

"Either you do not know what you

are saying, or you do not mean it, dear," he said. "Or else you will not understand me."

"I understand you too well."

Orsino made her stop, and took both her hands, looking down into her eyes.

"You will marry me," he said.

"I cannot marry you," she answered.

Her face grew even paler than it had been when they had stood at the window, and so full of pain and sadness that it hurt Orsino to look at it. But the words she spoke, in her clear, distinct tones, struck him like a blow unawares. He knew that she loved him, for her love was in every look and every gesture, without attempt at concealment. He believed her to be a good woman. He was certain that her husband was dead. He could not understand, and he grew suddenly angry. An older man would have done worse, or a man less in earnest.

"You must have a reason to give me, and a good one," he said gravely.

"I have."

She turned slowly away and began to walk alone. He followed her.

"You must tell it," he said.

"Tell it? Yes, I will tell it to you. It is a solemn promise before God, given to a man who died in my arms, — to my husband. Would you have me break such a vow?"

"Yes." Orsino drew a long breath. The objection seemed insignificant enough, compared with the pain it had cost him before it had been explained. "Such promises are not binding," he continued, after a moment's pause. "Such a promise is made hastily, rashly, without a thought of the consequences. You have no right to keep it."

"No right? Orsino, what are you saying? Is not an oath an oath, however it is taken? Is not a vow made ten times more sacred when the one for whom it was taken is gone? Is there any difference between my promise and that made before the altar by a woman

who gives up the world? Should I be any better, if I broke mine, than the nun who broke hers?"

"You cannot be in earnest!" exclaimed Orsino.

Maria Consuelo did not answer. She went towards the window and looked at the splashing rain. Orsino stood where he was, watching her. Suddenly she came and stood before him.

"We must undo this," she said.

"What do you mean?" He understood well enough.

"You know. We must not love each other. We must undo to-day and forget it."

"If you can talk so lightly of forgetting, you have little to remember," answered Orsino, almost roughly.

"You have no right to say that."

"I have the right of a man who loves you."

"The right to be unjust?"

"I am not unjust." His tone softened again. "I know what it means, to say that I love you. It is my life, this love. I have known it a long time. It has been on my lips to say it for weeks, and, since it has been said, it cannot be unsaid. A moment ago you told me not to doubt you. I do not. And now you say that we must not love each other, — as though we had a choice to make, — and why? Because you once made a rash promise" —

"Hush!" interrupted Maria Consuelo.

"You must not" —

"I must and will. You made a promise, as though you had a right at such a moment to dispose of all your life, — I do not speak of mine, — as though you could know what the world held for you, and could renounce it all beforehand. I tell you, you had no right to make such an oath, and a vow taken without the right to take it is no vow at all."

"It is, — it is! I cannot break it!"

"If you love me, you will. But you say we are to forget. Forget! It is so easy to say. How shall we do it?"

"I will go away" —

"If you have the heart to go away, then go. But I will follow you. The world is very small, they say; it will not be hard for me to find you, wherever you are."

"If I beg you, — if I ask it as the only kindness, the only act of friendship, the only proof of your love, — you will not come, you will not do that" —

"I will, if it costs your soul and mine."

"Orsino! You do not mean it! You see how unhappy I am, how I am trying to do right, how hard it is!"

"I see that you are trying to ruin both our lives. I will not let you. Besides, you do not mean it."

Maria Consuelo looked into his eyes, and her own grew deep and dark. Then, as though she felt herself yielding, she turned away, and sat down in a chair that stood apart from the rest. Orsino followed her, and tried to take her hand, bending to meet her downcast glance.

"You do not mean it, Consuelo," he said earnestly. "You do not mean one hundredth part of what you say."

She drew her fingers from his, and turned her head sideways against the back of the chair so that she could not see him. He still bent over her, whispering into her ear.

"You cannot go," he said. "You will not try to forget, for neither you nor I can — nor ought, cost what it might. You will not destroy what is so much to us; you would not, if you could. Look at me, love; do not turn away. Let me see it all in your eyes, — all the truth of it and of every word I say."

Still she turned her face from him. But she breathed quickly, with parted lips, and the color rose slowly in her pale cheeks.

"It must be sweet to be loved as I love you, dear," he said, bending still lower and closer to her. "It must be some happiness to know that you are so

loved. Is there so much joy in your life that you can despise this? There is none in mine without you, nor ever can be unless we are always together, — always, dear, always, always.”

She moved a little, and the drooping lids lifted almost imperceptibly.

“Do not tempt me, dear one,” she said in a faint voice. “Let me go, — let me go.”

Orsino’s dark face was close to hers now, and she could see his bright eyes. Once she tried to look away, and could not. Again she tried, lifting her head from the cushioned chair. But his arm went round her neck and her cheek rested upon his shoulder.

“Go, love,” he said softly, pressing her more closely. “Go, — let us not love each other. It is so easy not to love.”

She looked up into his eyes again with a sudden shiver, and they both grew very pale. For ten seconds neither spoke nor moved. Then their lips met.

XXI.

When Orsino was alone, that night, he asked himself more than one question which he did not find it easy to answer. He could define, indeed, the relation in which he now stood to Maria Consuelo; for though she had ultimately refused to speak the words of a promise, he no longer doubted that she meant to be his wife, and that her scruples were overcome forever. This was, undeniably, the most important point in the whole affair, so far as his own satisfaction was concerned; but there were others of the gravest import to be considered and elucidated before he even could weigh the probabilities of future happiness.

He had not lost his head on the present occasion, as he had formerly done when his passion had been anything but sincere. He was perfectly conscious that Maria Consuelo was now the prin-

cipal person concerned in his life, and that the moment would inevitably have come, sooner or later, in which he must have told her so, as he had done on this day. He had not yielded to a sudden impulse, but to a steady and growing pressure from which there had been no means of escape, and which he had not sought to elude. He was not in one of those moods of half-senseless, exuberant spirits, such as had come upon him more than once during the winter, after he had been an hour in her society, and had said or done something more than usually rash. On the contrary, he was inclined to look the whole situation soberly in the face, and to doubt whether the love which dominated him might not prove a source of unhappiness to Maria Consuelo as well as to himself. At the same time he knew that it would be useless to fight against that domination, for he knew that he was now absolutely sincere.

But the difficulties to be met and overcome were many and great. Orsino might have betrothed himself to almost any woman in society, widow or spinster, without anticipating one hundredth part of the opposition which he must now surely encounter. He was not even angry beforehand with the prejudice which would animate his father and mother, for he admitted that it was hardly a prejudice at all, and certainly not one peculiar to them or to their class. It would be hard to find a family anywhere, of any respectability, no matter how modest, that would accept without question such a choice as he had made. Maria Consuelo was one of those persons about whom the world is ready to speak in disparagement, knowing that it will not be easy to find defenders for them. The world, indeed, loves its own, and treats them with consideration, especially in the matter of passing follies; and, after it had been plain to society that Orsino had fallen under Maria Consuelo’s charm, he had

heard no more disagreeable remarks about her origin or the circumstances of her widowhood. But he remembered what had been said before that, when he himself had listened indifferently enough, and he guessed that ill-natured people called her an adventuress, or little better. If anything could have increased the suffering which this intuitive knowledge caused him, it was the fact that he possessed no proof of her right to rank with the best, except his own implicit faith in her and the few words Spicca had chosen to let fall. Spicca was still thought so dangerous that people hesitated to contradict him openly, but his mere assertion, Orsino thought, though it might be accepted in appearance, was not of enough weight to carry inward conviction with it in the minds of people who had no interest in being convinced. It was only too plain that, unless Maria Consuelo or Spicca, or both, were willing to tell the strange story in its integrity, there was not proof enough to convince the most willing person of her right to the social position she occupied, after that had once been called into question. To Orsino's mind, the very fact that it had been questioned at all demonstrated sufficiently a carelessness on her own part which could proceed only from the certainty of possessing that right beyond dispute. It would doubtless have been possible for her to provide herself from the first with something in the nature of a guarantee for her identity. She could surely have had the means, through some friend of her own elsewhere, of making the acquaintance of some one in society who would have vouched for her, and silenced the carelessly spiteful talk concerning her which had gone the rounds when she first appeared. But she had seemed to be quite indifferent. She had refused Orsino's pressing offer to bring her into relations with his mother, whose influence would have been enough to straighten a reputation far more doubtful than Maria

Consuelo's, and she had almost willfully thrown herself into a sort of intimacy with the Countess Del Ferice.

But Orsino, as he thought of these matters, saw how futile such arguments must seem to his own people, and how absurdly inadequate they were to better his own state of mind, since he needed no conviction himself, but sought the means of convincing others. One point alone gave him some hope. Under the existing laws, the inevitable legal marriage would require the production of documents which would clear the whole story at once. On the other hand, that fact could make Orsino's position no better with his father and mother until the papers were actually produced. People cannot easily be married secretly in Rome, where the law requires the publication of banns by posting them upon the doors of the Capitol, and the name of Orsino Saracinesca would not be overlooked. Orsino was aware, of course, that he was not in need of his parents' consent for his marriage, but he had not been brought up in a way to look upon their acquiescence as unnecessary. He was deeply attached to them both, but especially to his mother, who had been his stanch friend in his efforts to do something for himself, and to whom he naturally looked for sympathy, if not for actual help. However certain he might be of the ultimate result of his marriage, the idea of being married in direct opposition to her wishes was so repugnant to him as to be almost an insurmountable barrier. He might, indeed, and probably would, conceal his engagement for some time, but solely with the intention of so preparing the evidence in favor of it as to make it immediately acceptable to his father and mother when announced.

It seemed possible that, if he could bring Maria Consuelo to see the matter as he saw it, she might at once throw aside her reticence and furnish him with the information he so greatly needed.

But it would be a delicate matter to bring her to that point of view, unconscious as she must be of her equivocal position. He could not go to her and tell her that, in order to announce their engagement, he must be able to tell the world who and what she really was. The most he could do would be to tell her exactly what papers were necessary for her marriage, and to prevail upon her to procure them as soon as possible, or to hand them to him at once if they were already in her possession. But, in order to require even this much of her, it was necessary to push matters farther than they had yet gone. He had certainly pledged himself to her, and he firmly believed that she considered herself bound to him, but beyond that nothing definite had passed.

They had been interrupted by the entrance of workmen asking for orders, and he had thought that Maria Consuelo had seemed anxious to detain the men as long as possible. That such a scene could not be immediately renewed where it had been broken off was clear enough, but Orsino fancied that she had not wished even to attempt a renewal of it. He had taken her home in the dusk, and she had refused to let him enter the hotel with her. She said that she wished to be alone, and he had been fain to be satisfied with the pressure of her hand and the look in her eyes, which both said much while not saying half of what he longed to hear and know.

He would see her, of course, at the usual hour on the following day, and he determined to speak plainly and strongly. She could not ask him to prolong such a state of uncertainty. Considering how gradual the steps had been which had led up to what had taken place on that rainy afternoon, it was not conceivable, he thought, that she would still ask for time to make up her mind. She would at least consent to some preliminary agreement upon a line of conduct for both to follow.

But, impossible as the other case seemed, Orsino did not neglect it. His mind was developing with his character, and was acquiring the habit of foreseeing difficulties in order to forestall them. If Maria Consuelo returned suddenly to her original point of view, maintaining that the promise given to her dying husband was still binding, Orsino determined that he would go to Spicca in a last resort. Whatever the bond which united them, it was clear that Spicca possessed some kind of power over Maria Consuelo, and that he was so far acquainted with all the circumstances of her previous life as to be eminently capable of giving Orsino advice for the future.

He went to his office on the following morning with little inclination for work. It would be more just, perhaps, to say that he felt the desire to pursue his usual occupation, while conscious that his mind was too much disturbed by the events of the previous afternoon to concentrate itself upon the details of accounts and plans. He found himself committing all sorts of errors of oversight quite unusual with him. Figures seemed to have lost their value and plans their meaning. With the utmost determination he held himself to his task, not willing to believe that his judgment and nerve could be so disturbed as to render him unfit for any serious business. But the result was contemptible as compared with the effort.

Andrea Contini, too, was inclined to take a gloomy view of things, contrary to his usual habit. A report was spreading to the effect that a certain big contractor was on the verge of bankruptcy, a man who had hitherto been considered beyond the danger of heavy loss. There had been more than one small failure of late, but no one had paid much attention to such accidents, which were generally attributed to personal causes rather than to an approaching turn in the tide of speculation. But Contini chose to

believe that a crisis was not far off. He possessed in a high degree that sort of caution which is valuable rather in an assistant than in a chief. Orsino was little inclined to share his architect's despondency for the present.

"You need a change of air," he said, pushing a heap of papers away from him and lighting a cigarette. "You ought to go down to Porto d'Anzio for a few days. You have been too long in the heat."

"No longer than you, Don Orsino," answered Contini, from his own table.

"You are depressed and gloomy. You have worked harder than I. You should really go out of town for a day or two."

"I do not feel the need of it."

Contini bent over his table again, and a short silence followed. Orsino's mind instantly reverted to Maria Consuelo. He felt a violent desire to leave the office and go to her at once. There was no reason why he should not visit her in the morning, if he pleased. At the worst she might refuse to receive him. He was thinking how she would look, and wondering whether she would smile, or meet him with earnest, half-regretful eyes, when Contini's voice broke into his meditations again.

"You think I am despondent because I have been working too long in the heat," said the young man, rising and beginning to pace the floor before Orsino. "No, I am not that kind of man. I am never tired: I can go on forever. But affairs in Rome will not go on forever. I tell you that, Don Orsino. There is trouble in the air. I wish we had sold everything and could wait. It would be much better."

"All this is very vague, Contini."

"It is very clear to me. Matters are going from bad to worse. There is no doubt that Ronco has failed."

"Well, and if he has? We are not Ronco. He was involved in all sorts of other speculations. If he had stuck to land and building, he would be as sound as ever."

"For another month, perhaps. Do you know why he is ruined?"

"By his own fault, as people always are. He was rash."

"No rasher than we are. I believe that the game is played out. Ronco is bankrupt because the bank with which he deals cannot discount any more bills this week."

"And why not?"

"Because the foreign banks will not take any more of all this paper that is flying about. Those small failures in the summer have produced their effect. Some of the paper was in Paris and some in Vienna. It turned out worthless, and the foreigners have taken fright. It is all a fraud, at best, or something very like it."

"What do you mean?"

"Tell me the truth, Don Orsino. Have you seen a centime of all these millions which every one is dealing with? Do you believe they really exist? No. It is all paper, paper, and more paper. There is no cash in the business."

"But there is land and there are houses which represent the millions substantially."

"Substantially! Yes, as long as the inflation lasts. After that they will represent nothing."

"You are talking nonsense, Contini. Prices may fall, and some people will lose, but you cannot destroy real estate permanently."

"Its value may be destroyed for ten or twenty years, which is practically the same thing when people have no other property. Take this block we are building. It represents a large sum. Say that in the next six months there are half a dozen failures like Ronco's, and that a panic sets in. We could then neither sell the houses nor let them. What would they represent to us? Nothing, — failure, like the failure of everybody else. Do you know where the millions really are? You ought to know better

than most people. They are in Casa Saracinesca, and in a few other great houses which have not dabbled in all this business, and perhaps they are in the pockets of a few clever men who have got out of it all in time. They are certainly not in the firm of Andrea Contini and Company, which will assuredly be bankrupt before the winter is out."

Contini bit his cigar savagely, thrust his hands into his pockets, and looked out of the window, turning his back on Orsino. The latter watched his companion in surprise, not understanding why his dismal forebodings should find such sudden and strong expression.

"I think you exaggerate very much," said Orsino. "There is always risk in such business as this. But it strikes me that the risk was greater when we had less capital."

"Capital!" exclaimed the architect contemptuously, and without turning round. "Can we draw a check—a plain unadorned check, and not a draft—for a hundred thousand francs to-day? Or shall we be able to draw it to-morrow? Capital! We have a lot of brick and mortar in our possession, put together more or less symmetrically according to our taste, and practically unpaid for. If we manage to sell it in time, we shall get the difference between what is paid us and what we owe. That is our capital. It is problematical, to say the least of it. If we realize less than we owe, we are bankrupt."

He came back suddenly to Orsino's table as he ceased speaking, and his face showed that he was really disturbed. Orsino looked at him steadily for a few seconds.

"It is not only Ronco's failure that frightens you, Contini. There must be something else."

"More of the same kind. There is enough to frighten any one."

"No, there is something else. You have been talking with somebody."

"With Del Ferice's confidential clerk. Yes, it is quite true. I was with him last night."

"And what did he say? What you have been telling me, I suppose?"

"Something much more disagreeable, — something you would rather not hear."

"I wish to hear it."

"You should, as a matter of fact."

"Go on."

"We are completely in Del Ferice's hands."

"We are in the hands of his bank."

"What is the difference? To all intents and purposes he is our bank. The proof is that but for him we should have failed already."

Orsino looked up sharply.

"Be clear, Contini. Tell me what you mean."

"I mean this. For a month past the bank could not have discounted a hundred francs' worth of our paper. Del Ferice has taken it all and advanced the money out of his private account."

"Are you sure of what you are telling me?" Orsino asked the question in a low voice, and his brow contracted.

"One can hardly have better authority than the clerk's own statement."

"And he distinctly told you this, did he?"

"Most distinctly."

"He must have had an object in betraying such a confidence," said Orsino. "It is not likely that such a man would carelessly tell you or me a secret which is evidently meant to be kept."

He spoke quietly enough, but the tone of his voice was changed, and betrayed how greatly he was moved by the news. Contini began to walk up and down again, but did not make any answer to the remark.

"How much do we owe the bank?" Orsino asked suddenly.

"Roughly, about six hundred thousand."

"How much of that paper do you

think Del Ferice has taken up himself?"

"About a quarter, I fancy, from what the clerk told me."

A long silence followed, during which Orsino tried to review the situation in all its various aspects. It was clear that Del Ferice did not wish Andrea Contini and Company to fail, and was putting himself to serious inconvenience in order to avert the catastrophe. Whether he wished, in so doing, to keep Orsino in his power, or whether he merely desired to escape the charge of having ruined his old enemy's son out of spite, it was hard to decide. Orsino passed over that question quickly enough. So far as any sense of humiliation was concerned, he knew very well that his mother would be ready and able to pay off all his liabilities at the shortest notice. What Orsino felt most deeply was profound disappointment and utter disgust at his own folly. It seemed to him that he had been played with and flattered into the belief that he was a serious man of business, while all along he had been pushed and helped by unseen hands. There was nothing to prove that Del Ferice had not thus deceived him from the first; and indeed, when he thought of his small beginnings early in the year, and realized the dimensions which the business had now assumed, he could not help believing that Del Ferice had been at the bottom of all his apparent success, and that his own earnest and ceaseless efforts had really had but little to do with the development of his affairs. His vanity suffered terribly under the first shock.

He was bitterly disappointed. During the preceding months he had begun to feel himself independent and able to stand alone, and he had looked forward to telling his father in the near future that he had made a fortune for himself without any man's help. He had remembered every word of cold discouragement to which he had been forced

to listen at the very beginning, and he had felt sure of having a success to set against each one of those words. He knew that he had not been idle, and he had fancied that every hour of work had produced its permanent result, and left him with something more to show. He had seen his mother's pride in him growing day by day with his apparent success, and he had been confident of proving to her that she was not half proud enough. All that was gone in a moment. He saw, or fancied that he saw, nothing but a series of failures which had been bolstered up and inflated into seeming triumphs by a man whom his father despised and hated, and whom, as a man, he himself did not respect. The disillusionment was complete.

At first it seemed to him that there was nothing to be done but to go directly to Saracinesca and tell the truth to his father and mother. Financially, when the wealth of the family was taken into consideration, there was nothing very alarming in the situation. He would borrow of his father enough to clear him with Del Ferice, and would sell the unfinished buildings for what they would bring. He might even induce his father to help him in finishing the work. There would be no trouble about the business question. As for Contini, he should not lose by the transaction, and permanent occupation could doubtless be found for him on one of the estates, if he chose to accept it.

He thought of the interview, and his vanity dreaded it. Another plan suggested itself to him. On the whole, it seemed easier to bear his dependence on Del Ferice than to confess himself beaten. There was nothing dishonorable — nothing which could be called so, at least — in accepting financial accommodation from a man whose business it was to lend money on security. If Del Ferice chose to advance sums which his bank would not advance, he did it for good reasons of his own, and certainly

not with the intention of losing by it in the end. In the event of failure Del Ferice would take the buildings for the debt, and would certainly, in that case, get them for much less than they were worth. Orsino would be no worse off than when he had begun; he would frankly confess that, though he had lost nothing, he had not made a fortune, and the matter would be at an end. That would be very much easier to bear than the humiliation of confessing at the present moment that he was in Del Ferice's power, and would be bankrupt but for Del Ferice's personal help. And again he repeated to himself that Del Ferice was not a man to throw money away without hope of recovery with interest. It was inconceivable, too, that Ugo should have pushed him so far merely to flatter a young man's vanity. He meant to make use of him, or to make money out of his failure. In either case Orsino would be his dupe, and would not be under any obligation to him. Compared with the necessity of acknowledging the present state of his affairs to his father, the prospect of being made a tool of by Del Ferice was bearable, not to say attractive.

"What had we better do, Contini?" he asked at last.

"There is nothing to be done but to go on, I suppose, until we are ruined. Even if we had the money, we should gain nothing by taking off all our bills as they fall due, instead of renewing them."

"But if the bank will not discount any more" —

"Del Ferice will, in the bank's name. When he is ready for the failure, we shall fail, and he will profit by our loss."

"Do you think that is what he means to do?"

Contini looked at Orsino in surprise.

"Of course. What did you expect? You do not suppose that he means to make us a present of that paper, or to hold it indefinitely until we can make a good sale?"

"And he will ultimately get possession of all the paper himself."

"Naturally. As the old bills fall due we shall renew them with him, practically, and not with the bank. He knows what he is about. He probably has some scheme for selling the whole block to the government or to some institution, and is sure of his profit beforehand. Our failure will give him a profit of twenty-five or thirty per cent."

Orsino was strangely reassured by his partner's gloomy view. To him every word proved that he was free from any personal obligation to Del Ferice, and might accept the latter's assistance without the least compunction. He did not like to remember that a man of Ugo's subtle intelligence might have something more important in view than a profit of a few hundred thousand francs, if indeed the sum should amount to that. Orsino's brow cleared and his expression changed.

"You seem to like the idea," observed Contini, rather irritably.

"I should rather be ruined by Del Ferice than helped by him."

"Ruin means so little to you, Don Orsino. It means the inheritance of an enormous fortune, a princess for a wife, and the choice of two or three palaces to live in."

"That is one way of putting it," answered Orsino, almost laughing. "As for yourself, my friend, I do not see that your prospects are so very bad. Do you suppose that I shall abandon you, after having led you into this scrape, and after having learned to like you and understand your talent? You are very much mistaken. We have tried this together and failed, but, as you rightly say, I shall not be ruined in the least by the failure. Do you know what will happen? My father will tell me that, since I have gained some experience, I should go and manage one of the estates and improve the buildings. Then you and I will go together."

Contini smiled suddenly, and his bright

eyes sparkled. He was profoundly attached to Orsino, and thought perhaps as much of the loss of his companionship as of the destruction of his material hopes in the event of a liquidation.

"If that could be, I should not care what became of the business," he said simply.

"How long do you think we shall last?" asked Orsino, after a short pause.

"If business grows worse, as I think it will, we shall last until the first bill that falls due after the doors and windows are put in."

"That is precise, at least."

"It will probably take us into January, or perhaps February."

"But suppose that Del Ferice himself gets into trouble between now and then? If he cannot discount any more, what will happen?"

"We shall fail a little sooner. But you need not be afraid of that. Del Ferice knows what he is about better than we do, better than his confidential clerk, much better than most men of business in Rome. If he fails, he will fail intentionally and at the right moment."

"And do you not think that there is even a remote possibility of an improvement in business, so that nobody will fail at all?"

"No," answered Contini thoughtfully, "I do not think so. It is a paper system, and it will go to pieces."

"Why have you not said the same thing before? You must have had this opinion a long time."

"I did not believe that Ronco could fail. An accident opens the eyes."

Orsino had almost decided to let matters go on, but he found some difficulty

in actually making up his mind. In spite of Contini's assurances, he could not get rid of the idea that he was under an obligation to Del Ferice. Once, at least, he thought of going directly to Ugo and asking for a clear explanation of the whole affair. But Ugo was not in town, as he knew, and the impossibility of going at once made it improbable that Orsino would go at all. It would not have been a very wise move, for Del Ferice could easily deny the story, seeing that the paper was all in the bank's name, and he would probably visit the indiscretion upon the unfortunate clerk.

In the long silence which followed, Orsino relapsed into his former despondency. After all, whether he confessed his failure or not, he had undeniably failed and been played upon from the first, and he admitted it to himself without attempting to spare his vanity, and his self-contempt was great and painful. The fact that he had grown from a boy to a man during his experience did not make it easier to bear such wounds, which are felt more keenly by the strong than by the weak, when they are real.

As the day wore on, the longing to see Maria Consuelo grew upon him, until he felt that he had never before wished to be with her as he wished it now. He had no intention of telling her his trouble, but he needed the assurance of an ever ready sympathy which he so often saw in her eyes, and which was always there for him when he asked it. Where there is love there is reliance, whether expressed or not; and where there is reliance, be it ever so slender, there is comfort for many ills of body, mind, and soul.

F. Marion Crawford.

THE PRIMER AND LITERATURE.

IN the *Gradus ad Parnassum* it is the first step that costs. There is a fair agreement amongst teachers that classic literature may be substituted for the reading-books heretofore in use in the upper grades of our public schools; there is a growing belief in the possibility of discarding these readers in the middle grades; a few boldly take the position that what is known in school-book parlance as the third reader may be supplemented by the use at the same time of simple, direct forms of literature, such as the fable and the folk story. The time has come when the more radical statement may be made that there should be no break in the continuity of literature in the schools; that from the day when the child begins to hold a book in his hand until the day when he leaves the public school he shall steadily, uninterruptedly, be presented with genuine literature; that the primer itself shall serve as an introduction to literature.

The whole system of graded reading-books which has dominated our schools the past two generations rests upon the assumption that reading is one of the mechanic arts, and that the process of acquiring this art is from the easy to the more difficult. Thus, in the old-fashioned spelling-book words were arranged in columns, which marched first one syllable deep, then two syllables, then three, until the hero who confronted them was called upon to meet, single-handed, such monsters as "ratiocination," when, if victorious, he was regarded as master of words. In the readers the same principle of grading has been maintained as the fundamental principle, and the child is led along step by step in his apprehension of words and sentences. The device of repetition, by which the words introduced are rearranged in new combinations, until skill has exhausted itself,

is supposed to fix the images of these words indelibly in the child's brain. The assumption is that words are blocks out of which the forms of language are constructed; that sentences are frames of words deftly fitted together. The greatest care has been taken to make the increasing difficulty imperceptible at any one stage of progress. To accomplish this, reading exercises have been manufactured whose sole excuse for being lies in the skill with which they provide an easy grade. From the simpler to the more complex forms of sentences this grading proceeds, and it is difficult to see how the process can be carried further than it has been carried in the latest, most nicely studied series of readers.

The principle of grading cannot be disregarded, but its tendency toward a mechanical exercise sets one to thinking if there be not another principle, more fundamental in nature, more comprehensive and more free, to which we may have recourse when we are teaching children to read; and our doubt is increased by a study of the contents of school readers. If, we may ask, this principle of gradation requires such an extraordinary amount of commonplace reading-matter and such mediocre literature, are we not sacrificing the end to the means, and thinking more of the machine we are constructing than of the work the machine is to accomplish? Moreover, does not the weariness which overtakes the child in his reading exercises suggest that his intellectual life has a more rapid growth than the material on which it is fed supposes, and that he exhausts this reading-book literature long before he is called on to abandon it?

There is another principle, well recognized in educational thought, which may prove more fundamental and offer a

better working scheme. It is found in the process of development from the known to the unknown, from the familiar to the less familiar, compelling at certain stages marked transitions. This principle at once reduces gradation to a method under its operation, and limits it in scope. Let us follow it in its practical application to the training of a child in the art of reading.

The child enters school with the endowment of speech. In his limited way, he can express himself in words which are symbols of objects, and words which are symbols of action and notions. He has learned to talk before he has learned to read. Under the more philosophical methods of our modern school, the first effort of the teacher is to cultivate the child's power of speech, and this effort properly continues throughout the entire course of a child's education. There is no period when a wise teacher relaxes this endeavor to make the pupil's power of expression keep pace with his intelligence. A book is not placed in the child's hand at once. Use is made of the blackboard, of pencil, paper, and slate. In other words, there is a transition to be made from talking to connecting the words used in talk with signs for those words, and in the first steps taken writing may be said to take precedence of reading. The picture of a familiar object is placed before the eye, and the name of the object is written in immediate association with it. The object and the word standing for it are made interchangeable. In the same way, a sentence or a word standing for action or notion is made interchangeable with the idea in the child's mind. All the while, by ringing the changes on these words and forcing them into new combinations, an analysis is going on by which sounds are resolved into characters, and characters are recombined to express new forms which still are familiar to the child. In this exercise, which extends over

many weeks, the pupil has been taking that which is known to him and associating it with what hitherto was unknown, namely, the symbol in writing. He has mastered the principle of the association of words with written forms. He has learned to write and to read writing.

In all this preliminary work the aim has been to make the child think intelligently and read intelligibly. One of the most common difficulties to be overcome by the teacher is that which arises from a parrot-like repetition by the child of what he has been told; and by far the most important result to be attained by him is the habit of thinking accurately and clearly, and then answering a question with precision, or reading a sentence with the clearness of tone and proper emphasis which spring from an intelligent apprehension of what the sentence means. This habit of thinking accurately and clearly is well cultivated by the methods which prevail in the preliminary work upon the blackboard and slate.

So far the oral and written exercise, in which the child has constantly taken an active part with his hands and his tongue. The next transition is from writing to print. Here the child takes an important step. A book is placed in his hands, — the primer, — and now he is to be taught to connect words with objects and ideas without using his hands, and even without using his tongue. His mind has used these instruments hitherto; he is to be shown how he is to use the eye alone.

In its first process, a well-considered primer will help the child to make the passage from the written to the printed form by the application of the same principle as before. It will at first give together the picture or the written word with the printed word; then, as the association becomes familiar, the picture and the written word will gradually be withdrawn, until the point is reached

where there is no picture and no writing, only the printed sentence. That has become among the known things of the child's possession.

Up to this point the child's notion of reading has been confined by his exercises to sentences which reproduce what is already familiar to his mind. He has acquired the art of deciphering print, but what he finds in that print is what he knows already; it is his talk and the talk of those about him set down in symbols. For what further purpose has he acquired this art of deciphering print? This is not yet his to know, but it is his teacher's, and the child's progress from this point onward will be determined largely by the grasp which his teacher has of this controlling principle, namely, that the end of learning to read is to read great books.

There follows, therefore, this final and immense transition,—the transition from colloquial to literary form. The vocabulary of a child as drawn from common vernacular use is very limited, though its extent is of course largely affected by the speech which he is wont to hear at home. Yet, even under the most favoring conditions, the form of language to which the child is most accustomed is colloquial, not literary. It is true, he may have had books read to him, and this is a very important part of a child's training; but for the most part, until he goes to school, these books are purposely couched in almost colloquial terms. Yet if the child is really to be educated, he is to pass over, in his reading, from a colloquial to a sustained literary form, and it is the business of the primer to aid him from the outset in making this transition.

The prime function of literature, at any stage in the development of man, is to stimulate his imagination and reasoning powers by presenting to him conceptions which lie beyond the immediate reach of his experience. The great consideration to be observed, therefore, in

putting literature before the child, is to present in succession forms which will appeal to his expanding powers, and in turn enlarge those powers for the apprehension of still larger, nobler forms. One is not to consider so much the gradation from easy to hard words, from simple to more complex sentences, as the application of the law of procedure from the known to the less known, from the familiar objects and notions to the same in unfamiliar relations.

Practically, the task is to find literature for the child, not to make it. The permanent in literature springs from the necessity of the writer to create, not from the attempt to fit the creation to the needs of the reader. A common illustration is found in Robinson Crusoe, which lives generation after generation with the young, though Defoe had no thought of that audience when he wrote the book; while every generation witnesses the death of books written after the pattern of Robinson Crusoe, for the benefit of the young. In like manner, the great bulk of literature prepared for the young is ephemeral, and has no place in the formal education of the schoolroom. That literature only is to be used there which is permanent, has stood already the test of time, or, if recent, has the unmistakable note of the permanent. Indeed, one of the greatest achievements of the teacher is to fix in the child's mind the distinction between the permanent and the impermanent. To this end every true device should be used, and chief among them I should place these three:—

First, given the piece of literature which is to confront the child, I would have every word, and, if necessary, every phrase in it, familiar to the child before he reads the piece, so that when he comes to read it all mechanical difficulties shall have been overcome: then his mind is free to receive the full impression of what he reads; then reading is a pleasure, not a task.

Second, the drill precedent to this enjoyment should be in exercises, not in literature. The words and phrases which are to occur in literature are beforehand to be combined and recombined in simple exercises of a colloquial nature. By this means, the child comes early to distinguish between reading-matter and literature. These passages of literature occurring at intervals in his book are so many illumined stages toward which he is traveling. I should like to see a primer in which the literature was printed in gold, and the intervening exercises in black.

Third, I would make it a cardinal principle with the teacher not to talk about literature, nor to pick it to pieces. The time for enjoyment through the immediate perception comes early; the time for enjoyment through analysis comes late. I would not even, in the early stages, attempt to connect the literature read with the writers who produced it. I would do nothing to distract the child's mind from pure enjoyment. The greatest help a teacher can render is to read the passage in hand simply and sympathetically, without comment, and above all without criticism. If she can sing it, so much the better.

It would seem superfluous to urge that literature should be held as the reason for learning to read, if this proposition were not practically denied in our ordinary methods of training; for there is a tacit assumption that literature is one of a number of studies reserved for the high school and academy or college; that the grammar school is busy about other matters, and that the primary school simply gets the child ready for the grammar school. Moreover, when one examines into the methods of study in the high school, he is very likely to find that the highest function of literature is overlooked, and that great art, great thoughts, are used chiefly as the means for extending one's knowledge of biography and history, or as offering

grammatical conundrums and problems in criticism. In fact, it is only by associating the notion of great literature with the very earliest stages of a child's training in reading that we can hope to effect a needed revolution in the ideas of a high-school student regarding literature.

A more specious objection to my proposition lies in the contention that very early in a child's study of reading he should turn his new art to account in acquiring knowledge in natural history, in geography, biography, and history. There are series of readers designed to serve this end, — historical readers, geographical readers, natural-history readers, — all patiently graded, and offered as substitutes for the current reading-books. I am not surprised that the demand for such books should have been made; they are in many instances clear improvements upon the fragmentary collections of prose and verse which do duty as readers. They emphasize the fact that there is a deplorable waste in our system which keeps children at work year after year reading books which only now and then quicken their powers; and if the choice lay only between these new-comers and the old stand-bys, I for one should welcome the substitution of honest fact for feeble imagination.

There can be no objection to this useful class of readers in their place, namely, as subsidiary to school work in the subjects to which they are devoted; but it is a mistake to suppose that they constitute an end in themselves. They are clearly means towards the information of the child's mind. Now, the great end of literature is not to inform, but to inspire; and unless literature, first, last, and always, is made to stand before the child, in his whole course of school training, a grievous wrong is committed, — nothing less than quenching the spirit. Not that fact has no power to kindle the spirit, but the spirit requires expansion under the illuminating power of

things of the spirit, in order that it may respond to the more hidden, obscurer light concealed within fact.

No, it will not do to reverse the true order. Let literature be kept in view as the great end of learning to read, and all subordinate uses of the art of reading will find their place. The greater includes the less. In education, as in religion, the principle holds good, Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven, and all these things shall be added unto you.

To return to our primer, which is to offer, after the child has learned to decipher print, beside exercises in reading, genuine bits of literature. If it be well planned, the exercises will diminish as the book proceeds; the literature will increase. Its volume, in the early passages of the child's mind, cannot be great; it broadens and deepens very perceptibly after the period of what is known as the fourth reader. But it should be remembered that the amount of literature required by the pupil before he reaches that period is relatively very small. Whilst he is slowly acquiring command of the art of reading he does not need much literature, and necessarily cons such as he does have somewhat laboriously. It is just as well that these simple productions should be read over and over again by him. They furnish his mind, and do not wear out by use. Narrow, too, in its springs as the stream of literature is for the child, and narrow as it remains for two or three years, it does not lose in fullness and sufficiency. Never is it necessary to have recourse to the literature which is forgotten when it has been read, and that is the fate of all thin literature. At present, the notion of reading for pleasure is dissociated in the child's mind from his school readers. Let this notion once become identified with the books given him to read in school, and not only is the idea of great literature formed in the mind, but school itself is raised to a higher plane.

Of the literary forms at the service of the teacher who wishes to lead the child by natural ways into the richest pasturage, verse must be given the precedence, in time at least. If for no other reason, the ease of reading it, its short lines, its completed phrases, the melody, the rhymes which help, — all these characteristics render it a fit aid to the child in passing into the apprehension of literature. But there are other, more radical reasons. The form of verse sets it apart from colloquialism, and this makes it more distinct to the child. It has the mark of literature; it is apart from ordinary use; it is a thing by itself. Beyond this, the higher spiritual thought has found expression in poetry to a degree of simplicity which makes it apprehensible both by children and by the mature. It offers, as the best literature always does, a common meeting-ground for all ages. In poetry the child finds his half-formed thoughts and imaginations fully expressed, and thus he is interpreted to himself. Once let genuine poetry possess a child, and the hardness of later life will not wholly efface its power; but let the cultivation of the love of poetry come late, and it comes hard.

After this encomium, it may seem to some a travesty of the subject to say that the first book of verse to put into the child's hand is *Mother Goose*; but one may say it, nevertheless, in all seriousness. We are undertaking to begin the child's training in literature when he is very young, very timid, incapable of long or high flights. If we put before him literature which bewilders him or presents great obstacles, we are driving, not leading him. In *Mother Goose* — meaning by this term nursery ditties in general, and ignoring the merely senseless jingle — we have a capital point of departure. To recall our favorite law, it helps the child to make a passage from the known to the unknown. The cat he knows, the boy he knows; but the cat in the well, little Johnny Green,

big Johnny Stout, the bell with its swinging, resounding note, — all these are in the region of the just not known; and when he reads, half sings the ditty, his mind has been given wings with which to soar a little way. Again, Mother Goose is cheerful, and the task of reading literature is lightened. Further, Mother Goose is full of human associations, and, entering literature by this passage, the child is treading in steps worn by generations of use. There is no waste. He is becoming familiar with the permanent in literature; he is not conning that which will be left behind with childhood. Rather, he is acquiring a currency which will, in later days, be drawn forth for use in the exchange when "we that are children have children." Indeed, when one considers how, in our anxious, crowded American life, the home has delegated more and more its powers to the school, one may well fear that, unless Mother Goose be preserved for childhood in the schoolroom, that classic of infancy may be lost out of the life of great multitudes and die in the minds of the people.

After Mother Goose, no one book can be relied upon; but it would not be impossible to make an anthology from the great literature, small but precious, which should meet the needs of the child in the schoolroom. I would banish from his book all the trivial, prosaic, or super-sentimental verses which are found in abundance in the primer, first and second readers. A child should never be taught to read these. If he picks them up in book or magazine at home, they will do him less harm; but they form no genuine part of his higher education, and a wrong is done him when they are set before him even as exercises in drill. Let poetry be presented to him always as something fine and uncommon; then the power of poetry will grow in his nature. Blake, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Stevenson, Whittier, Longfellow, — these have all something not

beyond the scope of the child that has had his introduction to poetry in reading Mother Goose; and solitary poems from other masters of English verse might be named.

In prose, the selection is at first more limited, because in literature prose presupposes an older audience. Yet the diligent gleaner need not be disheartened. He will find in proverbs and in pithy sayings much well-beaten gold. For more sustained forms the English Bible may be searched profitably. A very little practice in the more difficult words will make it possible, for example, for a child who has been reading a few weeks to read the parable of the Sower. In the early stages, moreover, there should be offered what may be called the protoplasm of literature. Any one who has sought the origins of much modern literature has found them in folk lore and legends, and the comparative study of this popular literature discloses the variation in form. So then there is no absolute form which must be preserved, but each poet, or dramatist, or story-teller may use his art for a new setting of the images and fancies. There remains a task, for those who know the worth of simple, transparent English, in the casting of these legends and bits of folk lore into form which shall be intelligible to the child reading, and not merely to the child hearing. The matter itself appeals to the first wondering expression of the child's mind; and if the form be the simplest, most unadorned presentation, that accords with the spirit of the original conception. In after years, when the reader comes upon the same invention elaborated and adorned, flowering out in poem or drama, the early possession has not dulled, but rather quickened his interest; for now it is not the novelty, but the rich use of what is familiar, that impresses his mind.

It is sometimes objected that school use hardens the heart against fine liter-

ature, but I suspect the charge will be found to rest upon the artificial employment of literature for less important ends than its highest. It must not be forgotten that the love of great literature is not a revelation vouchsafed to this or that favored one; our system of education, unhappily, proceeds largely upon this assumption. True it is that some minds are more finely attuned to its harmonies than others; but it also remains true that, given a natural, unaffected, orderly presentation from the period of earliest childhood up to the close of school life, the mind will be at ease in such company. The power to appreciate great literature is a power which can be trained, and the best training comes through the well-considered introduction to such literature by an appreciative, sympathetic teacher. Now and then a child is so endowed that a haphazard acquaintance will be the most joyous and the most fruitful; but all our studies in the growth of the mind go for nothing if they do not impress upon us the law of order as a supreme law.

In pleading for an unbroken, continuous presentation of great literature in

the common schools, I am asking only that the power which inheres in this literature, the power to delight, to inspire, to ennoble, should from the first be allowed full exercise in our ordinary life. The forces of worldliness press hard from every quarter. The child is exposed to them from the outset. Necessary is it that the guardian of childhood should from the very first reinforce his best life by marshaling in ever-increasing ranks these bright legions of heaven that wait upon man. The consummation of human aspiration is to be found in the arts, and of all the arts that which embodies speech is at once the finest and the most familiar, the most friendly. "Heaven," sang Wordsworth, "lies about us in our infancy;" and whatever response our philosophy may make to his poetic appeal for confidence in the foregleam of immortality as intimated in childish instincts, this we may heartily believe: that the opening soul of childhood should be incited by the purest, truest expression of human imagination, not closed by barring the entrance with the shell-heaps of mere linguistic phrases.

Horace E. Scudder.

AN AFTERNOON TEA.

AMY comes to me, one Sunday, proposing that we shall drink four o'clock tea with a venerable and high-born dame of her acquaintance, — no other than the old, old mother of Venice. "An altogether suitable and delightful person with whom to spend a Sunday hour," explains Amy; "and after the tea there will probably be Latin hymns and psalm-singing."

Thus it happens that, while countless children and cosmopolitan friends of Venice the daughter are preparing to grace the afternoon concert at the Lido,

my girl friend Amy and I, with Pietro, our gondolier, go sailing over the sea to Torcello.

Seven miles away by gondola lives the quiet mother, waiting, lonely and forgotten in a gentle old age. Waiting for what? Certainly not to be remembered; waiting perhaps for all old things to be made young. Now and then stray visitors cross the water to the grass-grown piazza: architects, who make careful studies of the bishop's throne in the cathedral, and the delicate carving of the altar-screens; art-historians, who

crowd their notebooks with details concerning the solemn mosaics and the sad Madonna; painters and poets, longing for more time and more gift of song; happy lovers, longing for nothing except to gather four-leaved clover in the sleepy meadow behind the bell-tower. But these guests come rarely, and for the most part the old, old mother waits alone.

Ancient chronicles tell of a people fleeing before the flames of Altinum, and seeking refuge in the shelter offered by this island of Torcello; how these people, out of joyful and grateful hearts, built a cathedral, now the oldest in Europe; built also a city, whose fair canals were lined with churches and convents and palaces. This city, through commerce and navigation and the number of its noble families, became rich and illustrious, lived its life, and died. For, owing to various changes in the condition of soil and water, the air grew fever-laden, and the city was gradually abandoned. Somewhat more than a thousand years after the flight to Torcello, a decree went forth from the republic declaring the island to be no longer habitable, and from the stones of its fallen palaces the foundations were laid for many a newer home in Venice.

Amy, who reads old chronicles, tells me this story, as our gondola drifts over the path in the sea; passing the sleeping Campo Santo, and Murano with its glass works; passing a fortification doubly protected by cannon and a shrine to the Virgin; passing a lonely island having naught upon it save a solitary campanile and a cypress-tree; passing meadow lands, crumbling walls, deserted buildings, and here and there under an arched bridge of stone.

"Molto, molto antico," repeats Pietro, in low-voiced musical utterance. It is the legend which time has written on wall and building and bridge; it is the refrain of the song which the birds are singing about us, — "Molto, molto antico."

Turning, the gondola enters a waterway which leads to the grass-grown piazza. On the shore, the bushes are covered with a glow of pomegranate blossoms. At one side, boats heaped high with freshly cut hay await the wind and tide of Monday morning. The largest of these boats is surmounted with a sail of orange hue.

Beyond the piazza, and under the shadow of the cathedral of those men of former days, are a few scattered houses, — the modest *palazzo pubblico*, the octagonal church of Santa Fosca, and the ruins of a *chiesetta* reported to have been prepared for the temporary reception of the blessed bones of St. Mark. A narrow lane runs under the stone shutters of the cathedral windows to the meadow behind the campanile.

Pietro has already brought our basket and gone back for a nap in his gondola.

"Is there no one to receive us?" I ask.

"Presently," replies Amy, as she cuts the cake, and arranges the lamp under the tea-kettle. "You must remember we have come to visit a very old person, and very old persons can never be hurried. I think I see a little handmaiden now, tripping down the lane."

The little handmaiden proves to be a dark-eyed child, smilingly willing to bring provisions of water and of cream in the gayly painted, curiously nosed, plumply capacious pitchers of the country.

A young man draws near, of chatty disposition and much courtesy of manner. Can he serve the ladies in any way? Do the ladies know that yonder little chapel once held the bones of St. Mark? Have the ladies visited the cathedral? Have the ladies ascended the campanile? Finally, will the ladies be graciously pleased to excuse him? "I go to ring the vesper bell," says the young man, politely retiring.

• We move the afternoon tea party to the shade of a tall haycock, which affords

a view of the octagonal church of Santa Fosca.

The first member of the congregation to arrive is our own little handmaiden, a lace scarf thrown over her pretty head, a gay fan coquettishly held between the dark eyes and the sun. Two old women follow. A priest comes in sight, bearing under his arm a voluminous umbrella the color of nectarines. He deposits this at the feet of a stone Madonna, and disappears behind the crimson curtains of the doorway. In the shade of the haycock we sip our tea, and listen to the chanting voices of priest, old women, and child, to the Latin hymns and the psalm-singing. A boy joins us, after a time, — a friendly boy, with heavy hair and a tattered hat.

Are we Christians? Have we been baptized?

"Yes," we answer.

He also. Have we received the communion?

"Yes," we answer again.

He also.

Does he go to school? It is our turn to question now.

No, he has no time; he is obliged to earn his living. Where is our home? Do we have to cross much land and much water to reach the place? May he look at our watches? Would we like some bits of marble as souvenirs? What relation are we to each other? How old are we?

The priest comes out, tucks under his arm the nectarine-colored umbrella, touches his three-cornered hat in the direction of the haycock, and crosses the green inclosure to his house beyond. A moment later, we perceive through the open windows two persons running at full speed from room to room, up stairway and down stairway. A gray-haired woman is being pursued by the *padre*, fresh from his evening song. Doors are slammed, dishes dashed to the ground, and chairs and tables overthrown. The priest stops at the window, mops his

face, and resumes the attack. We hear the woman say: "And those foreign ladies out there! Dio del cielo! what will they" — But the dangers of the situation prevent the completion of the sentence.

"She is his aunt," remarks the friendly boy, who seems neither astonished nor alarmed.

"How long has the priest been here?"

"Eight years, — eight years too long."

The friendly boy taps his forehead significantly; in fact he adds, "A little mad."

Meanwhile, from a chaos of unintelligible words, we learn that this domestic trouble has been caused by some unseasonable delay in the preparation of dinner. The sounds and movements indicate that a crisis is approaching. Will the aunt's body be presently hurled upon us from an upper window? Are we perhaps to be detained indefinitely on Italian soil, as witnesses of a crime? Is this afternoon tea party to end in the formalities of a Venetian court-room?

There is a moment of ominous silence, broken by steps resounding on the stone floor, and the padre walks forth, his three-cornered hat still on his head, his nectarine-colored umbrella still under his arm. Do the ladies understand Italian? If they do, he wishes to inform them that it is man's duty to show his superiority; that woman must be kept under, that woman should never be allowed to rise.

Having thus expressed himself, the superior nephew starts off across the meadow. The aunt ventures cautiously out, — somewhat heated, but calm, considering the circumstances. "I am his housekeeper," she explains, looking not unkindly after the retreating figure. "I am the sister of his mother. It is of no use to make a fuss about what cannot be helped." A wise woman, truly, this aunt of the priest of Torcello.

Peace again. The black-eyed child, the friendly boy, the courteous young

man, the two old women, the excitable padre, and the patient sister of his mother have vanished as completely as if they had been called into existence only that they might assist, by gracious attendance combined with a religious ceremony and a realistic performance, in entertaining the afternoon guests. The cups and the spoons, the lamp and the tea-kettle, are replaced in the basket, under a covering of pomegranate blossoms; and now from the spot where rusty iron crosses stand among tall grasses and purple flowers, the tangled graveyard of Torcello, we climb the stairs of the bell-tower.

On the northeast is the horizon, on the northwest are the shadowy outlines of mountains; to the east the silvery grayness of the Adriatic, to the south the still waters of the lagoon, and still farther southward dim shapes of palaces and towers; for it is from the south that Venice the daughter looks homeward across the sea. Below are the canals

over which our gondola drifted a few hours ago; a little distance to the left is the town of Burano, famed for the making of laces, where young girls are wearying their beautiful eyes as they work the meshes of some bridal veil. At our feet lies the island of the lost city, in whose chief street "the mower's scythe swept this day at dawn, and the swaths of the soft grass are now sending up their scent to the night air."

Good-by, thou dear old mother of Venice! In spite of thy mad priest, thou hast given us to keep that which thou thyself art, a gentle memory.

We pass again the lonely island, with its solitary campanile and cypress-tree. The bright color fades from the evening sky, and the stars come out.

"The very same stars," says Amy reflectively, "that looked upon the burning of Altinum and the building of cathedral and city; for the stars must have been quite grown up when the mother of Venice was still a little girl."

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

THE PROMETHEUS UNBOUND OF SHELLEY.

III.

THE DRAMA AS A WORK OF ART.

It is a thankless task to "unweave a rainbow." The iridescent beauty of Shelley's poems stimulates the spirit of joy rather than that of analysis. The historic position and inner meaning of a poem may be made clearer by comment, but its charm as a work of art vanishes on close inspection, as the lights in a dewdrop die out under the microscope.

"He who bends to himself a joy
Shall the wingèd life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise."

Thus, the few suggestions which we shall

make about the artistic value of the *Prometheus Unbound* will advance no claim to completeness; they will be meant to quicken receptivity rather than to guide analysis.

The quality of a poet's work is in large measure determined by his temperament. This, true of all poets, is especially true of Shelley, whose poetry is subtly pervaded by his personality. Now, the chief notes of Shelley's temperament are two, — an intense sensitiveness and a passion for change. Like Browning's St. John, the soul of Shelley

"Shudderingly, scarce a shred between,
Lies bare to the universal prick of light."

He describes his own dominant mood in the words of the Spirit of the Hour: —

It was, as it is still, the pain of bliss
To move, to breathe, to be.

This poignant sensitiveness leads him to a marvelous fineness of perception, but his passion for change determines the sphere within which his perception shall act. Keats is as responsive to subtle sense-impressions as Shelley; Wordsworth's eye and ear have a fairy fineness. But Wordsworth and Keats alike, in different ways, — Wordsworth from spiritual, Keats from æsthetic instinct, — reflect most readily moods of repose. They love to dwell on themes of peace, on an "Attic shape, fair attitude," on the calm of mountain or forest. Shelley's genius is of a different order. He is the poet of motion, of half-tints and passing moods. His glancing restlessness makes him the interpreter of all that is fugitive in nature and in the mind of man. He is possessed by the vision of that elusive loveliness which comes but in flashes, and vanishes, for most of us, almost before it is beheld.

Nowhere do we find so perfect an expression of Shelley's nature as in the *Prometheus Unbound*. The drama is to the heaven of his soul as

the Sea, in storm or calm,
Heaven's ever-changing shadow, spread below.

It has a dreamlike beauty, due largely to its delicate responsiveness to every fleeting shade of feeling and of thought. Every simile shows the nature to which the unseen is clearer than the seen. The wind shakes clinging music from the pine boughs, —

"Low, sweet, faint sounds, *like the farewell of ghosts,*" —

and spring comes "like the memory of a dream." Every epithet — the "unpastured sea," the "thunder-baffled wings" of the eagle, the "tempest-wrinkled deep" — darts swiftly to the heart of fact. Less sonorous than the solemn-freighted words of Milton, Shelley's descriptive phrases are lighter, keener, purer. Less charged with human pas-

sion than the full dramatic epithets of Shakespeare, they have a power to reveal which is all their own. The little lyrics interspersed through the poem are the most ethereal ever written, — brief swallow-flights of song that wing their way through the sky of the drama, vibrating with swift rhythmic motion. Such are the lovely little poems, "In the atmosphere we breathe," "On a poet's lips I slept," "The path by which these lovely twain." In glancing idealism, in mystic suggestion, these lyrics recall a genius strangely akin to that of Shelley, though seldom associated with it, — the genius of Emerson.

Every one agrees that the *Prometheus Unbound* contains much wonderful poetry; but far more can be said of it than this. The drama is no mere succession of exquisite details. It manifests nobly that "high architectonic power" which Matthew Arnold tells us must always accompany complete dramatic development. Even Shelley's lovers do not claim this quality for him as fully as they might. Ruskin calls the power the imagination associative. Call it what we will, it is the power that unites many imperfect parts into a perfect and organic whole. This, Arnold explains, is the faculty which presides at the evolution of a great tragedy, an Agamemnon or an Antigone. Comparatively simple in manifestation through the tragic drama of the Greeks, it finds full expression in the complex yet organic construction of the Shakespearean drama. In most of Shelley's poems, devoid as they are of dramatic elements, there is perhaps no place for such a power. His minor lyrics are but a single strain, though sometimes, as in the *Ode to the West Wind*, the varied development of the emotional theme through a noble sequence of stanzas gives to the poem an inward harmony which suggests high constructive instinct. The *Adonais*, again, is finely organized, though the articulation of parts is here somewhat artificial, owing to the close-

ness with which the poem follows classic models. But in *Prometheus Unbound* Shelley finally and completely vindicates his claim to the architectonic faculty. He has not the Shakespearean power of dramatic construction, involving the clash of character with event; neither has he precisely the instinct for philosophical unity shown in the noble development of thought-experience in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. Shelley's power is more akin to that of the musician. From a single melodic theme he evolves a vast whole of ordered harmony. The *Prometheus Unbound* is like a symphony where the music, exquisite at every point, is modulated with wondrous beauty and subtlety into a grandly progressive whole. To translate the drama into terms of music is indeed a fascinating and feasible experiment. The unity of the poem, then, since akin to the unity of music, is primarily emotional; and surely no emotional theme was ever discovered wider in scope or fuller of varied imaginative suggestion than that of this drama of redemption.

Each act of the *Prometheus* centres in a distinct phase of the one theme. The first act, expressing the calm of proud endurance, is swayed towards the middle by an agony still passive, and at the end sinks into the peace of exhaustion. The second act is one of hope and promise. If the first centres in endurance, this centres in action. The spirit of life breathes through every line. Faint at first, as Asia waits in lovely passiveness, it gradually grows more eager, stronger, till it culminates in that marvelous lyric which brings us close to Goethe's *Werde-lust*, the creative rapture of the soul of the world. The third act is the calm of fulfillment, as the first was the calm of endurance. In the fourth act, the full pæan of triumph sweeps us along with tumultuous and unequalled harmony.

These moods — enduring expectation, life slowly quickened to full activity, ful-

fillment, and triumph — find expression not alone through the thought of the poem, but through its form. They interpenetrate its very structure, and mould every line of its verse. The treatment of nature, the use made of light and color, the melody, are all determined by them; and in studying the drama we must remember that each detail, however lovely in itself, gains inexpressibly from its relation to the whole.

It is in the treatment of nature that the distinctive powers of Shelley's poetry are most clearly seen. The *Prometheus Unbound* is in one sense a nature-drama. The *Soul of Nature* is herself one of the personages. We are transported from the wildest mountain scenery to the luxuriance of tropical valleys. Sky-cleaving peaks, glaciers, precipices, vast rivers, lakes, forests, meet us on every page. We have a sense that the drama is for the most part enacted on the heights, where the air is pure from earthly taint, and heaven and earth seem to blend. The sky scenery, above all, with its pomp and gloom of storm, its sunrise and sunset, its "flocks of clouds in spring's delightful weather," is as great as can be found in English poetry; yet the bold outline work, the strong and broad treatment of the vaster aspects of nature, reveal the poet less than the rendering of delicate detail, of fleeting sights and sounds lost on a grosser perception.

Feel you no delight

From the past sweetness?

Panthea. As the bare green hill
When some soft cloud vanishes into rain
Laughs with a thousand drops of sunny water
To the unpavilioned sky!

Winged clouds soar here and there
Dark with the rain new buds are dreaming of.

And yet to me welcome is day and night,
Whether one breaks the hoar frost of the
morn,
Or starry, dim, and slow, the other climbs
The leaden-coloured east.

And like the vapours when the sun sinks down,
Gathering again in drops upon the pines

And tremulous as they, in the deep night
My being was condensed.

The light

Which fills this vapour, as the aerial hue
Of fountain-gazing roses fills the water,
Flows from thy nightly sister.

As mortals see

The floating bark of the light-laden moon
With that white star, its sightless pilot's crest,
Borne down the rapid sunset's ebbing sea.

The terrors of his eye illumined heaven
With sanguine light, through the thick ragged
skirts
Of the victorious darkness, as he fell:
Like the last glare of day's red agony,
Which, from a rent among the fiery clouds,
Burns far along the tempest-wrinkled deep.

As the dissolving warmth of dawn may fold
A half unfrozen dew-globe, green, and gold,
And crystalline, till it becomes a winged mist,
And wanders up the vault of the blue day,
Outlives the noon, and on the sun's last ray
Hangs o'er the sea, a fleece of fire and amethyst.

The sensitiveness and passion for change which we have seen to be the notes of Shelley's temperament are evident in every one of these passages. His imagination always plays upon exquisitely accurate perception. It is doubtful whether any poet before our century, whatever his equipment, could so closely and finely have rendered the minutiae of nature. Shelley's treatment of nature always springs, not from the dull observation of the scientist, but from the vision-faculty of the seer; yet he has a marvelous power of grasping detail and rendering it with swift precision, — a power which perhaps no poet who had not felt the first breath of the spirit of modern science could have known. Again and again Shelley seizes a definite scientific conception or phenomenon, and renders it with truthfulness none the less great because touched with the interpretative power of the dynamic imagination. The little biography of a dew-drop, just given, is a charming instance; another is found in a passage where the force of gravitation and the revolution

of the moon round the earth are superbly expressed as emotional symbols. The Moon addresses the Earth: —

Thou art speeding round the sun,
Brightest world of many a one,
Green and azure sphere which shinest
With a light which is divinest
Among all the lamps of Heaven
To whom life and light is given.

Brother, wheresoe'er thou soarest
I must hurry, whirl and follow
Through the heavens wide and hollow,
Sheltered by the warm embrace
Of thy soul from hungry space.

The rest of the passage is too beautiful to omit; and it suggests at once the marvelous use of color which is one of Shelley's chief ways of spiritualizing and vitalizing his nature-picture.

As a violet's gentle eye
Gazes on the azure sky
Until its hue grows like what it beholds,
As a gray and watery mist
Glowes like solid amethyst
Athwart the western mountain it enfolds
When the sunset sleeps
Upon its snow.

And the weak day weeps
That it should be so.

It is only in the nineteenth century that the poets have become great colorists; and no one but Keats can in this respect rival the greatness of Shelley. If Keats has more force of color, Shelley has more purity. Keats's coloring is opaque, though brilliant, like that of a butterfly's wing; Shelley's is translucent, like an opal. Ruskin tells us that nature always paints her loveliest hues on aqueous or crystalline matter; and the very law of nature seems to be the instinct of Shelley. Rainbow lights, keen, swift, and pure, play through the Prometheus. The color flashes and is gone. To choose separate passages for illustration is to withdraw a cluster of blossoms from the shimmering world of rain and sunshine into the dead light of a library; one short passage will show the delicacy, subtlety, and transparency of tints that Shelley loved: —

Panthea. That terrible shadow floats
Up from its throne, as may the lurid smoke
Of earthquake-ruined cities o'er the sea.
Lo! it ascends the car; the coursers fly
Terrified: watch its path among the stars,
Blackening the night!

Asia. Thus I am answered: strange!

Panthea. See, near the verge, another chariot
stays;

An ivory shell inlaid with crimson fire,
Which comes and goes within its sculptured
rim

Of delicate strange tracery; the young spirit
That guides it has the dove-like eyes of hope;
How its soft smiles attract the soul! as light
Lures winged insects through the lampless air.

But the color in *Prometheus Unbound* has a higher function than to vivify the detail of the poem or to give us a series of exquisite vignettes. The drama, by the use of light and color, is shaped to an organic whole. It shows the harmonious evolution of a central theme; and this evolution is symbolically presented through the progress of the new cosmic day. The drama opens with night. In darkness, lit by the moonbeams of Hope and Memory, the Titan, glacier-bound, hangs

Nailed to this wall of eagle-baffling mountain,
Black, wintry, dead, unmeasured.

Slowly the "wingless, crawling hours" pass on. The Phantasm of Jupiter, "clothed in dark purple, star-inwoven," is a very incarnation of the night. With the approach of Mercury comes the first promise of the dawn; that faint flush of color in the east which may be seen hours before sunrise, gathering dim purple and solemn crimson out of the very substance of the darkness and the void.

Fear not: 't is but some passing spasm:
The Titan is unvanquished still.

But see, where through the azure chasm
Of yon forked and snowy hill,
Trampling the slant winds on high
With golden-sandalled feet, that glow
Under plumes of purple dye,
Like rose-ensanguined ivory,

A Shape comes now,
Stretching on high from his right hand
A serpent-cinctured wand.

The delusive promise is not fulfilled.

From the east again sweeps up the thunder-cloud of the Furies,

Blackening the birth of day with countless
wings,

And hollow underneath, like death.

The storm covers the heavens with a gloom deeper than that of midnight, which yet shadows forth but faintly the spiritual darkness that enwraps the Titan's soul. Flashes of lightning reveal the lurid visions of the world's moments of keenest pain. At last the tempest spends its force, the clouds melt away, and the "blue air" holds fresh promise of the day to be. The wings of the spirits of consolation gather like filmy, shining clouds.

See how they float

On their sustaining wings of skyey grain,
Orange and azure deepening into gold!
Their soft smiles light the air like a star's fire.

The exquisite twilight of dawn enfolds us; and with the paling of the morning star the act concludes. For the deepening of the sunrise into its full glory we must turn to the expectant heart of Love.

The beginning of the second act gives us the fullest blaze of color in the whole poem, though the triumph of purest light is to follow. This sunrise picture seems painted in the hues of the sky itself. Its greatest marvel lies in its swift transitions, the tremulous passage of loveliness from glory to glory. Only the soul of a Turner among painters could behold such a vision, and the brush of a Turner could give us but one arrested moment, while Shelley reveals the whole unfolding of the morning even as we gaze.

The point of one white star is quivering still
Deep in the orange light of widening morn
Beyond the purple mountains: through a
chasm

Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
Reflects it; now it wanes; it gleams again
As the waves fade, and as the burning threads
Of woven cloud unravel in pale air;
'T is lost! and through yon peaks of cloud-
like snow

The roseate sunlight quivers: hear I not

The Æolian music of her sea-green plumes
Winnowing the crimson dawn?

From this time the fresh light of morning shines more and more clearly through the poem. It is possible, indeed, with some critics, notably James Thomson, to contend that the second and third acts occupy several days; but though there are certain technical reasons for adopting this view, the points on which Shelley concentrates our attention are the moments of dawn, and the æsthetic effect of the poem centres in the gathering light. We feel this growing radiance with peculiar power where Asia and Panthea, breathing the pure air of the heights, watch below their feet the curling, brilliant, sunlit mists which veil the abode of Demogorgon. Again, for a short space, we descend to the region of shadows, and, standing before the throne of Demogorgon, perceive

a mighty darkness
Filling the seat of power, and rays of gloom
Dart round, as light from the meridian sun.

So dense is the gloom that the sister spirits, looking upward, see the stars in the morning sky. Then, with abrupt and breathless transition, we are whirled to the final height of vision and the consummation of the drama. The apotheosis of Asia gives us the intense fullness of white light, the high noon of the great cosmic day. Shelley's mysticism has introduced one or two confusing lines; but his thought, evidently, is that the physical day has yielded to the new spiritual order, and that the rising of the material sun is superseded, at least in this great moment, by the rising of the sun of love. At this point the development of the theme of the Day is practically dropped, and the light, except for one or two minor suggestions, is constant; the implication perhaps being that in the evolution of human destiny we have reached at last the era of unshadowed bliss, which stoops not to evening.

The supreme æsthetic glory of the

Prometheus Unbound is not its nature descriptions, nor its treatment of light and color, but its music. Never did melody so enfold the spirit of a poet. The form is transparent and supple as flame. The technical range of melody in the drama is wonderful. Thirty-seven distinctly different verse-forms are to be found in it. Blank verse rises into the long, passionate swing of the anapest, or is broken by the flutelike notes of short trochaic lines, or relieved by the half-lyrical effect of rhymed endings. The verse lends itself with equal suppleness to the grandeur of sustained endurance, to the passionate yearning of love, to severe philosophic inquiry, to the ethereal notes of spirit voices dying on the wind. Most of the verse-forms are simple, but at times the schemes are as complex as those of the most elaborate odes of Dryden or Collins. Yet the artificial and labored beauty of eighteenth-century verse is replaced, in Shelley, by song spontaneous as that of his own skylark. The conventions of poetry have been entirely swept away by the new democracy. We may apply to Shelley, and indeed to the typical poet of the modern world, the noble line

"His nature is its own divine control."

Not only in Shelley's lyrics do we find marvelous variety of movement; his blank verse itself has no monotony, and the range of his power can in no way be better illustrated than by the different kinds of music which he is able to draw from an instrument technically unchanged. This may be seen at once by comparing the opening soliloquies of Prometheus and of Asia. The passages have already been quoted; their music is entirely different in quality. In the speech of Prometheus, consonant strikes hard on consonant, and the vowel-coloring is scant and cold. The lines have a sonorous pomp, derived in part from their austere majesty of epithet, in part from the note of sternly repressed pas-

sion. But into the words of Asia has passed something of the soft air and light of the springtide which she sings. The melody has a prolonged and gentle sweetness, which might be languid were it not for the sparkle of delicate life that animates the whole. The same distinction of quality may always be felt in the best utterances of Prometheus and of Asia. Jupiter, again, speaks with a proud accent all his own : —

Ye congregated powers of heaven, who share
The glory and the strength of him ye serve,
Rejoice ! henceforth I am omnipotent.
All else had been subdued to me ; alone
The soul of man, like unextinguished fire,
Yet burns towards heaven with fierce reproach,
and doubt,
And lamentation, and reluctant prayer,
Hurling up insurrection, which might make
Our antique empire insecure, though built
On eldest faith, and hell's coeval, fear.

This monologue has a certain harsh, metallic ring, mingled with a fullness of vowel-color quite different from the pure, quiet, and strong utterance of Prometheus. To Demogorgon's speeches Shelley has not, I think, succeeded in imparting a distinct cadence. He says little, and his few speeches are commonplace as poetry, though at times suggestive as thought. Any poet of the third order could have written —

Lift thy lightnings not.
The tyranny of heaven none may retain,
Or reassume, or hold, succeeding thee :
Yet if thou wilt, as 't is the destiny
Of trodden worms to writhe till they are dead,
Put forth thy might.

Probably even Shelley found it difficult to impart individual accent to the words of a "mighty darkness."

Of all these different types of blank verse, there is one most intimately characteristic of Shelley. We find it always in the speeches of Asia, sometimes elsewhere. Miltonic echoes sound through the words of Prometheus and Jupiter ; but there is a cadence of which Shelley alone is master, — a cadence unique in haunting, clinging melody.

Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.

With feet unwet, unwearied, undelaying.

It is the unpastured sea hungering for calm.

See where the child of Heaven, with wingèd feet,

Runs down the slanted sunlight of the dawn.

In lines like these Shelley has drawn a new music from English words.

Even the blank verse of Shelley holds a subtle lyrical cry ; but it is the sweep and variety of direct lyrical modulation which first arrest the reader of the Prometheus Unbound. There is no rigid distinction in the use of metre, yet the major characters of the drama use, as a rule, the plain recitative, while Ione, Panthea, and the other chorus characters generally sing rather than speak. These chorus characters, or rather chorus voices, enhance strangely the imaginative power of the drama. Again and again they are heard at critical moments, coming from an unseen source ; and the unearthly beauty of their song-snatches thrills us with the sense that we listen to elemental creatures, too fine for discernment by any sense grosser than that of sound. The whole creation, invisible as well as visible, seems thus to share in the spiritual action of the poem and to echo its passion. These aerial spirit voices are first heard in Act I., when the Earth-mother, yet unenlightened, bemoans Prometheus' retraction of the curse.

The Earth. Misery, oh misery to me,
That Jove at length should vanquish thee !
Wail, howl aloud, Land and Sea,
The Earth's rent heart shall answer ye.
Howl, Spirits of the living and the dead,
Your refuge, your defence, lies fallen and vanquishèd.

First Echo. Lies fallen and vanquishèd !

Second Echo. Fallen and vanquishèd !

Here we have the impression of the powers of nature, ethereal yet unspiritual, unable to apprehend the higher attitude of regenerate man. But the most exquisite instance of this fairylike use of the lyrical interlude is in that first scene

of the second act, already quoted, where all nature, becoming vocal with spirit voices, whispers and sings its quickening message. These tiny lyrics can be compared to nothing but the Ariel songs in *The Tempest*. They have the same light trochaic movement, sacred, in Shakespeare and Shelley, to fairy suggestion; they have the same dainty and elusive grace. Perhaps the singing of the wind in pine branches, and the lovely inarticulate rise and fall of the sounds of nature in a spring morning, ring through the songs of Shelley's echoes even more sweetly than through the songs of Shakespeare's tricky sprite.

ECHOES.

O, follow, follow,
As our voice recedeth
Through the caverns hollow,
Where the forest spreadeth;

(*More distant.*)

O, follow, follow!
Through the caverns hollow,
As the song floats thou pursue,
Where the wild bee never flew,
Through the noon-tide darkness deep
By the odour-breathing sleep
Of faint night flowers, and the waves
At the fountain-lighted caves,
While our music, wild and sweet,
Mocks thy gently falling feet,
Child of Ocean!

Asia. Shall we pursue the sound? It grows
more faint
And distant.

Panthea. List! the strain floats nearer now.

ECHOES.

In the world unknown
Sleeps a voice unspoken;
By thy step alone
Can its rest be broken;
Child of Ocean!

Asia. How the notes sink upon the ebbing
wind!

ECHOES.

O, follow, follow!
Through the caverns hollow,
As the song floats thou pursue,
By the woodland noon-tide dew,
By the forests, lakes, and fountains,
Through the many-folded mountains;

To the rents, and gulfs, and chasms,
Where the Earth reposed from spasms,
On the day when he and thou
Parted, to commingle now;
Child of Ocean!

In the last act of the *Prometheus Unbound* the spirit voices have it all their own way. Their music, from an undertone, has become dominant, and they blend in one grand diapason of harmony to express the rapture of a creation redeemed to the freedom of new and perfect life.

Shelley's power in handling his instrument will become clearer if we follow, very briefly, the consecutive metrical changes in the drama. As a rule, the blank verse marks passages of transition or of repressed feeling, while at every climax of passion the poetry rushes into lyrical form. The first introduction of the lyric follows the opening soliloquy of Prometheus. He calls on the powers of nature to repeat to him the forgotten curse. They respond and deny in lyrical lines, where trochees, iambs, and anapests blend; and though horror deepens through the images of carnage which the words present, relief is afforded, after the stern self-repression of Prometheus, by the free beauty of the verse-movement. The lyric next appears where Ione and Panthea, whose voices are now heard for the first time, herald the approach of the Phantasm of Jupiter.

As the pain of the whole world presses upon the spirit of Prometheus, the music deepens in grandeur and solemnity. The grievous terror of the visions beheld by the Titan is subdued by the weird melody which ebbs and flows with the theme. Yet not in lyric, but in blank verse is reached the climax of the revelation of sorrow, and in blank verse does Prometheus utter his cry of supreme anguish. Shelley doubtless here suggests the quietness of the deepest horror in life. As the pain subsides, and the weary but triumphant Titan sinks into repose, the tension of the verse relaxes.

Panthea. Look, sister, where a troop of
spirits gather,
Like flocks of clouds in spring's delightful
weather
Thronging in the blue air!

Ionc. And see! more come,
Like fountain-vapours when the winds are
dumb,
That climb up the ravine in scattered lines.
And hark! is it the music of the pines?
Is it the lake? Is it the waterfall?

Panthea. 'T is something sadder, sweeter far,
than all.

These lines, heralding the fair spirits
of the human mind, afford exquisite re-
lief by the mere introduction of rhyme;
and the lyrics of consolation that fol-
low have a serene and tender beauty of
movement all their own.

Of certain portions of the music in
the second act we have already spoken.
"Shelley has here," says Todhunter,
"made English blank verse the native
language of elemental genii." The lyr-
ics are more frequent, and interpenetrate
the whole structure more, than in the
first act. The journey of Asia and Pan-
thea is like a great processional, accom-
panied by a chant, which now rises, now
falls, upon the wind. The semi-choruses
that sing the advance of the sister spirits
have doubtless a mystical meaning; they
have also an imaginative beauty, like
that of Keats's Ode to a Nightingale, but
the music has a less heavy richness and
a more flutelike tone.

SEMI-CHORUS I. OF SPIRITS.

The path through which that lovely twain
Have passed, by cedar, pine, and yew,
And each dark tree that ever grew,
Is curtained out from Heaven's wide blue;
Nor sun, nor moon, nor wind, nor rain,
Can pierce its interwoven bowers.
Nor aught, save where some cloud of dew,
Drifted from the earth-creeping breeze,
Between the trunks of the hoar trees,
Hangs each a pearl in the pale flowers
Of the green laurel, blown anew;
And bends, and then fades silently,
One frail and fair anemone:
Or when some star of many a one
That climbs and wanders through steep night,
Has found the cleft through which alone
Beams fall from high those depths upon;

Ere it is borne away, away,
By the swift Heavens that cannot stay,
It scatters drops of golden light,
Like lines of rain that ne'er unite:
And the gloom divine is all around;
And underneath is the mossy ground.

The longest passage of blank verse in
the act is the discussion between Demo-
gorgon and Asia, which is purely intel-
lectual. As soon as emotion and action
reappear the verse breaks into the song
of the Spirit of the Hour. This lyric, in-
terrupted as it is by the end of the scene,
and ended in the fifth scene, gives a won-
derful impression of haste. The fiery
and ethereal coursers indeed "drink the
hot speed of desire." The fifth scene,
the apotheosis of Asia, touches the high-
water mark of the English lyric. The
scene corresponds in passion to the scene
with the Furies, in the first act. As that
was hate, this is love; as that was dark-
ness, this is light; as that was supreme
horror, so this is supreme rapture. The
great lyric, "Life of Life," is simple as a
ray of white sunlight is simple. Asia's
response is a wonderful whole of subtly
interwoven harmonies.

The third act, as we have already said,
is attuned to the music of peace. But
Shelley is less fitted to render this music
than to sing of desire, or even of endur-
ance. Not only spiritually, but artisti-
cally, the second act is the finest in the
drama. Yet the third act has certain
passages of tranquil music beautiful in
its way, — music no longer, as in the first
act, breathing the tense calm of pain and
scorn, but inspired by the free serenity
of joy. Such is the lovely little scene
between Apollo and Ocean, which is
Hellenic in its pure repose.

Ocean. Henceforth the fields of Heaven-re-
flecting sea,
Which are my realm, will heave, unstained
with blood,
Beneath the uplifting winds, like plains of corn
Swayed by the summer air.

Apollo. And I shall gaze not on the deeds
which make
My mind obscure with sorrow, as eclipse
Darkens the sphere I guide. But list, I hear

The small, clear, silver lute of the young spirit
That sits i' the morning star.

Ocean. Thou must away ;
Thy steeds will pause at even, till when fare-
well :

The loud deep calls me home even now to feed
it

With azure calm out of the emerald urns
Which stand for ever full beside my throne.
Behold the Nereids under the green sea,
Their wavering limbs borne on the wind-like
stream,

Their white arms lifted o'er their streaming
hair

With garlands pied and starry sea-flower
crowns,

Hastening to grace their mighty sister's joy.

[*A sound of waves is heard.*]

It is the unpastured sea hungering for calm.

Peace, monster ; I come now. Farewell.

Apollo.

Farewell.

The fourth act defies comment. A triumphant pean of enfranchised nature, it is so bewildering in complex structure, so intricate in harmony, so remote from all human interest, that complete sympathy with it is perhaps impossible. Yet doubtless the act as a whole marks the most sustained achievement of English lyricism. The music with which it opens is light, almost too light, perhaps, as the Hours, past and future, and the spirits of the human mind, join in joyful choruses of thankful glee.

The pine boughs are singing
Old songs with new gladness ;
The billows and fountains
Fresh music are flinging,
Like the notes of a spirit from land and from
sea ;

The storms mock the mountains
With the thunder of gladness,
But where are ye ?

Soon the theme widens. The "deep music of the rolling world" is heard, and the pauses are filled with "clear, silvery, icy, keen-awakening tones." We listen to a solemn involution of harmony in the grand antiphon of rejoicing between the Earth and the Moon. The music of the Earth is grave, rich, full, exultant ; the Moon answers as from afar, with a tender and wistful cadence, — the same as that of the Earth, only

shortened by a foot, and hence transfigured in effect.

The Earth. The joy, the triumph, the delight, the madness !

The boundless, overflowing, bursting gladness,

The vapourous exultation not to be confined !

Ha ! ha ! the animation of delight

Which wraps me, like an atmosphere of light,
And bears me as a cloud is borne by its own
wind.

The Moon. Brother mine, calm wanderer,
Happy globe of land and air,

Some Spirit is darted like a beam from thee,

Which penetrates my frozen frame,

And passes with the warmth of flame,

With love, and odour, and deep melody
Through me, through me !

The act and the drama conclude with an organ-roll of harmony like that of the Ode to the West Wind. Demogorgon, the mystic Living Spirit, the power no longer of destruction, but of love, solemnly invokes all natural and spiritual forces to listen ; and when, in answering music, they attest their presence, and we feel the harmony of the redeemed creation speaking through their words, he utters in cadence grave and serene his final message. It is the message of courage and of hope. The quiet dignity and seriousness of the lines justly conclude that music which may at times have seemed lawless and fantastic, yet which has always, in its most passionate abandon, yielded allegiance to the law of perfect beauty.

Thus we have tried to suggest something of the poetic power of Shelley as revealed in the *Prometheus Unbound*. The hold on concrete human life of a Shakespeare or a Browning Shelley did not possess ; nor was there granted to him the serene insight of Wordsworth nor the philosophic method of Tennyson. But his exquisitely equipped temperament, sensitive in every fibre, enabled him to express those finest aspects of nature where visible trembles into invisible, and those finest aspects of emotion where rapture and sorrow blend ; he has the power to sing melodies which seem

echoes of unearthly music; and his sweep of spiritual apprehension reveals to him the solemn vision of human destiny as an ordered and harmonious whole. The Ode to the West Wind was written in the same year with the Prometheus Unbound; may not the aspiration of the poem have been connected in Shelley's mind with his desires for his great drama?

We cannot help connecting the two in our own thought. "The tumult of the mighty harmonies" of nature has passed into the Prometheus Unbound. We feel, as we read the drama, that Shelley's prayer has been fulfilled. A spirit greater than his own has been, through his lips, to unawakened earth, the trumpet of a prophecy.

Vida D. Scudder.

TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

8TH MO. 29TH, 1892.

AMONG the thousands who with hail and cheer
Will welcome thy new year,
How few of all have passed, as thou and I,
So many milestones by!

We have grown old together; we have seen,
Our youth and age between,
Two generations leave us, and to-day
We with the third hold way,

Loving and loved. If thought must backward run
To those who, one by one,
In the great silence and the dark beyond
Vanished with farewells fond,

Unseen, not lost; our grateful memories still
Their vacant places fill,
And, with the full-voiced greeting of new friends,
A tenderer whisper blends.

Linked close in a pathetic brotherhood
Of mingled ill and good,
Of joy and grief, of grandeur and of shame,
For pity more than blame,—

The gift is thine the weary world to make
More cheerful for thy sake,
Soothing the ears its Miserere paus,
With the old Hellenic strains,

Lighting the sullen face of discontent
With smiles for blessings sent.

Enough of selfish wailing has been had,
Thank God! for notes more glad.

Life is indeed no holiday; therein
Are want, and woe, and sin,
Death and its nameless fears, and over all
Our pitying tears must fall.

Thy hand, old friend! the service of our days,
In differing moods and ways,
May prove to those who follow in our train
Not valueless nor vain.

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,
The songs of boyhood seem,
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,
And live because He lives.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN.

THE second volume of Herr Friedrich Spielhagen's reminiscences¹ opens with the year 1851, ten years before the publication of *Problematischen Naturen*, and covers some of the final experiences that went into the composition of that romance. Like the first volume, it is conceived from a literary point of view, and will be read by men of letters with interest, as much because of its suggestions and its inherent challenges to those among them who are writers of another way of thinking as because of any of the new personal facts which its pages di-

¹ *Finder und Erfinder*. Von FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN. Leipzig: Stackmann. 1890.

vulge. The author intimates in the preface that he writes for the general public. But this intimation is hardly fulfilled by the actual performance, the story of the author's life being broken into by pages of observations upon purely literary matters; and much longer and considerably oftener, even, than in the first volume is the narrative held suspended, while the hero of it records at length his youthful manner of solving problems of æsthetics and life. Such reflections are scarcely the stuff with which the ordinary reader concerns himself, even in Germany, where a good deal more of it is produced than elsewhere. Men of the

literary fraternity will perceive that, inasmuch as speculative subjects actually engrossed a good deal of the mental life recorded, it was obligatory on the author to admit them into his autobiography. Yet, even while acquiescing wholly in the introduction of the themes, and while entertained personally by all the details which Herr Spielhagen offers, many critics will raise a question whether the treatment of the themes is always felicitous. He gives almost the same loose rein to his memory, when writing retrospectively of abstract problems, as he did to his speculative fancy when his youthful mind first considered them. The long, roundabout roads, it is true, are strewn with delicious fruits of observation and brilliant flowers of thought. Still, interesting and clever as the writing is, for the sake of the reputation of the book as a work of art one wishes the most of it absent.

As the main lines of the author's analyses and theories of authorship are laid down at full length in his *Vermischte Schriften*, and again in his *Theorie und Technik des Romans*, the lines might surely have been contracted here into "points" without essential loss. Brief paragraphs, containing a quintessence of his speculations, would have afforded sufficient rest from the narrative style, and enough contrast to the descriptive passages of the book, if contrast were the author's aim. At any rate, let him who fancies the contrary observe what the final impression is which the opposite method brings about, — this method, I mean, of extending abstract remarks until they reach the length of essays.

If any one fact more than another has distinguished realism in literature, it has been the fact that writers have looked upon and described the personages of their books psychologically, and the retrospective view which Spielhagen takes of his life is strongly affected by this psychology habit. The surroundings of his boyhood, his family, his pas-

sionate friendships with men, his intercourse with acquaintances of both sexes, the various occupations of his earliest manhood, — all these are described with epic breadth, but not with the simple epic intention of merely narrating. His intention, on the contrary, is that of the narrator, of the scientist, and of the pedagogue. He wishes to depict his life, and at the same time he anxiously portrays his ancestors. His environment and friends, too, must be sketched; less, however, for their own sake than because they exercised an influence upon him, and in so far as they served him later for backgrounds in romances and as characters in short stories. From these stories and romances, particularly from the one romance *Problematischen Naturen*, his inspiration to write the present volume started. Here are imbedded the facts that fascinate his attention; and just as an anatomist lays bare the nerves of a ganglion in order to trace each nerve separately to its origin, so does he uncover, one by one, the multitudinous experiences that converged in the production of this romance.

His babyhood in Magdeburg, where he was born on the 24th of February, 1829, and his boyhood in Stralsund, where he played on the docks, among fishwomen and glistening mountains of herring, or sailed mornings out over the sea to Rügen with his father, the engineer of the port, or in autumn wandered inland, where the swash of the yellow waves of the sea was continued in the swish of the salty wind strokes across endless fields of yellow grain, — these, the very earliest years and the earliest occupations of his boyhood, were alone devoid, as it would appear, of everything like thinking. "Although even as a child it could not have been with me quite as with other children," the author adds, in a tone of reluctant confession, "much as I would give, at this date, to write that I was a normal child. I read fluently and voraciously from my fourth

or fifth year, and so long as we lived in Magdeburg I went in the family by the nickname of the 'little old foggy.' In Stralsund the epithet fell into disuse; which argues that the child's excursions on the Baltic Sea and into the wheat fields of the "inland" soon called forth a counteraction of the physical man against the unhealthy intellectuality that the schoolmaster in Magdeburg had foolishly encouraged. Spielhagen grew to be a strong lad and a strong man, about five feet four inches in height, with a long body and short muscular legs, broad back, sinewy arms, and a spacious chest, with firm ribs that spread to give ample room to the lungs without the least regard to the fashion of slender waists.

As Pomeranian fortunes went, the family were very well to do. A spacious house, stable, and garden composed the boy's intimate world, in contrast to the great wide outside world of the docks and the sea; while his talented mother, his sturdy father, a sister, and brothers made up the nucleus of an acquaintanceship that had its outermost members in the master and hands of the dredging-machines in the channel, and in country squires and their families on the landed estates inland.

At school his bosom friend was Adalbert Mecklenburg, a boy of his own age, twelve or fourteen years old, "whose dramas and songs were infinitely more actable and singable" than Spielhagen's own, yet in comparison with whom he felt that he stood upon vantage ground, — why, he could not tell, until one day when Adalbert had asked him into his den. This was a poor, shabby room that his friend had rented, just off the pavement of a side street. Adalbert, as he relates, flings himself into a chair by a pine table, with the intent to read his last drama, and begins by stretching one leg out under the table, stooping over the manuscript lying upon it, and pronouncing carelessly and monotonously. One hand, meanwhile, rubs a knee in-

cessantly. Spielhagen, in a chair near the window, is ready to spring to his feet for impatience, — his well-developed feet, so different from the bony, lank extremities in the shiny broadcloth and coarse leather which Adalbert is caressing. But of a sudden two facts strike the listener and hold him. One is that an agreeable manner lends worth to matter. The other is that dramas may be written by inexperienced men like his friend, because one-sided passions and their conflicts compose the substance of dramatic compositions. The moment gave birth, in short, to the germs of the theory on the nature of the various branches of writing, which was developed later into the author's *Theorie und Technik des Romans*.

So long as Spielhagen remained in Stralsund, he pursued the long, ill-fenced road of æsthetic inquiry by the light of his own and Adalbert's intuitions. Now and then some incandescent-like, fitful illumination fell across the path, in the form of casual remarks in the works of the poets which they read. When both graduated, at last, and departed, each his own way, for the university in Berlin. Spielhagen was still bent instinctively in the same literary direction; but, as literature was not regarded as a career either by his family or by himself, in the last moment, and because Adalbert was destined for the medical profession, he too determined to study medicine. On the journey from Stralsund to Berlin, however, there occurred many halts, and he made use of one to write a letter home, asking permission to study law instead of medicine. The elder Spielhagen was grievously pained by such irresolution in his son, — his cleverest boy, yet the only one of all his children who was frivolous! Nevertheless, he consented indulgently to the change. But Friedrich, meanwhile, had altered his plan for a third time, and was attending lectures on philosophy, and next to none of those on jurisprudence!

As at the university in Berlin, so in Bonn (where he knew Carl Schurz) ; so, also, in Greifswald : he was studious, but his indefatigable industry was wholly without end or aim. In Greifswald, for the first time, he gave himself up to dissipations. But directly afterwards he went through his year of compulsory military service with faultless promptness and obedience, "since obedience and promptness were the virtues required of him." A certain self-respect prevented him, as it would seem, from indulging in violent, uproarious opposition, as it is certain that a morbid or cynical reticence marked his behavior to the outspoken hotspurs of the rebellious years 1848 and 1849. Spielhagen's passionate antipathy for the aristocracy was, similarly, no reason whatever to his Machiavellian mind why he should avoid noblemen, but rather a good ground why he should seek to know them : the revenge of the clever consists in the very penetration that enables them to see through the powerful. Besides, with the strict scrupulosity that is characteristic of truly intelligent minds, he made a distinction between institutions and the persons who belonged to them. So, though a republican by conviction, he served the subalterns and officers of a monarchical army in exemplary fashion ; and, though a democrat in every fibre of his soul, he selected a family that was noble by descent in which to become a tutor. For, to the mortification of his family, he turned to private teaching. His pupil was the heir of a large estate in Pomerania, and during one year and six or eight months young Spielhagen gave lessons in Latin, a few hours every day, in the schoolroom of the castle, and wandered many hours through the forest glades of the castle park.

The peacefulness of country life for a while enchanted him ; then it palled upon him. He left it, and there succeeded two or three months of idleness,

when he wended his way, one day, up the stairway of Dessoir's modest lodging in Berlin. Had he not the stuff in him for an actor ? Spielhagen asked of the tragedian, telling him the story of his life. Actor ! replied the practical man of the boards. Why, if he had but a drop of the genuine actor's blood in his veins, he would have been standing on the spot where he now stood six years before ; or rather, he would have let the devil take Ludwig Dessoir and his advice, and have bounded with both feet upon the stage. Now he had learnt too much, thought too much. A man cannot swim on the theatrical sea with the ballast of four years of university education and twenty of reading. Dessoir said, however, he might try, if he liked. But Spielhagen turned his downcast face to Leipzig and the chair of a professorship.

His story Clara Vere had wandered like a forlorn outcast from one editor's office to another, without finding acceptance at any publisher's hands. So, as he appeared to have no prospect of success as an author, he undertook to enter upon the career of a philologist. There was Schiller's inadequate analysis of poetical compositions, as laid down in his essays on Naive and Sentimental Poetry, to be undermined and replaced by a better one ; and he undertook the task for his doctor's dissertation, entitling his own essay *Objectivity in Art*. For a time the effort promised to be successful. But out of Schiller's artificial and genial fabrics there confronted him so many formulas half æsthetic, half ethical, definitions half general, half arbitrary, conclusions half logical, half fanciful, that he grew more and more bewildered. He struggled and wrestled with the apparitions for months, writing at last to his friend Bernhard "of the beautiful soul" (for whom Adalbert of the lank legs and shaggy hair, of Stralsund memories, had been forgotten) that they would be the death of him. "I said last year," he

continued, "that I was done thinking of the stage, because an actor, after all, is the servant of a superior master; and a proof that acting is not a supreme art is supported by the fact that women equal men in the practice of it. But my pride is bent; my courage is entirely broken."

Accordingly, Spielhagen packed his trunk again, this time for Magdeburg and the theatre. A bright June morning found him, some weeks later, rowing over the Elbe, in a little boat, to a trial recitation before the director of a summer theatre in a coffee garden. When he arrived at the place, the daily rehearsal of the troupe was just over, and the stage cleared. The busy director took a seat on a sofa. Two elderly actors placed themselves respectfully behind him. They were ready; he might begin. Spielhagen of a sudden forebodes that his performance will be a failure. The garish sunlight streams through the glass roof upon the stage, the curtain of which is rolled up, while shafts of sunbeams full of dancing atoms of dust streak the twilight of the dim, wide, empty space of the room below, showing piles of chairs and empty benches. In the boxes of the galleries a few charwomen mop the floors. Behind him, in the background of the stage, motionless figures of men and women — future comrades — tarry to witness the afterpiece of his performance. This latter is colorless and impotent. The polite director rises at the close, and is about crushing him by asking one of the company to play the same rôle, by which means the difference would dawn even upon his inexperienced mind, when an elderly actor intervenes. Their young, new comrade is nervous, and the trial is hardly fair; he inclines to grant him another; and later, when the sickly, overworked director leaves town, he actually causes the troupe to receive Spielhagen as one of its number. As often as he can he also secures minor rôles for him. A month

after, the same good-natured mentor attempts to soothe his mortification over being hissed by telling anecdotes of similar experiences in his own life. But on stepping out of the boat in which the troupe had rowed themselves across the river, and saying good-night, stage life for Spielhagen was at an end.

Three days later a letter came from Leipzig, mentioning a position that was open in a private college there. It was that of a teacher of English. Hardly anything could be more acceptable, and on entering upon his duties Spielhagen began at once to renew his acquaintance with the works of the great English writers of the eighteenth century. The time he used to spend in society he now spent in bookshops; society, as he knew, not inclining to men who had been before the footlights. As chance would have it, in one of these little bookshops R. W. Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America* fell into his hands. This book incited him to read the complete works of Poe, Bryant, Bayard Taylor, and Longfellow, and to translate many of the poems of these authors. The publication of the translations made him known; it seems, at least to book publishers; for an enterprising young firm in Hanover soon proposed that he should translate *The Nile Notes of an Howadji*, by Mr. George W. Curtis, and, after the completion of the Notes, Emerson's *English Traits*. In a little more than a year three other volumes were rendered into German. Spielhagen was coming into good repute as a punctual and cheap translator, when, unexpectedly, his novel *Clara Vere* found at last a friend in the senior partner of the Hanoverian firm of printers. Its publication at this time gave a turn at once to the author's fortunes; for, breathing as it does a bitter hatred of aristocratic institutions, the book won the heart of the editor of the *North German Gazette*. Spielhagen was solicited by him to write serials for the paper, and, throwing over the task of

translating, the author complied by writing *Auf den Dunen*, and a year after, in 1859, the first part of his famous *Problematischen Naturen*.

From Leipzig he had been ordered, meanwhile, to Erfurt, to be drilled; and here he rose in rank to a lieutenancy of the reserve. Here, too, and at this time, he became betrothed.

A future volume may depict the subsequent episodes of his life as an editor in Hanover and Leipzig, and, later, as an influential member of the cultivated society of Berlin. Certain erotic experiences of these periods are offered in the *Gedichte*,¹ together with elegies, satires in Horace's style on German and American manners, and burlesque romances in Heinrich Heine's style on the heroes and maidens of mythology. Indeed, since it accords² with the limitations which Spielhagen sets critically to lyric art to relegate such matters to poems as involve passing feelings and insights, we may regard the *Gedichte* as a key not only to volumes to come, but

also as an addition to the confessions of the *Finder und Erfinder*. Loves and friendships possess an interest for the retrospective glance of Herr Spielhagen solely as they contributed to the production of his great novel. Hence he portrays Adalbert and Bernhard, because on them the characters of the Baron and Dr. Franz were modeled, whereas he passes over his passionately beloved mistress in Leipzig with a brief reference to his sonnets on Resignation. What a different art is this from the confessions of Lamartine, from the autobiographies of Jean Jacques and the romanticists! Herein is but another evidence of the affinity of Herr Spielhagen's writings with the realism of his day. Hardly anything could so correspond to the practice of modern artists of excluding the splendors and gloom of the red sun's risings and settings from their canvases, in order to give place to the common sights of *plein air*, as this omission from the description of his life of a man's most intense infatuation.

TWO VIRGINIANS.

VIRGINIA was at her greatest during the half-century which intervened between the conclusion of the French war and the opening of the second war with Great Britain. During all the years from 1763 to 1812, her population was greater than that of any of the other colonies and States. In the census of 1790, she even surpassed them all in the number of her free inhabitants, and embraced within her borders more than a fifth of the total population of the Union. It was during this time, too, that she enjoyed her maximum of influence, and made her chief contributions

¹ *Gedichte*. Von FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN. Leipzig: Stackmann. 1892.

to the fabric of American government. This is the period of her history best worth recounting; but in formal histories it has been little recounted. Scarcely any such exist for the years subsequent to the fall of Yorktown. Girardin's continuation of Burk had the merits that would naturally spring from his close connection with Jefferson; but it had also some of the defects that would naturally mark a book drawing so large a part of its inspiration from that one source. Howison's book is one of no great merit.

For the history of Virginia in its

² See Spielhagen's essay entitled *Edgar Poe versus Henry Longfellow*.

golden age we have therefore always had to resort to the biographies of the chief Virginians of that period. Fortunately, they have been numerous and excellent, — far beyond what one can find for the other Southern States. Happy the State whose eminent men have found biographers. From biographies their praises filter into cyclopædias of biography, and then Mr. Lodge, or some other ingenious tabulator of the meritorious, credits the State with having had many great men, because it has had many writers of biography. Unquestionably, Virginia did, for various reasons, abound in great men in the age spoken of, and unquestionably they have had good biographers. First of all came Chief Justice Marshall's life of Washington, dignified, careful, and monumental. Since then there have been three periods of marked activity in such writing. During the twenty years succeeding the inauguration of President Monroe, when the Revolutionary leaders were passing away, and the enthusiastic patriotism evoked by the war of 1812 was still at the flood, came Wirt's engaging life of Patrick Henry, the lives of Richard Henry Lee and Arthur Lee by Richard Henry Lee the younger, with those wonderful appendixes which have been for two generations the despair of searchers, Sparks's life and writings of Washington, Tucker's life of Jefferson, and T. J. Randolph's edition of Jefferson's writings. Later, within the few years just preceding the civil war, came Raudall's Jefferson and Rives's Madison and Garland's Randolph, the congressional edition of Jefferson's writings and those of Madison. The past decade has seen a most happy revival of interest in the worthies of that time and State. In

1882, Mr. Henry Adams led the way with his incisive discussion of John Randolph. In 1884, Mr. Lyon Gardiner Tyler brought out his *Letters and Times of the Tylers* (the judge and the President), making contributions to Virginian history of more than sufficient value to insure him forgiveness for the occasional intemperateness of his statements. In 1888, Mr. Conway followed with his *Edmund Randolph*, and its interesting extracts from that singular man's *History of Virginia*, of which a word may be spoken later. Then came Professor Moses Coit Tyler's masterly and brilliant little book on Patrick Henry, and Mr. Lodge's able volumes on Washington. Even the Department of State contributed its share, using some ingeniously discovered authority to publish the *Letters of Joseph Jones*. And now come, most extensive and most valuable of all these recent additions to our knowledge, Mr. Wirt Henry's *Life, Correspondence, and Speeches of his grandfather*,¹ and Miss Rowland's *Life and letters of her collateral ancestor, George Mason*.²

Naturally, the three volumes upon Henry make on the reader a less impression of novelty than Miss Rowland's account of Mason. Of the latter no biography had ever appeared, urgently as one had been desired, while there were already two lives of Patrick Henry, — William Wirt's and Professor Tyler's, — both of them books composed with remarkable literary skill. Nevertheless, if Mr. Henry's plain, sober, and somewhat unimaginative narrative does not seek to rival its predecessors in point of form, its contributions of fact are extensive and of much importance. Perhaps one may say that they are of even greater importance with respect to the

¹ *Patrick Henry. Life, Correspondence, and Speeches.* By WILLIAM WIRT HENRY. With Portrait. Three volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1891.

² *The Life of George Mason.* 1725-1792. Including his Speeches, Public Papers, and

Correspondence. By KATE MASON ROWLAND. With an Introduction by General FITZHUGH LEE. Two volumes. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons; The Knickerbocker Press. 1892.

history of Virginia than with respect to the personality of Patrick Henry. The outlines of Henry's character as drawn by his grandson do not essentially differ from those laid down in Professor Tyler's attractive little volume; but Mr. Henry, who is president of the Virginia Historical Society, has evidently felt a strong desire to contribute to the history, and especially to the constitutional and political history, of his native State. His book is, in reality, by far the best history of Virginia we have for the years from 1765 to 1799. It gives us a fair, full, and intelligent account of all the leading events of Virginian history during the Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary periods, as well as of the events in the other colonies and in England which are necessary to the understanding of what went on in Virginia. The figure of Patrick Henry thus receives abundant setting and background. In Miss Rowland's volumes, too, one finds much beside the bare narration of Mason's life and the printing of his papers, but the additions are largely of another sort. There is much regarding the family connections, the friends and neighbors, of George Mason, and therefore much which helps us to understand the social constitution and life of Stafford and Fairfax counties, and of the whole region of the Potomac, of which most of us know less than of those parts of Virginia which border on the James.

It is impossible to praise too warmly the zeal and assiduity which both writers have employed in their search for materials. It is hard to think of a possible source which they have not ransacked. Mr. Henry has had the use, first, of all the materials which Wirt collected, embracing many extensive and important communications from men who had known the great orator; second, of the mass of private papers which the latter left behind him; third, of a large number of his letters preserved in the collections of the chief gatherers of

American autographs. The archives of the Federal and Virginian governments at Washington and at Richmond have supplied many additional letters, and the latter has likewise furnished the executive journal of Henry's five years of service as governor, with other public papers of the first importance. A multitude of printed books have also been laid under contribution; and the number of books relating to Virginian history in that period is much greater than one is at first inclined to suppose. A source upon which Mr. Henry places great reliance is the manuscript history of Virginia by Edmund Randolph, now in the possession of the Virginia Historical Society. Very likely he is right in so doing, and yet one feels at times that, with all Randolph's intelligence and his opportunities, a man so incapable of saying a plain thing in a plain way is not the best sort of witness. Irritated by the involved and excessively ornamented style, one cannot help feeling that it betokens a tortuous and uncertain mind, not more implicitly to be depended upon in historical narration than in the convention or the Department of State.

Mr. Henry's third volume is entirely documentary. It consists of over four hundred pages of Governor Henry's correspondence, a collection of the greatest interest and importance; of his speeches in the Virginia convention of 1788, reprinted from Robertson's Debates; and of Wirt's report of the speech in the British Debt cause. It is to be regretted that the editor has not indicated the source whence he has derived each of the letters, as Miss Rowland has so carefully done in the case of those of Colonel Mason. These latter have been incorporated *seriatim* in the text; but in extensive appendixes Miss Rowland has printed the longer public papers of her ancestor, his speeches in the convention of 1788, and his will. The sources of her narrative have been, more largely than those of Mr. Henry's, papers

hitherto unprinted. Beside the numerous Mason papers in the possession of descendants, she has found materials among the manuscripts of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, in the library of the Department of State, in the public repositories of Virginia, and in the hands of the descendants of Mason's correspondents.

The facts of Patrick Henry's career have long been familiar to all readers. Mr. Henry follows and confirms with fuller evidence Professor Tyler's demonstration that the great orator was neither so idle nor so ignorant in youth as has commonly been asserted, and that, equally contrary to received opinion, he was far from unsystematic in his law practice and in his accounts. He makes it a little less unaccountable, though it still remains wonderful, that immediately upon his first entrance into the House of Burgesses, a new and young man in that chosen abode of conservatism and family influence, he should have been able to assume a foremost place, and should have electrified not only Virginia, but all America, with his famous resolutions upon the Stamp Act. One fact, perhaps unnoticed by Mr. Henry, is of great importance toward explaining the career of his grandfather, and that is the extraordinary susceptibility of the Virginians to the influence of eloquence. Fondness for public speaking has distinguished them, from that day to this, far more than the Americans of New England and the Middle States. Now, much the greatest successes of Henry's career were successes won by oratory, from the time when he so triumphantly made the worse appear the better reason in the Parsons' Cause to the day of that last speech at Charlotte Court-House, in March, 1799. His temperament was emphatically the oratorical temperament. Mr. Henry labors, and with much success, to show that his gifts were by no means solely those of the orator. He convinces us that Henry was a good

committee-man, and was regarded by his fellow-members in deliberative bodies as competent in the discharge of legislative business, even when it was involved in minutiae. He opposes Wirt's habit of viewing Henry simply as an orator, which perhaps rested mainly upon rhetorical antithesis, and the popular notion that he who is a great orator is necessarily not a great man of business. He proves that he was, on the whole, a good and efficient and vigilant governor, though the prolonged absences which his ill health made necessary must have considerably impaired his usefulness as a chief magistrate in such times as those. In this matter, by the way, as in many others, Mr. Henry finds himself obliged to controvert sharply the statements of President Jefferson, though it is well known that Jefferson himself lived in a glass house so far as his governorship of Virginia is concerned. Jefferson's contributions to American history are indeed a curiously interesting subject of study. He lived so long, and wrote and talked so much, that, in respect to volume, he is one of our most important sources, and his extraordinary gifts confer an unusual value upon his statements; but with the feminine qualities that Mr. Henry Adams has noted in his constitution there went not a little of feminine spite. Warm and just as were sometimes his praises of those men who had labored with him in that eventful period, many of them might well envy him the good fortune which enabled him to survive them all, and then say what he pleased of them. Madison, who was almost the only one who outlived him, was also almost the only one whom he always praised.

But, after all, Patrick Henry was chiefly an orator. Nowhere has he left so good and so complete a portrait of his mind as in the speeches delivered in the Virginia convention of 1788, called to consider the question of the ratification of the Federal Constitution. Many

of the objections which he made to it, in the course of his long and truly wonderful struggle against ratification, are the objections of a statesman: but it must be said that a vast proportion of what he said savors more of oratory than of statesmanship. In some degree this was of course true of all the objectors. Each had made up his mind to oppose the Constitution, on account of certain features which seemed to him fatally objectionable. Having decided upon this, he would naturally be led, by the desire to persuade as many as possible of his fellow-members to the same course, to insist not only upon these, but upon all other anywise plausible objections that occurred to his mind. It is, for instance, quite plain from Miss Rowland's narrative that George Mason's original objections, while strong and controlling, had attached to but a few provisions of the instrument he had had so much to do with framing. In the Virginia convention, however, he brings forward a large number of objections, though indeed it is fair to say that they are of a more practical cast and more temperately stated than most of Henry's. It is perhaps worth noting, in connection with the natural tendency just mentioned, that it has given to all biographers of Anti-Federalist leaders an opportunity and a temptation, from which Mr. Henry and Miss Rowland have not wholly escaped, to magnify the scope of the prophetic insight of those leaders into the dangers environing the young republic. If a group of American politicians devote themselves for months to the task of discovering and exposing every possible defect in a proposed instrument of government, it must necessarily happen that, as prophets of evil to come from its installation, they will in many cases be successful. A list of the gloomy predictions which these worthies made, and which have *not* been fulfilled, would, for purposes of comparison, be highly instructive.

Next in importance to the convention of 1788, among the occasions on which Mason and Henry were associated, was doubtless the convention of 1776, at Williamsburg, which declared in favor of independence, and gave the State its Declaration of Rights and its new constitution, — the first genuine constitution adopted by any State subsequent to the voting of independence. Upon these events both authors have much that is new to communicate. Mr. Henry in particular gives a much fuller history of the chief transactions of the convention than has ever been given before. The most interesting of its documents is without question its Declaration of Rights, that terse, manly, and vigorous statement of the fundamental principles of free government which has been so widely and so strongly influential ever since. In respect to the authorship of its concluding articles our authors differ, as other authors have differed before. Mr. Henry ascribes those which now stand as the fifteenth and sixteenth to Patrick Henry, relying on the statement of Edmund Randolph, who says, in his manuscript *History of Virginia*, "The fifteenth, recommending an adherence and frequent recurrence to fundamental principles, and the sixteenth, unfettering the exercise of religion, were proposed by Mr. Henry." But Miss Rowland seems to us much more likely to be right in attributing them to the same hand that unquestionably drew up the preceding articles, the hand of Colonel Mason. No such claim was ever made by Henry. Mason, on the other hand, deliberately asserts, in the confidence of private correspondence, in a letter written to a cousin in London only two years and a half after the event, that the paper which he incloses is "a copy of the first draft of the Declaration of Rights, just as it was drawn and presented by me to the Virginia convention, where it received few alterations." He makes a similarly positive statement upon the copy which was

found among his papers after his death in 1792. Moreover, as Miss Rowland ingeniously points out, a paper drawn up by him in 1775 for the Independent Company of Fairfax County, which contains the germs of several of the earlier articles of the Declaration of Rights, contains also, in a slightly variant form, the most characteristic and often-quoted phrase of the disputed fifteenth article. On the whole, these evidences seem entitled to outweigh the unsupported assertion of Edmund Randolph, made perhaps thirty years after the event.

With respect to the Virginian constitution, however, of which, also, the first draft was presented by Mason, Miss Rowland is less fortunate in declaring that the tract of John Adams (*Thoughts on Government*, which he sent to Lee and Henry) "is not believed to have exercised any influence on the convention." A scheme which is either a modification of Adams's plan by Colonel Lee, or of one drawn up from Adams's and Lee's together, was published in the *Virginia Gazette* of May 10, 1776. A close examination and comparison of this, of Colonel Mason's draft in Madison's copy, and of the constitution finally adopted inclines one rather to the opinion expressed by Mr. Henry, — that Mason's plan was framed upon that published in the *Gazette*, and that the constitution was framed upon Mason's draft, though following more closely the published plan in some important particulars.

Both writers relate in much detail the history of the convention of 1788, and Miss Rowland argues warmly that Virginia made a great mistake in ratifying the Constitution. In discussing the fortunes of Governor George Clinton's letter to Governor Randolph, which might have turned the scale, it is a little surprising to see both writers entirely ignoring Governor Randolph's defense as stated by Mr. Conway. On the whole, it seems a satisfactory one. Randolph

says, in transmitting the letter to the Assembly, that immediately on receiving it he had laid it before the Council, and requested their opinion as to whether it was of a public or of a private nature. Any reader of the letter will say that the doubt was justified. "As I have no direction from the legislature on the subject of your communication," writes Clinton, "your Excellency will be pleased to consider this letter as expressive of my own sentiments." etc. However, the Council decided that the communication was of a public nature, and the governor transmitted it to the legislature on the first day of its session, two days before the final vote in the convention. It does not appear that the Council were all Federalists. If there had been anything irregular in the governor's course, it is singular that they did not make it and the contents of the New York letter public. The fact that they did not, and that the resolutions of censure upon the governor found among Mason's papers were apparently never presented to the House of Delegates, may properly lead us to conclude that there was nothing censurable in his conduct.

From the time of the convention until his death in 1792, Mason took no part in public affairs. Indeed, his participation in public affairs had all his life been only occasionally an active one. Born in 1725, he was older than any other of the most prominent characters of the Revolution save Dr. Franklin and Samuel Adams. He was frequently tormented by ill health, and especially by gout. But he had, moreover, an extreme aversion to public life, and escaped from its irksome engagements whenever he could; reserving himself for great occasions, when the duty of political action seemed to him imperative. At other times he contented himself with the position of a disinterested adviser to the more active patriots. The sound wisdom of his counsels was widely appreciated

by them. Their praises have invested him with a reputation such as hardly any other equally unambitious American has ever obtained. It is pleasant to find that when at last we are presented with a full body of evidence respecting the details of his career, the impression of his greatness is only heightened. His nature, large and generous and singularly strong, is felt to be a highly attractive one. His mind was calm and wise and luminous; he had in a peculiar degree those qualities of simplicity, solidity, and sovereign good sense which the independent and reflective life of the planter fostered in so many of the most eminent Virginians. With these qualities, and increasing their effectiveness, went a certain warmth of nature which his contemporaries often speak of as passionate, but which seems, from all we have read, to have been passion held well in restraint. He had also, as Miss Rowland shows us here and there in her attractive and well-written volumes, a certain caustic wit which pleasantly distinguishes him from most of the "fathers;" but it is the wit of a man who jests mainly for his own satisfaction, — not at all that broader and more popular wit which, as in Henry's case, is addressed mainly to the end of raising a laugh among the audience. Somewhat of this grim humor and of Mason's Roman independence is well illustrated by one of the stories which Miss Rowland records concerning him. He was informed, the story goes, that if he opposed the ratification of the Federal Constitution, the people of Alexandria (a strongly Federal town) would mob him. Thereupon he "mounted his horse, rode to the town, and, going up the court-house steps, said to the sheriff, 'Mr. Sheriff, will you make proclamation that George Mason will address the people?' A crowd assembled, and Mason addressed them, denouncing the Constitution with bitter invective, after which he mounted his horse and returned home."

Henry's public career continued for some time after the close of the convention. He had a foremost part in all the struggle which succeeded it respecting the securing of amendments to the Constitution by the first Congress. Through these heated contests Mr. Henry pursues his way evenly and with magnanimity, everywhere defending his grandfather, but defending him with fairness and sobriety. In regard to the arrangement of the first congressional districts in such manner that it was made difficult for Madison to secure a seat, generally set down as the first gerrymander in American history, Mr. Henry rightly states that his ancestor was not a member of the committee that brought in the bill. But the journals show that the committee consisted of eight Anti-Federalists to seven Federalists, and the manuscript loose papers of the session seem to show that the names of the counties making up the districts were left blank in the bill brought in by the committee, and were filled in by the House, and both committee and House were fully under Henry's influence (his edicts, said Washington, "are enregistered with less opposition in the Virginia Assembly than those of the Grand Monarch by his parliaments"), so that the defense is not of much importance. In truth, the districting of the State was in general fairly carried out, and even in the particular district referred to the gerrymander was not a very bad one.

During the last years of his life, Henry's position was that of a moderate Federalist. The change of attitude aroused bitter feeling, and especially, it would seem, on the part of Mr. Jefferson. The biographer's explanation, like that of Professor Tyler, is that the passage of the first eleven amendments had done much to content the orator with the operations of the new government, and that the impiety of the French Revolution caused a revulsion in his deeply religious mind which alienated

him from the Democrats of the Jeffersonian school. In support of this view, Mr. Henry, whose book is everywhere that of a lawyer, brings forward excellent evidence. Perhaps also increasing wealth and years did something toward making the former agitator more conservative. Certainly, the Federalists did not fail assiduously to cultivate the favor of so influential a convert. The last public act of Henry's life was undertaken in response to General Washington's appeal to him to come forth and use his powers against the dangerous doctrines of the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions. In March, 1799, at Charlotte Court-House, the great orator appeared for the last time before a Virginian audience, and, in a speech of wonderful eloquence, adjured them to think well before they lent themselves to schemes of opposition to their national government. The immediate impression of his eloquence had not yet passed away when a beardless youth mounted the platform, tall, slender, pale, and effeminate-looking, and vehemently harangued the crowd with arguments opposing those of the aged orator. Thus, with characteristic audacity, John Randolph of Roanoke made his first en-

trance into public life. The scene was a striking one, and fitly closes a chapter in Virginian history. The strange and meteoric career thus begun as Henry's sun was setting was in many ways not typical: in many respects John Randolph represented no one but himself. Yet in a way the scene was characteristic of this year 1799 in Virginia. The matchless agitator, whose life had mostly been spent in protests on behalf of liberty and local rights, was passing away. The period during which the political force of Virginia had been a force exercised in opposition was closing. With the elections of the next year was to begin a new period in Virginian history, — a period marked mainly by the fact that now Virginia was placed for a time in charge of the government to which hitherto it had been her part to act as opposition, and was to rule it through Randolph and men wiser than Randolph. If now, at Charlotte Court-House, it was the representative of the old generation who spoke for the cause of nationality, and that of the younger who spoke for the old programme, that was not the only anomaly in which the transition from the eighteenth century to the nineteenth was to involve Virginia.

A HALF-CENTURY OF CONFLICT.

DR. PARKMAN'S *Half-Century of Conflict*¹ fills the gap between Count Frontenac and Montcalm and Wolfe; the period being the first half of the last century. It is not difficult to understand why the author left the annals of this time unwritten until the story of the downfall of French power had been told; for, interesting and important as the history of British and French Amer-

ica in the early part of the eighteenth century may be, it pales in interest and importance before the great events which led to the fall of Quebec. The annals of the whole first half of the century could have been spared better than the story of the next ten years could have been spared. The conflict which opened with the bloody scene of Braddock's defeat; which passed on to Dieskau's defeat in America. Part Sixth. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1892.

¹ *A Half-Century of Conflict.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN. France and England in North

feat; which embraced the capture of Fort William Henry, whose direful conclusion stained indelibly the white flag of France; which included the repulse of Abercrombie; and which, the tide inexorably turning in the reduction of Louisbourg, terminated in the decisive victory of the British upon the Plains of Abraham, had a dramatic character such as none other has ever borne in English-written annals. It has the scenery, the picturesqueness, the characters, the motives, the continuity as well as the shifting climaxes of the drama, and the curtain fell upon the most dramatic spectacle in the history of America. To such a master of scenic description as Parkman, the temptation to skip to the concluding and most picturesque act of all must have been irresistible.

Far different is a conflict which drags on for half a century, and a scene which stretches from Cape Breton to the Rocky Mountains: both are too vast for the mind or the eye to take in at once. We can see but one thing at a time; the whole is broken up, and the parts are disconnected. The plan of the work betrays this and suffers from it; for we skip from Detroit to Deerfield, from Deerfield to Acadia, from Acadia to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, thence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the mouth of the Mississippi back to its head waters. Such is the ground covered by the first volume only; in the second volume we barely stop short of the Little Rosebud. No work can maintain its logical sequence or its rhetorical continuity amid such scene-shifting, and where the subject and the characters change with the interludes. The derided unities avenge themselves; and though there is a connection between a defense of Louisbourg and the discovery of the Big Horn range, it is a connection which we take on faith, but which, at the moment of perusal is not present to the mind. To insure unity and uninterrupted sequence, there must exist a positive, manifest, con-

stant, self-assertive motive, from which everything emanates of its own motion, to which it returns, and of which it is the expression; a cause which has not to be kept in mind by any effort of the reader, but which thrusts itself before him, stands in his path, and confronts him at every step. But, with the exception of Queen Anne's war and the war of the Austrian Succession, where are the positive, visible, aggressive historical impulses which, throughout the first half of the eighteenth century, arrest the eye and irresistibly rivet the mind upon themselves? They exist, but they are less than half revealed, and the reader is conscious of ceaseless effort to maintain connection between the dissociated parts. This, the fault of the subject, is the misfortune of the author.

The conflict of this half-century was a fifty years' game of bluff, whose outward and visible signs, with the two exceptions noted, never rose in dignity above the bickerings, broils, scuffles, and affrays of the overreaching gamblers. The jousts, the gentle and joyous tournaments, the marching armies, the pitched battles, and the death struggle belong to another stage. It was a conflict of the hatchet on the border, and of deceit and chicanery in the closet, where ignorance vied with indifference to colonial welfare, — a conflict in which the combatants upon one side were meddling priests, greedy traders, and deluded savages, and upon the other were stingy legislatures, greedier traders, and harried frontiersmen; and of these components none showed spirit or manliness except those upon whom fell the payment of the stakes, the frontiersmen and the savages. So far as open, honorable conflict is concerned, it was the play of King Henry V., with "God for Harry! England and St. George!" left out, and nothing retained but "Alarums." We waded through page after page of that which makes up local history, but which was incidental, merely, to the game be-

tween the nations which was going on with the blinds down; and local history so ill recorded by the generation that wrought it as leaves the reader with only a half-defined notion of the events themselves, and with the suspicion that, since the actors took so little pains to perpetuate them, their importance may be greater at the close of the nineteenth century than it was at the beginning of the eighteenth. This is not history; it is barely chronicle.

It is true that this desultory conflict is enlivened by the Queen Anne and Austrian Succession wars, and that armaments worthy of the great powers appear upon the scene: navies cover the seas, and armies are marshaled upon the lines yet to be made famous by Wolfe and Montcalm. Notwithstanding this, a spell of timidity, hesitation, and disappointment pervades the atmosphere; nothing comes to fruition, everything turns out abortive; armies disband before reaching Lake Champlain, and fleets turn back before sighting Quebec or Annapolis. Petticoat politics at home, political and bed-chamber favorites in command of armed men, and dullness,—dullness characterizing diplomacy, administration, and field service everywhere. The only men who evince a comprehension of the situation, and the value of that to which the courtiers are blind, are a handful of Jesuits buried in the woods, the traders of Albany, Detroit, and Michillimackinac, Shirley the lawyer, Pepperrell the merchant, the Gloucester fishermen, and the settlers whose scalps are in danger. While a continent and the future are at stake, Europe is awake to nothing but duchies and the fleeting hour.

One great reason for the American chapter in the history of this half-century being so devoid of interest is, that the hostilities were perpetrated in times of peace. This kept the actors within bounds, not to say hiding: it permitted no formation of heavy columns, no great

operations, but restricted the contending parties to a miserable guerrilla-like warfare, in which the ignorant savages were mercilessly used as stool-pigeons, upon whom the blame was to be cast in the event of detection, and in which the loss falling upon isolated and distant settlers affected little the body of society. Along the line of the Hudson and the Mohawk, the Dutch traders actually controlled "hostilities" in the interest of trade, and kept up such an understanding with the French and Abenakis that tranquillity was maintained on their borders, while those of New England were smoking. The whole business is a wretched one, which even the two wars cannot redeem from disgust. Parkman is unquestionably aware of this, and exhausts his art to lend interest to the barren and repulsive theme by bringing into prominence the few noteworthy events and characteristics, such as Lovewell's fight, the siege of Louisbourg, the search for the Pacific, and the disastrous expedition of the Duc d'Anville; but the reign of dullness has proved too much even for him, for he abandons the contest in a tame and purposeless final chapter,—

"Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens."

In point of interest, therefore, this work does not compare with the preceding ones of the series, and it is not to be named in the same breath, in any respect, with the author's masterpiece, Montcalm and Wolfe. It serves its purpose as a connecting link, but, except as a clear and convenient compendium of events necessary to fill a hiatus in his history, it adds little to the value of his works. Indeed, after *The Old Régime*, Count Frontenac, and Montcalm and Wolfe, how could he augment the essential knowledge of the subject? The topography and physical characteristics of the theatre of action, the resources of the two countries, the modes of living pursued by the different peoples, the

motives that actuated them, their objects of endeavor, their religions and politics, their manners, their European courts, their diversity of political constitution, — everything had been brought out, as no other man had ever done, long before this Half-Century of Conflict saw the light. The writing of this work must have been more or less a perfunctory task, and this master has encountered that which others before him have had to succumb to, — failure to equal himself. The dinners of Lucullus can be compared only with those of Lucullus, and Parkman's works are to be judged only by those of Parkman.

The most striking and unquestionably the most interesting event narrated in these pages is the reduction of Louisbourg by Pepperrell, a portion of the book already known to readers of *The Atlantic*. This was the most important military affair that had then taken place in North America, and it would have affected most profoundly the destinies of New France had it not been robbed of its importance by the imbecility of Whitehall. Posterity learns with stupefaction two things : first, that the downfall of the French power in America was actually made impending by the capture of the great stronghold, Louisbourg, by a parcel of New England provincials, moved thereto by a lawyer, and led by a merchant ignorant of the first principle of war ; and secondly, that after the Lord had delivered this fortress into our hands the English rejected the godsend and handed it back to the French ; for, on the conclusion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the place was returned to France in exchange for Madras, then a petty factory in the East Indies, — whereby the work of 1745 had all to be done over again in 1758. Dullness, short-sightedness, political jealousy, and indifference to the well being of the colonies made short work with colonial foresight and energy. In connection with this, we think that Mr. Parkman

gives too much credit to the British fleet, which at most was auxiliary merely to the land forces, and that he adopts a tone, in his narration of the siege, hardly commensurate with the gravity of the undertaking. Unquestionably, there is something downright ludicrous in the fact of a crowd of farm boys and shopkeepers setting sail with the avowed object of taking one of the strongest fortresses in the world, a masterpiece of the Vauban system ; and this without heavy artillery, and with their vessels ballasted with cannon balls which were to be fired from guns that they expected to take from the fortification itself. But what is not ludicrous is, that the event justified their self-reliance, and that the landing and subsequent steps did not betray the ignorance of greenhorns, but that the operations under Pepperrell compare favorably with those at a later date under Amherst, who had Wolfe for his right hand. Either intuition and native wit supplied in a marvelous degree the absence of technical knowledge, or there was some one on the ground who had the requisite skill. One thing is certain, — there was no lack of the essential matter, spirit.

In these pages, too, is to be found the Chevy Chase of the New England border. We owe to Parkman the revival — alas that this expression must be used of what once was a household word around Massachusetts hearths ! — of the story of Lovewell's fight. How those who went out to shear came near being shorn ; how the wounded Lovewell and his thirty-two neighbors stood at bay in the ambuscade the livelong day, cut off from human aid, and fighting with their faces towards home ; how young Frye, the chaplain, scalped his Indian, and afterwards, wounded unto death, kept praying for his comrades, as he lay in his blood ; how Keyes, unable longer to keep his feet by reason of three wounds, in order to prevent the savages from getting his scalp got pain-

fully into a canoe and drifted away before the wind, as he supposed to die, but, as the event proved, to survive; how Robbins had his loaded gun placed beside him by his departing fellows, saying, "The Indians will come in the morning to scalp me, and I'll kill another of 'em if I can;" the death of the war-chief Paugus, and the Mournful Elegy of Frye's sweetheart, — all this is told in a way that makes the blood course more quickly, the eye snap fire, and the teeth close hard-set. Parkman, with consummate art, has brought into bold relief the fortitude and fierce resolution of the race-blood which, when in desperate straits, has rarely failed to wrest victory from defeat, and which has so often taught the enemy that it is never to be feared more than when caught at a disadvantage. He has done something more: he has insured immortality to the men who, that bitter day, wrought their brave deed in the dark forest beside the lake.

The Acadian story is narrated clearly, and the facts are so sustained by reference to the original documents, French as well as English, that surely there should be an end of controversy. Now that both sides have exhausted themselves, there may be a pause, until at least the Abbé Casgrain and Rameau de Saint-Pierre get breath for another reply. There is, nevertheless, little ground to hope for a complete cessation of hostilities, for the Acadian question has taken its place as one of those choice controversial morsels which no literary gentleman in New England or the Maritime Provinces can afford to be without; and though the heavy firing is over for this generation, we expect to hear dropping shots on the subject for the rest of our days.

The story, as we have seen, lacks the apparent continuity of history, and the

interest is, consequently, not sustained throughout. To this, perhaps, is due some inequality of style that is noticeable, for it is too much to expect of a writer that he shall maintain interest where none can be aroused. In the three marked characteristics of Parkman — that is to say, in exhaustive study of his theme, correct analysis of the underlying political situation, and picturesque description — we can perceive no loss of power, no deterioration. In the last particular, he is as apt as ever to

"Snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

We doubt not that we express the feeling of the whole English-speaking world of literature when we congratulate the author upon the completion of the imperishable monument which commemorates his own noble endeavor and the glory of the race to which he belongs. It is rare indeed that a literary project conceived in youth is so comprehensive in its character, and is pursued so steadfastly to its final achievement after nearly fifty years of toil, under discouragements of physical privation induced by the very devotion which led the young author at the outset to turn his back upon civilized life, and to cast in his lot for a time with the race whose ancestors bore so conspicuous a part in the history which he was to unfold. Nor can one fail to mark also the wise judgment which led Dr. Parkman, holding his great plan inviolable, to mark his progress by successive publications, rather than to keep his material in reserve for one impressive issue. From the beginning straight to the end rise the monuments which betoken his faithful toil, his tenacity of purpose, his conscientious pursuit of knowledge, and the gains that he wrested from grudging time. He heaped his cairns as he pursued his way.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature. The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, with the Characters; edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Index, by John Bradshaw, M. A., LL. D. (Imported by Scribners.) This new edition of Lord Chesterfield's Letters comes most opportunely at a time when the Letters to his Godson and the comment to which they have given rise have awakened a fresh interest in a correspondence which will not always be satisfied by a small volume of "selections" therefrom. There are still readers, we trust, who delight in the space and freedom of unabridged classics, and feel competent to select their own best. These volumes are practically a reprint of Lord Mahon's edition, now a rather scarce book. His arrangement of the letters has been followed, and nearly all his footnotes have been retained. The notes added by the present editor are to be commended as clear, concise, and to the point. While the series of letters in which Lord Chesterfield vainly labored with such patience, persistency, fertility of resource, and consummate tact for his son's worldly salvation is still tolerably well known actually, and very widely known by repute, we think that the miscellaneous letters will be new to many readers. His comments on public affairs are invariably interesting, and at the same time keenly intelligent. But, politically as well as paternally, Chesterfield was a disappointed man, and from first to last he never held a position at all commensurate with his undoubtedly great abilities in certain directions. We suspect that one effect of a careful reading of the letters addressed to his most intimate friends will be a considerable modification of some preconceived opinions in regard to the writer.

Fiction. The Reflections of a Married Man, by Robert Grant. (Scribners.) We like Mr. Grant's papers; and we like them better in this form than in the magazine where at intervals they first appeared. As a volume they gain greatly in unity of effect, and form an intensely natural record of the common and thus unrecorded experiences of a married man. It is a question whether every one would care to write such self-revealing reflections; but these revela-

tions of what we must believe is the writer's own "interior" are always honorable to him. The book will delight the married, and will amuse the unmarried; although it may act as a gentle deterrent on those who indiscreetly and unadvisedly think of entering upon a certain holy (though financially unprofitable) estate. — *Far from To-Day*, by Gertrude Hall. (Roberts.) We have seldom to confess being utterly routed by a book of short stories, but *Far from To-Day* contains some of the hardest reading that we have ever found outside an improving book. The stories are laid in periods as remote as the days of King Wamba, the characters enjoy names of archaic rarity, — those in the first tale being Triflor, Hatto, Kahilde, Kabjorg, Tristiane, Ib, otherwise called Magnus Magnusson, Snorro, Knut, Erik, Sweyn, — and the style is strained and unnatural. If the author had not tried so hard to be far from to-day, her book would be interesting, for the stories are sufficiently good. Their manner, not their matter, discourages the reader. A strong flavor of William Morris's tales, early French romances and classical lore, and an assemblage of knights, goatherds, minstrels, maidens, jesters (who, like most literary jesters, never say anything amusing), all acting parts in a nebulous atmosphere, without recognizable time or place, cause us to close the book with the impression that it contains a series of librettos for the more recondite passages in the music of the excellent Herr Brahms. — *That Angelic Woman*, by James M. Ludlow. (Harpers.) The angelic woman is a nurse in a hospital; while the very unheroic hero is a rich and vulgar person, who, after various escapades, falls in love with her, — she having saved his life. The angelic woman declines to compromise self-respect by marrying so rich a man, whereat the hero's money, inherited from his father, promptly turns out to have been stolen from the angelic woman's papa. The pair then wed. The tale is not at all improved by the introduction of much pietistic talk by the frequenters of a Home for Discharged Convicts. But this crude and ill-constructed story has at least the merit of right-mindedness. — *Marionettes*, by Julien Gordon.

(Cassell.) We prefer countless hosts of "angelic women" to a single set of Marionettes. The author, representing her second-best heroine in deep emotion, while dressing to go out, informs us, with pleasing explicitness, that "Lollia St. Clair drew on a pair of black silk stockings and slipped her feet into black shoes. As she leaned forward, her tightly laced satin corset cracked on her hip. The room was filled with the throbbing sound of her heaving bosom." In future, high-bred heroines should allow their maids to dress them,—at least in this author's novels.—*Improbable Tales*, by Clinton Ross. (Putnam.) He is a bold man who, in this day of fiction à la Kipling, dares to name a volume of stories *Improbable Tales*; and in this case Mr. Clinton Ross's tales are not phenomenally improbable. If remarkable at all, they are so for a certain air of probability; and thus it comes to pass that the title of this book rather effectually discounts its contents. The first story, *The Pretender*, is much the best of the three, and possesses an element of excitement not shared by the other incongruous sketches which make up the volume.—*The Venetians*, by M. E. Braddon. (Harpers.) Owing, we suppose, to international copyright, Miss Braddon's latest novel reaches her American readers in a more attractive guise than any of its numerous predecessors. It is in the author's later (and better) manner, and shows her accustomed easy mastery of the mechanism of story-telling. It will appeal to a large, if not judicious, body of readers.—*The Magic Ink, and Other Stories*, by William Black. (Harpers.) Three short tales written in the mannered and somewhat perfunctory style which nowadays often causes Mr. Black's readers to remember regretfully the unfailling charm and occasional power of his earlier work.

Nature and Travel. The *Blue-Grass Region of Kentucky, and Other Kentucky Articles*, by James Lane Allen. (Harpers.) Mr. Allen had a good subject for his book, but he has not made the most of it. Persons who know nothing of Kentucky life will not get a very definite idea of the blue-grass region and its relation to Kentucky; and no one who knows much of the district will be likely, from this book, to know more. The best papers are *Uncle Tom at Home*, *County Court Day in Ken-*

tucky, *Kentucky Fairs*, and *A Home of the Silent Brotherhood*; but this last account of the Trappist monastery represents it as a more picturesque and peaceful spot than we have reason to believe it to be. As a whole, although the book is filled with description, these descriptions leave no clear-cut image on the mind; and, while very fully illustrated, the pictures, like the text, lack that touch of actuality which alone gives life. It is, we fear, a volume containing much more writing than reading. The printing of the title on the title-page in blue ink is a kind of typographic pun too obvious to be clever.—*A Tramp across the Continent*, by Charles F. Lummis. (Scribners.) This is the record of a walk of one hundred and forty-three days from Cincinnati to Los Angeles; as the author says, "a truthful record of some of the experiences and impressions of a walk across the continent,—the diary of a man who got outside the fences of civilization, and was glad of it." It is an interesting book; and, in spite of an irritating newspaper style, it would be hard to lay it down until one had finished it. The author's adventures were many and thrilling; and the horrors of the final stages of his journey furnish him with an effective climax. There is a fine cocksureness about Mr. Lummis, however, which, while it undoubtedly greatly aided him on his journey, is the chief defect of an otherwise bright and spirited book.—*English Pharisees, French Crocodiles, and other Anglo-French Typical Characters*, by Max O'Rell. (Cassell.) We thought Max O'Rell had "written himself out" on Anglo-Franco-American comparisons, but his first chapter has enough clever things in it to dissipate this idea. There is, to be sure, some repetition in this new book, but none the less it is a very amusing and rather keen analysis of the differences between English and French humbugs, with an occasional thrust at some American absurdities. Dedicated "To Jonathan," it suggests some queries to a people whom the author believes the Old World can teach "how to be happy without rolling in wealth,—not how to work, but how to live."—*A Too Short Vacation*, by Lucy Langdon Williams and Emma V. McLoughlin. (Lippincott.) Now that the highways and byways of foreign travel have been so mercilessly written up, there is not much that is

new to be said about a trip of three months' duration, in which fifty places were visited and which cost three hundred and fifty dollars, taken by two rather independent young women armed with a kodak camera and the minimum of luggage. Just the sort of book is produced that one would suppose would be produced after a journey of this sort; and just the kind of pictures illustrate it that these travelers would naturally take. If the species of volume is not already apparent, we advise reading it, but not otherwise. — The Third Annual Report of the Missouri Botanical Garden is issued by the Trustees (St. Louis), and is far more than a mere perfunctory work. Besides Mr. Trelease's report to the directors, and reports of sermon and banquet, in the latter of which Mr. Shaw's services are gratefully remembered, there are two important scientific papers by Messrs. Trelease and Riley, as well as a body of notes, all liberally illustrated.

Education and Textbooks. Fifteen years ago Dr. R. P. Keep translated and adapted Autenrieth's Homeric Dictionary for Schools and Colleges, and we commended the book with little reserve. Now a new and revised edition of the same book, under the editorship of Professor Isaac Flagg (Harpers), is issued, and we have been interested, in comparing the two, to see how thorough the revision has been. A few pages in the total number have been saved, but in the revision there has not always been condensation; some entries have been expanded in the interest of clearness and precision. Altogether the book demands a new lease of life, and remains, as its predecessor was, the handiest accompaniment to the study of Homer which we possess. — *Methods of Instruction and Organization of the Schools of Germany, for the Use of American Teachers and Normal Schools*, by John T. Prince. (Lee & Shepard.) Mr. Prince, who had won a good name as one of the agents of the Massachusetts Board of Education, interrupted his work to spend a year or more in Germany, for the purpose of studying the methods in use there, especially in normal schools. He illustrates the proverb that one must carry the wealth of the Indies thither, if he would bring it back. His familiarity with methods here made him a most admirable observer and comparer, so that he has produced a thoroughly

orderly, well-digested report. He has done his work unflinchingly when it has led him to results which show the superiority of German methods, but he is so fair in his discrimination that no one will be misled by his praise of those methods; for he is not a blind enthusiast, but a well-balanced, thoughtful student. His book should be of real service to American educators. — *Colloquial German*, by Thomas Bertrand Bronson. (Holt.) A brief handbook, of which the first part consists of a series of exercises in conversation, the material being the requirements of one in traveling, shopping, eating, drinking, theatre-going, and the like, followed by notes and a vocabulary, and closing with a compact summary of German grammar. It would seem most useful as a drill-book for those who have already made some progress in the language. — *Academic Algebra, for the Use of Common and High Schools and Academies, with Numerous Examples*, by Edward A. Bowser. (Heath.) The book, which is one of a half dozen mathematical works by the same author, professes to be a complete treatise up to and through the Progressions, and including Permutations and Combinations and the Binomial Theorem. Its name is intended to indicate that it prepares the way for a college algebra, but we think the customary use of the term "academic" makes this restricted use of doubtful expediency. — In the series *University Extension Manuals* (Scribners), Hugh Robert Mill's *The Realm of Nature* strikes us as much the most satisfactory volume yet produced. It is described further as *An Outline of Physiography*, and takes up in orderly succession such topics as *The Substance of Nature, Energy, The Power of Nature, The Earth a Spinning Ball, The Earth a Planet, The Solar System and Universe, The Atmosphere, Climates of the World, The Bed of the Oceans, The Crust of the Earth, Action of Water on the Land, The Record of the Rocks, The Continental Area*. The last two chapters, *Life and Living Creatures, Man in Nature*, may disappoint the reader by their brevity, but they are hardly out of proportion to the main subject, and leave opportunity for further volumes in which they may be expanded. The book has had the advantage of a revision for American students by Professor Shaler, and has a number of very

interesting charts and illustrations. — *Reading and Speaking, Familiar Talks to Young Men Who Would Speak Well in Public*, by Brainard Gardner Smith. (Heath.) This manual differs from most of its class by the adoption of a colloquial style, and the calling in of a number of witnesses upon the several points. There is some disposition to invent a specific terminology, but on the whole one would say that Mr. Smith, who is a professor at Cornell, has with some success transferred to the pages of a book the lively instruction which he gives in the class-room. — *Number Lessons, a Book for Second and Third Year Pupils*, by Charles E. White. (Heath.) A collection of examples and problems graded as to difficulty, and twisted ingeniously into every conceivable form of presentation. The compiler appears to think this book can be used also as offering exercises in spelling and in drawing. — *A Study in Corneille*, by Lee Davis Lodge, A. M. (John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.) A somewhat impassioned and rhetorical tribute to the great French dramatist, interspersed with translations, which in their bald literalness will hardly fulfill even the writer's modest aspiration to give to American readers unacquainted with the French language "something like a fair conception" of the genius of Corneille.

Books for the Young. *Friendly Letters to Girls, Friendly Talks with Boys*, by Helen A. Hawley. (Randolph.) Two small books of advice, written by a sensible, plain-spoken woman, who has, it may be, adopted a curt, direct form of speech, and eschewed grace and persuasiveness. The matter is good, and certainly no girl or boy could be the worse who took the advice to heart. — *With Scrip and Staff*, by Ella W. Peattie. (Randolph.) A story of the German portion of the Children's Crusade, rather prettily told, but too painful, we think, for the little folk for whom it is written. A word on the reasons why the Crusaders' enterprise, through its dependence on the violently miraculous answer of God to its petitions, was doomed to failure, although undertaken in a spirit of faith and sacrifice, might have been added with advantage. To the childish mind, the book would, as it stands, prove an admirable argument for not believing in the efficacy of saying one's prayers. — *Stories from Eng-*

lish History for Young Americans. (Harpers.) On the whole, this is an excellent book of its kind. The most salient events of English history, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the present day, are epitomized with considerable skill, and with a simplicity of style which makes the narrative easily within a child's comprehension. It was a wise thought, and quite in the line of the best methods of teaching, to scatter through the work so many well-selected historical and national poems. The illustrations are numerous, and usually very good.

Music. Manual of Musical History, by James E. Matthew. (Putnams.) This handsome volume is practically the author's *Popular History of Music* (now out of print) recast and brought down to date. Mr. Matthew begins with the early history of music and of musical instruments, and then traces the history of music in England and the various European countries, with accounts of the rise of the opera and oratorio. We have seldom met with a better book of the kind. The whole subject is well digested, the volume well arranged, and (what is not always the case in books on music) the style is simple, direct, and unaffected, as if the author cared too much for his subject to have time for display or self-consciousness in treating of it. A very valuable feature of the *Manual* is the bibliography which follows each of the sixteen chapters. The work also contains illustrations, portraits, fac-similes, etc.; and an index of thirty-five double-column pages completes a book of reference which for careful workmanship deserves the warmest praise. — *My Thoughts on Music and Musicians*, by H. Heathcote Statham. (Chapman & Hall, London.) Mr. Statham, who is editor of *The Builder*, has brought together in this octavo volume various related essays which he has published for the most part in leading English periodicals. After a long and fundamental paper, *On Form and Design in Music*, he deals successively with Handel, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, Wagner, Sterndale Bennett, and concludes with a sketchy paper, *About the Organ*. He is an independent writer, of much vigor of thought. His essays are chiefly critical, but have an admixture of biographic details, and are enlivened by much frank comment on current criticism and by the spice of anecdote. His paper

on Wagner may especially be commended as tending to discriminate the substantial contribution of Wagner to the development of music from that which is the mere demonstration of untenable theories. — A Child's Garland of Songs, gathered from a Child's Garden of Verses, by Robert Louis Stevenson, and set to Music by C. Villiers Stanford. (Longmans.) Nine of Mr. Stevenson's charming child poems are here given a musical setting; but we fear they will hardly prove, to quote from the poet's introductory verses, songs children "love to sing." The accompaniments are too complicated, and the music is too mature, and not sufficiently melodious, to attract very youthful singers. The composer has been most successful, we think, in *My Shadow*, *My Ship and Me*, and, almost perforce, in the *Marching Song*.

Poetry. The Poetic Works of Frank Cowan. In three volumes. Vol. I. (The Oliver Publishing House, Greensburg, Pa.) An octavo of four hundred pages or so, including notes. Mr. Cowan has been a traveler in many lands, and his travels have given him plenty of themes, and plenty of time in which to work them up. There is a great deal of time on one's hands when traveling, and verse-making becomes one of the most agreeable of diversions. Besides the travel poems, there is a great variety of epigrams, and longer or shorter flights of Mr. Cowan's fancy, which is an exuberant one. Mr. Cowan's philosophy, also, is stored in his verse.

Economics and Sociology. In Questions of the Day (Putnam's), a recent issue is Money, Silver, and Finance, by J. Howard Cowperthwait. A vigorous protest, in somewhat homely diction, against a current policy regarding silver, and especially against the Bland bill. Mr. Cowperthwait writes as a business man, and draws many examples from his own observation and experience. Still, without a thorough examination of the book, it strikes us that Mr. Cowperthwait has not quite got at the bottom of the present movement, and that he is mistaken if he thinks there ever will be a return to the previous condition. — The Impossibility of Social Democracy, by Dr. A. Schäffle; with a Preface by Bernard Bosanquet. (Imported by Scribners.) A volume in the Social Science Series. It is somewhat difficult to present this writer's

position briefly, for his essay is so entangled by references to himself and his former writings, and to movements in Germany which have not taken on a marked historic character, that the reader trudges along through the Germanesque sentences with a bewilderment which is not greatly lessened by the occasional waymarks in the form of italicized paragraphs. However, it may be said in general that the author holds philosophically to a conception of the state which invests it with organic life, and contends that socialism is only intensified individualism, and would use the state as a mechanical contrivance. He believes that socialism accomplishes its best work in exposing the defects of current industrial society, but that the development of society will not be along the lines of dogmatic socialism. — Another volume in the Social Science Series (imported by Scribners) is Poverty, its Genesis and Exodus, an Enquiry into Causes and the Method of their Removal, by John George Godard. The inquiry is confined to conditions of life in England, and the author announces, as the practical programme by which poverty is to be abolished, the extension of the suffrage and other electoral reforms; the further development of the National Education movement; a wider dissemination of the truths of economics; a diminution in the consumption of luxuries, and especially of alcoholic beverages; a judicious control of population; an eight-hours labor day; an increased and cumulative taxation of land values; a differentiated and graduated income-tax; an equalization and graduation of the death duties; a radical reform of the Poor Law system; the increased acquisition of land and capital by the state and municipalities; and the gradual extension of industrial collectivism. So, if any one is in favor of poverty, he may take courage when he sees this long list of remedies which are to be secured, — a list which oddly mingles economical legislation with the development of the individual conscience. — *Germanic Origins, a Study in Primitive Culture*, by Francis B. Gummere. (Scribners.) A close examination of authorities, at first and second hand, regarding the Germanic sources of English-speaking people. That is to say, since the students of early England agree in recognizing the Germanic element, though they differ in

their estimate of its relative importance, Mr. Gummere rightly judges that a true contribution to English history may be made by a careful study of Germanic people and their institutions as seen at home previous to their direct influence upon English life. He treats his subject under such heads as Land and People, The Home, The Family, Trade and Commerce, Government and Law, Social Order, The Worship of Nature, The Worship of Gods, and throughout brings to bear a critical and sympathetic temper. He is moreover a generous scholar, and the reader, undeterred by the bristling array of authorities at the foot of the page, is led along by the lively, occasionally humorous style of the writer.

Domestic Economy. The House Comfortable, by Agnes Bailey Ormsbee. (Harpers.) A useful little book on the furnishing and equipment of houses of persons of modest means, simply and plainly written; with the aim to make the house comfortable and beautiful, and not beautiful and uncomfortable, as the manner of some is.

Politics. Parliamentary Procedure and Practice, with a Review of the Origin, Growth, and Operation of Parliamentary Institutions in the Dominion of Canada, by J. G. Bourinot. (Dawson Brothers, Montreal.) Although this important work, which is an enlarged and revised edition of that first published eight years ago, has for

its main purpose a clear exposition of the practical working of the Canadian Parliament, it gives so admirable an historical survey of parliamentary government in Canada, and makes in many ways so sagacious a contribution to the study of comparative politics, that no student of American political history should neglect it. It has become the authority in its field, and is a model of what such a book should be.

Religion. The Unseen Friend, by Lucy Larcom. (Houghton.) Miss Larcom has special qualifications for writing on religious themes, in the simplicity of her style, the poetic sense, and above all the unaffectedness of her speech. For the most part, the book is rather devotional than speculative, but in one chapter, at least, The Divine-Human, she strikes out fresh and penetrating thought, without any assumption of a philosophical system. The temper of the book is idealistic and catholic.

Occultism. The Rationale of Mesmerism, by A. P. Sinnett. (Houghton.) Mr. Sinnett's book is in form a criticism of the modern theory of hypnotism in its assumption of scientific displacement of the earlier theory of mesmerism, but his examination of the two theories leads him into a close examination of mesmerism in its phenomena, and a constructive treatment of this occult force, with a view to reëstablishing its philosophical character.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Past and Present of Hotels. "When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,"

I made the acquaintance of the Wandering Jew of juvenile literature. Rollo Holiday began his travels in that prehistoric age before the discovery of the cigarette, when boys still built huts in the woods, played "hawkey" in the city streets, went fishing off the wharves of Boston, and were held to labor at the domestic wood-pile. Years, lustres, quarter-centuries, rolled by, and Master Rollo, still just rising twelve, was found voyaging on an ocean steamship and doing the grand tour, as young gentlemen were wont to do in the days of King Charles

the Martyr, whom Puritan divines called "the man Charles Stuart," and of whom liberal historians affirm that if he had been more of a man he would have been less of a martyr. If mine were the pen of the creator of this Zanon of the Sunday-school bookshelf, and if it were right to steal the creation of another, I should like to add to that famous series Rollo as a Roundhead, Rollo as a Cavalier (went over about the time that Falkland did), and also to append, in behalf of this later time, Rollo at Football, Rollo on the River (in the 'varsity eight), Rollo Learning to Telephone, Rollo as a Typewriter.

It is not that I altogether admire Rollo.

In my memory he is brigaded with Harry Sandford, that *bête noire* of early days, when Robinson Crusoe was a reality, and Aladdin a fond but hopeful dream. But I should like to "call him up who left half told" the story of Rollo's early journeyings, in order to get some more vivid pictures of the old hotel and tavern life, now so entirely vanished. Their customs have followed their customers into the silent land. Rollo would now have to forget that he had ever placed—not without secret misgivings—his first pair of high-topped boots outside his hotel bedroom door, in order that his shining morning face might be matched by his other extremity; that he had sojourned at a caravansary where there were hours of meals annouced by bells and gongs, and meals correspondent to the hours; where those "who came not at the first ca', as was the custom of Puddingburn Ha' and the house of Mangerton all hail," "gat no mair meat till the next meal." He would dimly remember how he sat at a long table and watched processions of waiters with tin dish-covers held shieldwise before them. There were joints—sometimes giants—in those days, and actual carving, first at the festive board, afterward at the sideboard. Arrivals and departures were events in the day, at which the guests assisted, as they still do at seaside watering-places, and the host himself accompanied the parting guest to the stage expectant. He would then have bidden farewell to Rollo (supposing that young gentleman to have reached the mature age of twenty-five, and to be engaged to his cousin Lucy) with a cheerful "Good-by, Mr. Holiday. Hope next time we see you, you will bring Mrs. Holiday with you;" thereby causing Rollo to blush up to the eyes, partly with pleasure, and partly with wonder at the landlord's omniscience.

In those days the patron of a house had rights, not precisely set down in charters, but, like the privileges of a grandee of Spain, known and respected of the sovereign. Was it not said to the transient casual, "Sorry, sir, but 25 is the only vacant first-floor room, and we must keep that for Mr. Holiday, Sr. He always comes to Boston [or New York or Philadelphia] in March"? Then Howard—it was before the war—always set the stars and stripes above his roof when he had the governor of a State lodging under it. It is reported that

the chief magistrates of the twin Carolinas once met at his table, but had no occasion to exchange the remark which history has made famous. Then the hotel clerk, who was as the executive officer of a man-of-war in rank and duty, was a man of varied information and infinite resource. His speech ran thus: "Going across, Mr. Holiday? If you stop a month in London, you will do well to have your name down at the Traveller's Club. Go to the Albemarle, just off Piccadilly. I'll give you a note to the landlord, and he will see to it. Albemarle is a nice, quiet house, where you will stop till you get lodgings. That is the way people do in London." Or, "Going to Oxford to enter young Mr. Holiday? Of course you go to the Mitre, High Street, not far from St. Mary's. Tell Bridges you want George Stephens for guide. He'll take you everywhere and show you everything, better even than one of the dons. As a rule, they only care for their own college and a few of the big lions." Or, again, "Did you say you wanted to see the original copy of Mather's *Magnalia*, the one with the suppressed notes? You will have to go to the Historical Society's rooms, opposite; but you'll hardly get to see it as a stranger. Take my card to Mr. Oldbuck, the deputy librarian, and *he'll* do it, if any one will." Once more: "Want a suit for your son here? Better try my tailor, G. L. Randige. Just mention I sent you." "Masonic lodge, did you say? There's some lodge-meeting almost every night. But wait a minute. Grand Commander of Knights Templars dines here to-day. Think he's still in the dining-room. Yes. John, step to that gentleman, third from the head of the table, the one in the blue coat and brass buttons, and say, when he is at leisure we should be glad to see him a moment at the desk. He is your man, brother Holiday." And so on, and so on.

Then, too, in those days extra services were attainable for extra tips, when the gratuity wisely administered did its work, and the whole thought of the serving-man had not degenerated to the alternative of wholesale greed or supercilious neglect. Then a "half," or even a "quarter," secured, not the ordinary sufficiency of service, whereof the public had no reason to complain, but a zealous and almost tender solicitude.

Then knowledge of hotels stood for something, since there was not the dreary and oppressive and costly luxury which reigns all along the great routes, and is miserably copied on the side-tracks of travel. There was choice in rooms instead of the leveling tyranny of the "lift."

Does any reader of The Atlantic remember the old hotel (burnt) at Nahant, and its "rattle alley," devoted to youthful bachelors who did not mind stairs? The *cubicles* of its huge attic were cells partitioned off, with the free roof above, so that you could hold cheerful converse with your neighbor over the partition top; and young gentlemen from the near Harvard College, just then beginning to be called the University at Cambridge, would playfully abstract the balls from the tennis alley and roll them up and down the long hallway between, to the terror and indignation of the elderly male guest who, in stress of room, had been provisionally quartered in 199. Provisionally, of course, for the old hotel *régime* respected age and dignity. He who could by personal experience

"tell how hard it is to climb

The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar "

was thereby released from the necessity of climbing the stairways of his hotel above the first flight.

Then Rollo's prudent mother saw that his trunk was duly stored with candles, that he might read or write in his room at night by something more refulgent than the tallow mould which bedward-goers took from the porter's table, in candlesticks of brass or japan. No touching of a button and the dynamo does the rest, then!

But the guest did not "retire" (*Anglice*, go to bed) till he wished to sleep. Then there was the evening gathering round the cheerful fire in the drawing-room or in the gentlemen's parlor, and there was room for the natural selection of the nice to manifest itself, for the courtesies of travel to obtain, and for the survival of the fittest to take shape in life-enduring friendships.

Then, too, were country taverns, provincial hotels, famous in their day. Has there ever been the equal of "Warriner's," in Springfield, Mass.? Where shall one find the exquisite cheer of the Trenton Falls in the olden time? Then hotels were famous for some special dish, the secret of which was religiously preserved. The judges hold-

ing *nisi prius* terms were, it was rumored, not uninfluenced in the court conduct by the fare set before them. Rollo's uncle George, if I remember right, was a lawyer. I wonder if he was on that famous circuit when the judge addressed the assembled bar on the evening of the first day's session. "Gentlemen," said he, "I trust you will not protract this sitting of the court by any unnecessary delays. In all cases where the counsel can agree I will readily grant a continuance, and, with a little care, most of the cases set down for trial can be disposed of. I am sure you will agree with me. Why, Mr. Sheriff," turning to that official, who, as of custom, sat at his right hand, "on this hotel table everything is cold but the water, and everything sour but the pickles." Report says that the effect of this neat dictum was that the next morning's call of the docket showed such a slaughter of the innocents as was never before known in the history of litigation.

It is a sad truth, but I feel sure that Rollo would bear his testimony that hotels are not what they were in the essentials of comfort. Their conveniences are greatly enlarged: gas, electric bells and lights, steam heat, elevators, water, hot and cold, laid on in all the rooms, save labor and trouble, while they increase certain perils; but do they increase one's comfort? They remind us of the schoolboy's definition of salt, — "Something which makes potatoes taste so nasty when you don't put any on them." We are aware of them only when we miss them. I am, of course, an old fogey, but Rollo, rejoicing in perpetual youth, is capable of honest decision. As the offset to these new devices, one sleeps no better in the modern bed, and the question is, Does one feed as well at the modern table? He gets delicacies out of season just in time to kill the desire for them when the real thing arrives. Dishes are of necessity cooked and served, except at extraordinary expense, less desirably than when "home rule" prevailed in the kitchen. The European plan — which should be called the restaurant plan, for the *table d'hôte* prevails all over the Continent — is much more expensive, if one is to get the same dishes as in the American plan; and there is, beside, the risk in ordering. The larger the hotel, the more it is compelled to a rigid system and careful economy, and these are fatal

to high perfection. The attainable idea is that of a democratic average ; but, however excellent democracy may be in other things, it is hardly meant to govern eating. Over every hotel dining-room nowadays might be inscribed, *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, which in English means, "Call for what you like : you will get just what your neighbors get, and pay for their tastes as well as your own."

I for one cry, "Vive l'Empereur Amphitryon I.!" who earns my allegiance by giving me his best. That was the old way before hotel-keeping became a speculation for raising millionaires. There must be individual *rapproch* between provider and consumer to insure good eating. When the Spartan fed at the public dining-table he got black broth, and very soon got enough of it.

A Club for
Little Her-
cules.

— If the babes must have battles waged over them, they are fortunate in having such a champion as the Contributor who stood up for them in the Club, recently. I rejoice with that Contributor in the belief that a defensive warfare is not necessary. The Philistines are unborn who are strong enough, either in numbers or in individual prowess, to kill the characters in the nursery classic drama. My attack, if I could organize one, would be upon the swarm of figures that infest modern literature for the young ; and yet they are such creatures of a day that I am almost willing to let them die the death of ephemera. Now and then one of these figures has a momentary vogue, but the fashion is so clearly a reflection of some temporary sentiment that one can scarcely believe such characters have any permanent hold upon the affections of the young. We have all met Lord Fauntleroy on the street, — almost enough of him to make a company of infantry ; but he is already fading away in real life, thanks to the innate suavity of boyhood, which will not let the youngster contemplate himself and his costume so long as there is a ball for him to fix his eye on, or a mechanical toy for him to pull to pieces. Not so offensive is this offshoot of the peerage as the mincing miss who has carefully framed her conduct upon a pattern which she has drawn from such inspiring literature as Polly Dollittle and Her Friends, or Four Little Girls of Dull Haven. I have shed gentle, pleasant tears over Mrs. Burnett's

charming creation, and often have found books with titles similar to the above-mentioned amusing and not unprofitable reading for one interested in studying child life. But then I have drawn this nutriment from them by virtue of my age and experience ; if I were an innocent child, they would have done me the harm they do inflict upon actual children. How can the poor dears help growing artificial, if they are nourished on a realistic literature which their bewildered brains mistake for real life, and come to prefer to it ? Why should they be asked to study child life ? The proper study of mankind may be man, but no Pope, temporal, spiritual, or literary, will ever persuade me that the critical analysis of childhood is the proper study of children.

The best results of fiction for the young are to be found in the enrichment of the imagination, not in the cultivation of the moral faculties ; and the genuine nursery literature is so clearly imaginative that no healthy-minded child mistakes such moral lessons as may be drawn from it. For my part, I should rather trust the morals of the young to the most improbable nursery tales than to the lifelike, hateful narratives of real life in which the daughter-in-law is set against her mother-in-law. Is it worse for an impressionable youth to contemplate the ingenuous depravity of the wicked uncle in *The Babes in the Wood* than to imbibe from the latest, most improved fiction the insidious poison which makes him critical of his own parents' disciplinary methods with him, because they differ from those of an ideally charming mamma in a story-book ?

To draw upon my own recollections, my childhood was haunted by bears. They were not bears out of books, so far as I can remember, but a childish formula for the Dark Unknown which is apt to frighten every little stranger who comes alone into this great world of ours. Many an hour have I lain awake in an ecstasy of trembling lest the sonorous breathing of the sister asleep at my side should be loud enough to rouse the dire beasts from their lurking-places. Yet those hours did not "embitter my infancy," nor do they now in retrospect cause me poignant grief. What does shame me is the remembrance of other hours of that same period when I was trying to ad-

just my emotions and actions to an agreement with those of the particular heroine out of fiction who happened to be my nearest acquaintance at the time.

I am aware that there is another side to this subject. There are ignorant nursery-maids capable of embittering any infancy by their manner of introducing hobgoblins to it; but so long as there is mother love in the world, there will be mothers wise and eloquent enough to act as the guides and interpreters of childhood in its excursions into Fairyland, and children who will rejoice to their latest day in the goodly heritage they possess in the realm which is ruled by an aristocracy of Red Riding-Hood and her peers.

Souvenirs of Victor Hugo. — Off from one of those busy, narrow streets near the church of St. Sulpice, in Paris, opens a wide green court, where tall chestnut-trees shake out their rich green tops close to the high windows of a house surrounded by a seclusion and tranquillity as pervasive as those of some sleepy provincial town. Here in the lofty, square, old-fashioned rooms and narrow passages are gathered many souvenirs of Victor Hugo, treasured by the owner, who was the great romancier's friend.

The light in these apartments, softened by heavy hangings, falls on portraits, busts, carved wood-work, books, and furniture, all resting here in that touching way which inanimate things have when the life that gave them significance is gone. Here are grotesque figures carved by the strong hands of the poet on wainscoting, mirrors, and fireplace, during his exile at Guernsey. Almost every inch of wall in the rich-toned salon is covered with these carvings, which are as fantastic as many of the carver's thought-creations. Flowers, beasts, and birds, beings human and supernatural, all bear the touch of a powerful imagination in which humor appeared only in its grotesque form. One exception to this lack of humor is in the figure of a sanctimonious priest, whose face is formed by a clever arrangement of the three French accents, and who folds his hands in prayer, while a grim-looking angel holds a drawn sword over his head. Another example is shown in a representation of the future husband of Victor Hugo's cook, whose gastronomic genius he admired. This imaginary individual is attired like an Oriental, and, with

beaming countenance, sits before a table laden with the tempting viands prepared by his spouse. The panels and wainscoting are of hard wood, black and polished, and the carvings are painted in deep reds, yellows, and greens, by the poet's own hand. There are several splendid examples of his love of creating sprites, goblins, and such weird folk. On a door is carved a jar on which sits a *djinn*, whose red tongue and fiery eyes and red-tipped hands and feet are "enough to make one dream o' nights;" and, near by, an angel of most terrifying appearance blows an apocalyptic trumpet, as he speeds away over a blue surface dotted with golden stars. On the frame of one mirror are vines and birds. These last whirl round the glass, while a dainty verse, in the poet's firm lettering, calls upon the gay band to come and make music for his little grandchild. This mirror is the most human bit of art in the room. The rest leaves one as dreamy and questioning as a book of Eastern tales.

What is the key to all this? Did the Oriental treasures unloaded before the wondering boy in the harbor of Brest come back to the exiled man at Guernsey, and the fantastic shapes he saw in childhood become suggestive or creative to him then? All was symbolic to this mighty conjurer. Everywhere we find the initials V. H., often concealed in the most ingenious fashion in a leaf, a shadow, an angle, or the fold of a drapery; for, like some other great men, Victor Hugo believed that between his initials and his destiny there was some occult connection.

The poet's transcendent faculty has expressed itself again in his sketches. Many are familiar with his famous drawing of John Brown, — a figure hanging between heaven and earth, in intense blackness save for a single ray of searching light which falls upon it. A duplicate of the picture was presented to this friend, and here, beside it, hang strange, phantasmagoric creations, cities whose gloomy towers and palaces seem as if conjured up by Aladdin's lamp. We know how he did them, and can almost see that massive head bowed over the blackened paper, as, with the feather end of his quill pen or with his thumb, he worked out these astonishing pictures which captivate the imagination. He found them, he used to say, "by seeking," as he did so many of the word-pictures he has

left us. "I find oftener than I create," he frequently said of his work.

In still another room hang portraits and caricatures of Victor Hugo from childhood to old age. All are dominated by that wonderful forehead, which in most of the later sketches is supported by his hand, as if otherwise too heavy. Yet we know the rare equilibrium of his nature, and that work, instead of wearing, seemed to rest him. Below the portraits hang personal souvenirs, — hats, swords, and the valise in which Victor Hugo carried the manuscript of *Les Misérables* from Guernsey to Brussels, that he might write on the battlefield the description of Waterloo. Here, too, are pens given by the poet to his friend, — the immortal quills with which he wrote *Les Misérables*.

One beautiful afternoon we sat in a room rarely shown to visitors, and looked out on the green court, while the soft air brought the everlasting music of nature with the fragrance of the chestnut blossoms and the songs of the birds to our hearts. Here, in the poet's own words,

"A woman would say, 'Hush!' a priest, 'Peace!'"

We looked over books, original editions, dedicated with many words of friendship in the bold, firm handwriting of the author. Sketches lay upon the table, — pictures of the Guernsey home, where the owner of this mansion and these treasures shared the years of exile with the poet. Busts stood upon the mantel, and the mellow light touched their white surfaces with a golden benediction. Here *Les Châtiments* tells of a long-ago struggle over an empire whose crimes and achievements live only in the memory of men. This book, bound in Holland leather, is the gem of the whole collection. Inlaid in its cover is a golden bee, rescued from the imperial mantle when it was torn in pieces by the crowd, at the sacking of the Tuileries, and which was presented to Victor Hugo by a friend. It suggests one of those antitheses of which he was so fond; for *Les Châtiments* was written against Napoleon III., and one of its famous poems is an address to the bees of the imperial mantle to sting its wearer, since men are afraid to punish him, or to fly from a throne reared by crime.

The Iniquity of Reform. — The desirability of reform appeals to the callow and impetuous spirit of youth. But as one advances

in years and in knowledge of the world, the other side of the matter presents itself, and one begins to perceive that reform is almost always vulgar, and often positively iniquitous. A remark attributed to the Duke of Wellington illustrates this truth. He declared that the unreformed House of Parliament was an ideal political construction. This sentiment shocked me, when first I heard it. "To what a depth of ignorance and prejudice will Toryism sink a man!" was my internal comment, at the crude age of twenty-five. "The system of rotten boroughs an ideal system!" But five years later, at the intellectually budding period of thirty years, I was able to perceive in the Iron Duke's assertion at least that slight measure of truth which we commonly associate with an epigram; and by the time I had reached middle life — when, as a wise man happily said, one begins to see toward the bottom of one's mind — I recognized the substantial accuracy of this seeming paradox.

Of course, what the Duke of Wellington meant was that, assuming an aristocratic form of government to be the best, the unreformed Parliament was the fittest instrument that could be devised for carrying it on. Well, has not history justified the correctness of the Duke's inference? What reform had done for England is now plain enough. It had taken the government of the country out of the hands of the landed gentry, and put it in the hands of the middle classes. Who believes that Gordon would have been left to perish without assistance, had the unreformed Parliament continued to exist? And that was a typical instance.

So much for the hatefulness of reform in matters political. Of course I shall not be expected to enter here upon an elaborate demonstration of my point. In the Contributors' Club we simply state conclusions which recommend themselves at once to every frank intelligence, not requiring to be bolstered by argument.

What, then, is the essential vice of reform? I take it to be this: reform is an incomplete process of destruction. It mutilates. An institution grows up, based upon the moral necessities of human nature; both its virtues and its faults inhere in its constitution, and are so twisted together as to be inseparable. It is a spon-

taneous but gradual development ; it is replete with human nature ; it answers the purpose for which it was intended, and toward which it has been shaped through age after age. Such was the unreformed Parliament, — a clumsy, imperfect contrivance in detail ; and yet, on the whole, a fit instrument for carrying on an aristocratic system of government.

This being the situation, along comes your reformer, hot, zealous, intemperate, and bent, not on destruction, which might be wholesome, but on cutting and carving. He lops off a branch here, a bough there ; and the result is something bare, hideous, and vulgar. The tree grew up naturally, fostered by the slow and accurate hand of nature. The reformer, in a trice, reforms it, as he thinks, but in fact deforms it.

Here, then, is a good, logical, scientific ground for hating reform and distrusting reformers. Let us who are opposed to all reforms, — a faithful few, — let us get together and plant ourselves firmly upon this basis.

"But how about individuals ?" some timid brother may inquire. "Surely the doctrine does not apply to them ; we must admit that it is better for men to reform than to continue in the practice of evil habits." But I say No. There was never a reformed man who had not something nasty, or at least something highly objectionable, about him. Your reformed burglar takes to plundering his fellow-beings in the semi-legitimate channels of trade, — losing the manliness and candor which distinguished him in the unreformed condition. Your reformed drunkard, again (if in reality any such exist), is either a morose creature, whose *bonhomie* has fled with his liquor, or else a mushy, windy person, swollen with egotism and self-conceit, who turns reformer before the alcoholic flush has faded from his nose.

Besides, the unreformed class is a necessary component of society. Even so moral a man as Ralph Waldo Emerson perceived this necessity, and he frankly said : —

"Fools and clowns and sots make the fringe of every one's tapestry of life, and give a certain reality to the picture. What could we do in Concord without Bigelow's and Wesson's bar-rooms and their dependencies ?"

Such, I maintain, is the true doctrine of

reform, and let no one be shocked unduly by its strength. It is not, to be sure, the kind of doctrine that we teach to babes, or read in the newspapers, or preach from the pulpit. Truth never was, and never will be, proclaimed from the housetops. It is whispered in the ear of a friend ; and to the friendly reader whom I meet in the Contributors' Club I thus communicate it.

Curbstone Theatricals. — I once told the Club of various children encountered in city streets, each of whom, though

"Like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever,"

had nevertheless in that moment contrived to win upon my affections. The snowflake melts forever, but other snowflakes come, and now I am again begging listeners for a small budget of news from the pavement.

One day, as I was walking up Broadway from the Battery, my attention was attracted by a tenement-house little girl swinging along before me. She was, I suppose, about ten years old ; ragged, certainly not clean, though still not looking altogether uncared for. What caught my eye was the enjoying, free, unconscious gusto with which she was taking life. Her movement, the expression of her back (which was all I saw), fairly sang the fact aloud, to a simple-minded tune.

I kept her in sight for some minutes, and then Real Life, who sometimes for a moment shows the instinct of an artist, favored me with one glimpse of my heroine doing something in character. She stopped at an old woman's apple-stand, laid down a coin, took up an apple, and set her teeth in it instantly. As she accomplished her bite, the old woman held out her change to her. You will live long before you see anything more sweetly magnificent than the gesture and movement with which my Lady Bountiful, without turning her rough little head, gently pushed back the change-laden hand and went swiftly on her way. The tender, joyous pride of it was enough to give one hysterics, between laughing and crying. But, fortunately doubtless, our sensibility to mere spectacle in life rarely so far overcomes us ; and as for me, on this occasion, I only hurried on to catch a glimpse of Lady Bountiful's face, but I never caught it. In a moment she plunged into a little crowd gathered about something — I don't know what — in the street ; and the last I saw of her, she — still eating her apple —

was gallantly working her way to its front with a zeal and courage I could not imitate.

Not long ago I watched from my window a more complex case of infantine charity. A much-disheveled, shabby woman had come along and seated herself in a doorway opposite. Mine is not a neighborhood too fine to let many of its children play in the street, and soon there gathered about the sorry wayfarer a curious group of them. I suppose they soon might have been pelting her with stones, but I find the fact illustrative not only of the plasticity of children, but of the impressionability of the race, that they became very differently occupied. This "drunk lady," as they doubtless called her, despite the lingering disqualifications of the intoxication from which she was plainly but just emerging, had even now a genius for managing mankind. She had so far come to herself as to desire a respectable appearance. It was to attain this laudable ambition and some others that she engaged the children's assistance. She took off her hat, let down her hair, drew from her pocket a folded white apron, which she shook out carefully and laid on a fold of her dress beside her, and all the time she held her growing audience in what must have been fascinating conversation. I wish I could have heard it. The existence of her character was further attested in three minutes by the eagerness with which competing messengers sped upon her errands. One came back with a wet handkerchief; another with a comb (!); another, though the drunk lady had furnished no pennies, with a bunch of radishes, obtained, as I saw, at the corner grocery. She at once sent another child for salt, as the event proved; then wiped her face and hands well with the handkerchief, and gave her attention to reshaping her battered hat and fastening properly its trimmings, getting pins from sympathetic boys as well as girls.

When the salt came she made a modest meal, sharing it with no one; but those children hung around her, not familiarly, but with a touch of awe, while she ate, as if the sight were in some occult way a feast for their souls. She needed more pins than they could furnish on the spot, and when, her radishes eaten, she returned to the care of her toilet, raiders on the domestic stock of various homes brought

them to her, and hairpins as well. The ardor and devotion of her ministers did not flag during the half-hour she stayed among them; and when, finally, vastly changed in appearance, she took herself off, I had not a doubt that the change helped her incalculably to make her peace with whomsoever she wished to conciliate. The children followed her to the corner, where, evidently at a word from her thrown over her shoulder, and without further pantomime of leave-taking, they stopped, and watched her out of sight.

I was glad and grateful when she gave that word, "Thus far and no farther," for I had made up my mind that she was the last incarnation of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, and that if she would she might leave us with not a little girl or boy to bless ourselves with for blocks around.

Dogs as Intimate Friends. — No one has shown a more delicate sympathy with dog nature than the author of *Lorna Doone*. Mr. Blackmore says of the dog in Christowell, "The loveliest lady in the laud has not such eloquent, lucid, loving eyes; and even if she had, they would be as nothing without the tan spots over them." That touch goes to the heart of one who, like me, has mourned a dear departed collie with just such eyes and such tan spots over them. My Colin's eyes, eloquent of so many things, were filled, too, with a certain melancholy, the presage, perhaps, of his untimely doom; for he was killed by an accident, in the flower of his days. My heart has been rent more than once by such bereavements, but I count it better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all; to be without a dog is a poor way of living.

It was a good while before I admitted a successor to Colin in my affections. The new dog was a pointer, dark gray and black, extremely handsome, but not especially intelligent. The look in his eyes bespoke his honest, simple nature. He was devoted to me, haunting my every step. My near neighbor had a dog, who, not being treated with much regard by the family, had turned to me for consolation, and was in the habit of visiting me frequently. Roderick Din, — such was his name, — upon the arrival of my dog Smoke, began at once to be jealous of him as a rival. Smoke, good fellow that he was, would gladly have made friends with him, but Rod repulsed all his advances.

At last, one day when I was on the lawn engaged in throwing sticks for Smoke to bring back to me, and he was racing about in the highest spirits, Rod appeared upon the carriage drive, and stood there looking on at the fun till it got to be too tempting. All at once, with a short, sharp bark, he sprang forward and joined in the pell-mell dash for the stick. In that manner the ice was broken, and the two dogs became fast friends, Rod being always on hand to accompany Smoke and me on a walk. Poor Rod had a hind leg badly stiffened by rheumatism, and could not keep up with his comrade in all his escapades; when Smoke, in exuberance of youthful activity, bounded to the top of a stone wall, Rod could not follow suit, and sometimes would stop stock still on the path below and utter a bark most expressive of his feelings on the subject.

It is noticeable how any decent dog will respect another's rights. Rod and Smoke often went with me to the house of some friends of mine, whose little Skye terrier strongly objected to uninvited canine visitors, and sturdily refused to allow them near the house. It was ill-natured in him, no doubt, and it seemed absurd, moreover, for such a mite of a creature to assert himself against these two big fellows, for whom he would have made not more than one mouthful apiece; but whenever he appeared with his resolved air of no admittance upon his premises, they at once beat a retreat to a respectful distance, and awaited there my return. Yet Wiggles, if sometimes ungracious, had a tender and faithful heart, for he died of grief a fortnight after his mistress's death. All three dumb friends of mine have gone where good dogs go,—wherever that may be, and I cannot bring myself to believe it is to utter annihilation.

Another little trait of dog nature I have observed, not unlike what might be seen in a human being. My uncle had a dog of great intelligence, but very unsociable temper; he was indifferent to most people, and did not care if they saw it. I had learned to take as little notice of him as he did of me. One night I had occasion to rouse my uncle's family to my assistance, long after

every one was sound asleep. The dog usually slept in the house, but the night being hot he was left to spend it in the open air. He heard some one coming, and when he recognized me he slowly followed me up the piazza steps and stood by me as I rang the bell. For a time I could not succeed in waking any one, and the dog, understanding the situation, turned to and helped me by giving a succession of barks. It was an unusual occurrence, which he could not fathom, and he hung about between the houses till he saw my uncle return to his own house. The fact that we had had some interest in common that night, and that he had rendered me a little service, seemed to have given the dog a certain bias in my favor, for after that he ceased to ignore me so completely, and let me see that he was willing, in his cool way, to be friends with me.

This dog's name was Don Pedro, but plain Peter would have been much more suitable to a creature of such plebeian appearance. The only feature which redeemed him from insignificance was his eyes, dark and very bright, and full of a steady intelligence.

Another trait I observed in him which testified to the presence in canine nature of feelings akin to the human. After a time my uncle's family was broken up: the head of the house died; Don's younger master, to whom he was especially attached, left home; one of the daughters married, and also went away; and the dog was left in the reduced household to a much more dull and lonely life than heretofore. Did he question, in his dog mind, what had become of these former members of the family? He missed them, without doubt; and I was touched to find that whenever I returned on a visit to the place, whence I too had removed, the poor dog seemed really glad to see an old acquaintance reappearing out of the blank unknown, and showed his gratification, as much as was consistent with his undemonstrative disposition, by walking round me with a gentle wagging of tail and lifting of recognizing eyes. Men and dogs prize affection according to their need of it.